DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD.

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected.

To which are added

FOUR NEW DIALOGUES.

LONDON:
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M.DCC.LXV.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

PREFACE

TO

THIS EDITION.

LUCIAN *among the Ancients, and among the Moderns Fenelon, Archbiſhop of Cambray, and Monſieur Fontenelle, have written* Dialogues of the Dead *with a general Applauſe. The Plan they have traced out is ſo extenſive, that the Matter which lies within the Compaſs of it can ſcarce be exhauſted. It ſets before us the Hiſtory of all Times and all Na-*

tions, preſents to the Choice of a Writer all Characters of remarkable Perſons, which may beſt be oppoſed to, or compared with each other; and is, perhaps, one of the moſt agreeable Methods, that can be employed, of conveying to the Mind any Critical, Moral, or Political Obſervations; becauſe the Dramatic Spirit, *which may be thrown into them, gives them more Life, than they could have in Diſſertations, however well written. And ſometimes* a new Dreſs *may render* an old Truth *more pleaſing to thoſe, whom the mere Love of Novelty betrays into Error, as it very frequently does not only the* Wits, *but the* Sages *of theſe Days. Indeed one of the beſt Services, that could now be done to Mankind by any good Writer, would be the bringing them back to* Common Senſe, *from which the Deſire*

of

of ſhining by extraordinary Notions has ſeduced great Numbers, to the no ſmall Detriment of Morality, and of all real Knowledge.

It may be proper to obſerve, that in all Works of this Nature, the Dead are often ſuppoſed, by a neceſſary Fiction, to be thoroughly informed of many Particulars, which happened in Times poſterior to their own, and in all Parts of the World, as well as in the Countries to which they belonged. Thus, in Fenelon's Dialogue between Gelon and Dion, the former finds Fault with the Conduct of the latter; and in another between Solon and the Emperor Juſtinian, the Athenian cenſures the Government of the Roman Legiſlator, and talks of the Hiſtory of Procopius, as if he had read it. I have alſo taken the Liberty that others have uſed, to date the ſeveral

Dialogues, as beſt ſuited with the Purpoſes to which they were written, ſuppoſing ſome of them to have paſt immediately after the Deceaſe of one or more of the Speakers, and others at a very great Diſtance of Time from that in which they lived. But I have not in this Edition made any Alteration in the Dates of the former. Elyſium, Minos, Mercury, Charon, and Styx, being neceſſary Allegories in this way of writing, are occaſionally uſed here, as they have been by Fontenelle and the Archbiſhop of Cambray: which (if it offended any critical or pious Ears) I would juſtify by the Declaration gravely annexed to the Works of all Italian Writers, wherein they uſe ſuch Expreſſions: " Se " haveſſi nominato Fato, Fortuna, " Deſtino, Elyſio, Stige, &c. Sono " Schorzi

" Schorzi di penna poetica, non
" ſentimenti di animo Catolico*."

Three of theſe Dialogues were written by a different hand; as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the Reader, without my having told it. If the Friend who favoured me with them ſhould ever write any more, I ſhall think that the Public owes me a great Obligation, for having excited a Genius ſo capable of uniting Delight with Inſtruction, and giving to Virtue and Knowledge thoſe Graces, which the Wit of the Age has too often, and too ſucceſsfully employed all its Skill to beſtow on Vice and Folly.

* If I have named *Fate*, *Fortune*, *Deſtiny*, *Elyſium*, *Styx*, &c. they are only the Sports of a Poetical Pen, not the Sentiments of a Catholic Mind.

Beſides many Corrections which the Reader will find in this Edition, four new Dialogues are added, in order to complete one chief Deſign of the Work, I mean the Illuſtrating of certain Principles *and certain* Characters *of Importance, by bringing in Perſons who have acted upon different Syſtems, to defend their own Conduct, or to explain their own Notions, by free Diſcourſe with each other, and in a Manner conformable to the Turn of their Minds, as they have been repreſented to us by the beſt Authors.*

The ſeeing this done in the Compaſs of a ſmall Volume, may poſſibly induce our young Gentry (for whoſe Service it is more particularly intended) to meditate on the Subjects treated of in this Work: and, if they make a proper Uſe of

of the Lights given to them, the Public, I hope, will derive ſome Benefit from the Book, when the Writer is no more.

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DIALOGUE

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DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

Lord FALKLAND—Mr. HAMPDEN.

Lord FALKLAND.

ARE not you ſurprized to ſee me in Elyſium, Mr. Hampden?

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I was going to put the ſame Queſtion to your Lordſhip; for doubtleſs, you thought me a Rebel.

Lord FALKLAND.

And certainly you thought me an Apoſtate from the Commonwealth, and a ſupporter of Tyranny.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I own I did, and I don't wonder at the ſeverity of your thoughts about me. The Heat of the times deprived us both of our natural Candour. Yet I will confeſs to you here, that, before I died, I began to ſee in our Party enough to juſtify your Apprehenſions, that the Civil War, which we had entered into from generous motives, from a laudable deſire to preſerve our free Conſtitution, would end very unhappily, and perhaps, in the Iſſue, deſtroy that Conſtitution, even by the Arms of thoſe who pretended to be moſt zealous for it.

Lord FALKLAND.

See the Letters in the Sidney Collection from the Earl of Sunderland to his Lady.

And I will as frankly own to you, that I ſaw, in the Court and Camp of the King, ſo much to alarm me for the Liberty of my Country, if our Arms were ſucceſsful, that I dreaded a Victory little leſs than I did a Defeat, and had nothing in my Mouth but the

the Word Peace, which I conſtantly repeated with paſſionate fondneſs, in every Council at which I was called to aſſiſt.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I wiſhed for Peace too, as ardently as your Lordſhip. But I ſaw no Hopes of it. The Inſincerity of the King and the Influence of the Queen made it impoſſible to truſt to his Promiſes or Declarations. Nay, what reliance could we reaſonably have upon *Laws* deſigned to limit and reſtrain the power of the Crown, after he had violated *the Bill of Rights*, obtained with ſuch difficulty, and containing ſo clear an aſſertion of the Privileges which had been in diſpute? If his Conſcience would allow him to break an Act of Parliament *made to determine the bounds of the Royal Prerogative*, becauſe he thought *that the Royal Prerogative could have no bounds*, what legal Ties could bind a Conſcience ſo prejudiced? or what effectual Security could his People obtain againſt the obſtinate Malignity of ſuch an Opinion, but entirely taking from him *the power of the ſword*, and enabling *themſelves* to defend the Laws he had paſt?

Lord FALKLAND.

There is evidently too much truth in what you have ſaid. But, by taking from the King *the power of the ſword*, you in reality took *all power*. It was converting the Government into a *Democracy*; and if he had ſubmitted to it, he would only have preſerved the name of a King. The ſceptre would have been held by thoſe who had the ſword; or we muſt have lived in a ſtate of perpetual Anarchy, without any force, or ballance in the Government; a ſtate which could not have laſted long, but would have ended in a Republic or in Abſolute Dominion.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

Your Reaſoning ſeems unanſwerable. But what could we do? Let Dr. Laud and thoſe other Court-Divines, who directed the King's Conſcience, and fixed in it ſuch Principles, as made him unfit to govern a limited monarchy, though with many good Qualities, and ſome great ones; let them, I ſay, anſwer for all the Miſchiefs they brought upon him and the Nation.

Lord

Lord FALKLAND.

They were indeed much to blame: but thoſe Principles had gained ground before their times, and ſeemed the Principles of our Church, in oppoſition to the Jeſuits, who had certainly gone too far in the other Extream.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

It is a Diſgrace to our Church to have taken up ſuch Opinions; and I will venture to propheſy, that our Clergy, in future times, muſt renounce them, or they will be turned againſt them by thoſe who mean their Deſtruction. Suppoſe a *Popiſh King* on the Throne. Will the Clergy adhere to Paſſive Obedience and Non-reſiſtance? If they do, they deliver up their Religion to Rome; if they do not, their Practice will confute their own Doctrines.

Lord FALKLAND.

Nature, Sir, will in the end be ſure to ſet right whatever Opinion contradicts her great Laws, let who will be the Teacher. But, indeed, the more I reflect on thoſe miſerable times in which we both lived, the more I eſteem it a favour of Providence to

us, that we were cut off ſo ſoon. *The moſt grievous Misfortune that can befall a virtuous Man, is to be in ſuch a ſtate, that he can hardly ſo act as to approve his own conduct.* In ſuch a ſtate we both were. We could not eaſily make a ſtep, either forward or backward, without great hazard of Guilt, or at leaſt of Diſhonour. We were unhappily entangled in Connections with Men who did not mean ſo well as ourſelves, or did not judge ſo rightly. If we endeavoured to ſtop them, they thought us falſe to the Cauſe: If we went on with them, we run directly upon Rocks, which we ſaw, but could not avoid. Nor could we take ſhelter in a philoſophical retreat from buſineſs. Inaction would in us have been Cowardice and Deſertion. To compleat the public Calamities, a religious Fury, on both ſides, mingled itſelf with the Rage of our civil Diſſentions, more frantic than that, more implacable, more averſe to all healing meaſures. The moſt intemperate counſels were thought the moſt *pious*, and a Regard to the Laws, if they oppoſed the ſuggeſtions of theſe fiery Zealots, was accounted *Irreligion*. This added new difficulties to what was before but too difficult in itſelf, the ſettling of a Nation which

no

no longer could put any confidence in it's Sovereign, nor lay more reſtraints on the Royal Authority without deſtroying the ballance of the whole Conſtitution. In theſe circumſtances, the Balls, that pierced our hearts, were directed thither by the hands of our Guardian Angels, to deliver us from Horrors we could not ſupport, and perhaps from a Guilt our ſouls abhorred.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

Indeed Things were brought to ſo deplorable a ſtate, that, if either of us had ſeen his party triumphant, he muſt have lamented that Triumph as the Ruin of his Country. Were I to return into life, the Experience I have had would make me very cautious, how I kindled the ſparks of Civil War in England: for I have ſeen, that, when once that devouring Fire is lighted, it is not in the power of the Head of a Party to ſay to the Conflagration, *Thus far ſhalt thou go, and here ſhall thy violence ſtop.*

Lord FALKLAND.

The Converſation we have had, as well as the Reflexions of my own mind on paſt

events, would, if I were condemned to my Body again, teach me great Moderation in my judgments of perſons, who might happen to differ from me in difficult ſcenes of public Action: they would entirely cure me of the *ſpirit of party*, and make me think, that, as in the Church, ſo alſo in the State, no Evil is more to be feared than a rancorous and enthuſiaſtical Zeal.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

LOUIS LE GRAND — PETER THE GREAT.

LOUIS.

WHO, Sir, could have thought, when you were learning the Trade of a ſhipright in the Dockyards of England and Holland, that you would ever acquire, as I had done, the ſurname of *Great*.

PETER.

Which of us beſt deſerved that Title, Poſterity will decide. But my Greatneſs appeared ſufficiently in that very Act which ſeemed to you a Debaſement.

LOUIS.

The Dignity of a King does not ſtoop to ſuch mean Employments. For my own part, I was careful never to appear to the Eyes

Eyes of my Subjects or Foreigners, but in all the Splendor and Majesty of Royal Power.

PETER.

Had I remained on the Throne of Russia, as my Ancestors did, environed with all the Pomp of barbarous Greatness, I should have been idolized by my People, as much, at least, as you ever were by the French. My Despotism was more absolute, their servitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed their evil Customs; have taught them Arts, Civility, Navigation, and War; have exalted them from Brutes in human shapes into Men. In this was seen the extraordinary Force of my Genius beyond any Comparison with all other Kings, that I thought it no Degradation, or Diminution of my Greatness, to descend from my Throne, and go and work in the Dock-yards of a foreign Republic; to serve as a private sailor in my own Fleets, and as a common soldier in my own Army; till I had raised myself by my Merit in all the several steps and degrees of Promotion, up to the highest Command, and had thus induced my nobility to submit to a regular subordination in the Sea

and

and Land-ſervice, by a leſſon hard to their pride, and which they would not have learnt from any other Maſter, or by any other method of inſtruction.

LOUIS.

I am forced to acknowledge, that it was a great Act. When I thought it a mean one, my judgement was perverted by the Prejudices ariſing from my own education, and the Ridicule thrown upon it by ſome of my Courtiers, whoſe minds were too narrow to be able to comprehend the Greatneſs of your's in that ſituation.

PETER.

It was an Act of more Heroiſm than any ever done by Alexander or Cæſar. Nor would I conſent to exchange my Glory with their's. They both did great Things; but they were at the head of great Nations, far ſuperior in valour and military ſkill to thoſe with whom they contended. I was the King of an ignorant, undiſciplined, barbarous People. My Enemies were at firſt ſo ſuperior to my Subjects, that ten thouſand of them could beat a hundred thouſand Ruſſians. They had formidable

midable navies: I had not a ſhip. The King of Sweden was a Prince of the moſt intrepid Courage, aſſiſted by Generals of conſummate Knowledge in War, and ſerved by ſoldiers ſo diſciplined, that they were become the Admiration and Terror of Europe. Yet I vanquiſhed theſe ſoldiers; I drove that Prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at Sea, as well as Land; I *new-created* my People; I gave them Arts, Science, Policy; I enabled them to keep all the Powers of the North in Awe and Dependance, to give Kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman Emperors, to mix with great Weight in the Affairs of all Europe. What other Man has ever done ſuch Wonders as Theſe? Read all the Records of ancient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in compariſon with me!

LOUIS.

Your Glory would indeed have been ſupream and unequalled, if, in civilizing your ſubjects, you had reformed the Brutality of your own Manners, and the barbarous Vices of your Nature. But, alas! the Legiſlator

Legiſlator and Reformer of the Muſcovites was drunken and cruel.

PETER.

My Drunkenneſs I confeſs: nor will I plead, to excuſe it, the Example of Alexander. It inflamed the tempers of both, which were by nature too fiery, into furious paſſions of Anger, and produced Actions, of which our Reaſon, when ſober, was aſhamed. But the Cruelty you upbraid me with may in ſome degree be excuſed, as neceſſary to the work I had to perform. Fear of Puniſhment was in the hearts of my barbarous Subjects the only Principle of Obedience. To make them reſpect the Royal Authority, I was obliged to arm it with all the Terrors of Rage. You had a more pliant People to govern, a People whoſe minds could be ruled, like a fine managed Horſe, with an eaſy and gentle Rein. The fear of Shame did more with them than the fear of the *Knout* could do with the Ruffians. The Humanity of your Character and the Ferocity of mine were equally ſuitable to the Nations over which we reigned. But what excuſe can you find for the cruel violence you employed againſt your Proteſtant Subjects?

They desired nothing but to live under the protection of Laws you yourself had confirmed; and they repaid that Protection by the most hearty Zeal for your service. Yet these did you force, by the most inhuman severities, either to quit the Religion in which they were bred, and which their consciences still retained, or to leave their native Land, and endure all the Woes of a perpetual Exile. If the rules of Policy could not hinder you from thus depopulating your kingdom, and transferring to foreign countries it's manufactures and commerce, I am surprised that your heart itself did not stop you. It makes one shudder to think, that such orders should be sent from the most polished Court in Europe, as the most savage Tartars could hardly have executed without Remorse and Compassion

LOUIS.

It was not my heart, but my Religion, that dictated these severities. My Confessor told me, they alone would atone for all my sins.

PETER.

Had I believed in my Patriarch, as you believed in your Priest, I should not have

been the great Monarch that I was.—But I mean not to detract from the Merit of a Prince whoſe memory is dear to his Subjects. They are proud of having obeyed you, which is certainly the higheſt praiſe to a King. My people alſo date their glory from the Æra of my Reign. But there is this capital Diſtinction between us. The Pomp and Pageantry of ſtate were neceſſary to your Greatneſs: I was great in myſelf, great in the Energy and Powers of my Mind, great in the ſuperiority and *ſovereignty* of my Soul over all other Men.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

PLATO — FENELON.

PLATO.

WELCOME to Elyſium, O Thou, the moſt pure, the moſt gentle, the moſt refined Diſciple of Philoſophy that the World, in modern times, has produced! Sage Fenelon, welcome! — I need not name myſelf to you. Our ſouls by ſympathy muſt know one another.

FENELON.

I know you to be Plato, the moſt amiable of all the Diſciples of Socrates, and the Philoſopher of all Antiquity whom I moſt deſired to reſemble.

PLATO.

Homer and Orpheus are impatient to ſee you in that region of theſe happy Fields, which

which their ſhades inhabit. They both acknowledge you to be a great Poet, tho' you have written no Verſes. And they are now buſy in compoſing for you unfading wreaths of all the fineſt and ſweeteſt Elyſian flowers. But I will lead you from Them to the ſacred Grove of Philoſophy, on the higheſt Hill of Elyſium, where the Air is moſt pure and moſt ſerene. I will conduct you to the Fountain of Wiſdom, in which you will ſee, as in your own Writings, the fair Image of Virtue perpetually reflected. It will raiſe in you more Love than was felt by Narciſſus, when he contemplated the beauty of his own face in the unruffled ſpring. But you ſhall not pine, as he did, for a ſhadow. The Goddeſs herſelf will affectionately meet your Embraces and mingle with your Soul.

FENELON.

I find you retain the Allegorical and Poetical Style, of which you were ſo fond in many of your Writings. Mine alſo run ſometimes into Poetry, particularly in my *Telemachus*, which I meant to make a kind of Epic Compoſition. But I dare not rank myſelf among the great Poets, nor pretend to any Equality in Oratory with You,

the moſt eloquent of Philoſophers, on whoſe Lips the Attic Bees diſtilled all their Honey.

PLATO.

The French Language is not ſo harmonious as the Greek: Yet You have given a Sweetneſs to it, which equally charms the Ear and Heart. When one reads your Compoſitions, one thinks that one hears Apollo's Lyre, ſtrung by the hands of the Graces, and tuned by the Muſes. The Idea of a *perfect King*, which you have exhibited in your *Telemachus*, far excels, in my own Judgment, my imaginary *Republic*. Your *Dialogues* breathe the pure ſpirit of Virtue, of unaffected Good Senſe, of juſt Criticiſm, of fine Taſte. They are in general as ſuperior to your Countryman Fontenelle's, as Reaſon is to Falſe Wit, or Truth to Affectation. The greateſt Fault of them, I think, is, that ſome are too ſhort.

FENELON.

It has been objected to them, and I am ſenſible of it myſelf, that moſt of them are too full of *Common-place Morals*. But I wrote them for the inſtruction of a young Prince: and one cannot too forcibly imprint on the Minds of thoſe who are born

to

to Empire the moſt ſimple Truths: becauſe, as they grow up, the Flattery of a Court will try to diſguiſe and conceal from them thoſe Truths, and to eradicate from their Hearts the Love of their Duty, if it has not taken there a very deep Root.

PLATO.

It is indeed the peculiar Misfortune of Princes, that they are often inſtructed with great care in the Refinements of Policy, and not taught the firſt Principles of Moral Obligations, or taught ſo ſuperficially, that the virtuous Man is ſoon loſt in the corrupt Politician. But the Leſſons of Virtue you gave your royal Pupil are ſo graced by the charms of your Eloquence, that the oldeſt and wiſeſt Men may attend to them with pleaſure. All your Writings are embelliſhed with a ſublime and agreeable Imagination, which gives Elegance to Simplicity, and Dignity to the moſt vulgar and obvious Truths. I have heard, indeed, that your Countrymen are leſs ſenſible of the Beauty of your Genius and Style than any of their Neighbours. What has ſo much depraved their Taſte?

FENELON.

That which depraved the Taſte of the Romans after the Age of Auguſtus; an immoderate Love of *Wit*, of *Paradox*, of *Refinement*. The Works of their Writers, like the faces of their Women, muſt be painted and adorned with artificial Embelliſhments to attract their Regards. And thus the natural Beauty of both is loſt. But it is no wonder if few of them eſteem my *Telemachus*; as the Maxims I have principally inculcated there are thought by many inconſiſtent with the Grandeur of their Monarchy, and with the Splendor of a refined and opulent Nation. They ſeem generally to be falling into Opinions, that the chief End of Society is to procure the pleaſures of Luxury; that a nice and elegant Taſte of voluptuous Enjoyments is the perfection of Merit; and that a King, who is gallant, magnificent, liberal, who builds a fine Palace, who furniſhes it well with good Statues and Pictures, who encourages the fine Arts, and makes them ſubſervient to every modiſh Vice, who has a reſtleſs Ambition, a perfidious Policy, and a Spirit of Conqueſt, is better for them than a Numa, or a Marcus Aurelius. Whereas to check the

the Exceſſes of Luxury, thoſe Exceſſes I mean which enfeeble the Spirit of a Nation; to eaſe the People, as much as is poſſible, of the Burthen of Taxes; to give them the Bleſſings of Peace and Tranquility, when they can be obtained without Injury or Diſhonour; to make them frugal, and hardy, and maſculine in the temper of their Bodies and Minds, that they may be the fitter for War when ever it does come upon them; but above all to watch diligently over their Morals, and diſcourage whatever may defile or corrupt them, is the great Buſineſs of Government, and ought to be in all Circumſtances the principal Object of a wiſe Legiſlature. Unqueſtionably *that is the happieſt Country which has moſt Virtue in it:* and to the Eye of ſober Reaſon the pooreſt Swiſs Canton is a much nobler State than the Kingdom of France, if it has more Liberty, better Morals, a more ſettled Tranquillity, more Moderation in Proſperity, and more Firmneſs in Danger.

PLATO.

Your Notions are juſt, and if your Country rejects them, ſhe will not long hold the rank of the Firſt Nation in Europe. Her

Declenſion is begun, her Ruin approaches. For, omitting all other Arguments, can a State be well ſerved, when the raiſing of an opulent fortune in it's ſervice, and making a ſplendid uſe of that fortune, is a Diſtinction more envied than any which ariſes from Integrity in Office, or Public Spirit in Government? Can that Spirit, which is the Parent of national Greatneſs, continue vigorous and diffuſive, where the Deſire of Wealth, for the ſake of a Luxury which Wealth alone can ſupport, and an Ambition aſpiring, not to Glory, but to Profit, are the predominant Paſſions? If it exiſts in a King, or a Miniſter of State, how will either of them find, among a people ſo diſpoſed, the neceſſary inſtruments to execute his great deſigns; or rather, what Obſtruction will he not find from the continual Oppoſition of private Intereſt to public? But if, on the contrary, a Court inclines to Tyranny, what a facility will be given by theſe Diſpoſitions to that evil Purpoſe? How will Men, with Minds relaxed by the enervating Eaſe and Softneſs of Luxury, have Vigour to oppoſe it? Will not moſt of them lean to Servitude, *as their natural ſtate*, as that in which the extravagant and inſatiable cravings

vings of their artificial Wants may beſt be gratified at the charge of a bountiful Maſter, or by the ſpoils of an enſlaved and ruined people? When all Senſe of public Virtue is thus deſtroyed, will not Fraud, Corruption, and Avarice, or the oppoſite Workings of Court-factions to bring Diſgrace on each other, ruin Armies and Fleets without the help of an Enemy, and give up the Independance of the Nation to Foreigners, after having betrayed its Liberties to a King? All theſe Miſchiefs you ſaw attendant on that Luxury, which ſome modern Philoſophers account (as I am informed) the higheſt Good to a State! Time will ſhew that their Doctrines are pernicious to Society, pernicious to Government; and that your's, tempered and moderated, ſo as to render them more practicable in the preſent circumſtances of your Country, are wiſe, ſalutary, and deſerving of the general Thanks of Mankind. But, leſt you ſhould think, from the Praiſe I have given you, that Flattery can find a place in Elyſium, allow me to lament, with the tender ſorrow of a Friend, that a Man ſo ſuperior to all other Follies could give into the *Reveries* of a Madame Guyon, a diſtracted enthuſiaſt. How ſtrange was it

to ſee *the two great Lights of France*, You and the Biſhop of Meaux, engaged in a Controverſy, whether a *Madwoman* was a *Heretic*, or a *Saint!*

FENELON.

I confeſs my own Weakneſs, and the Ridiculouſneſs of the Diſpute. But did not your warm Imagination carry you alſo into ſome *Reveries* about *Divine Love*, in which you talked unintelligibly, even to yourſelf?

PLATO.

I *felt* ſomething more than I was able to *expreſs*.

FENELON.

I had my *Feelings* too, as fine and as lively as your's. But we ſhould both have done better to have avoided thoſe ſubjects, in which *ſentiment* took the place of *Reaſon*.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IV.

Mr. ADDISON — Dr. SWIFT.

Dr. SWIFT.

SURELY, Addiſon, Fortune was exceedingly inclined to play the Fool (a humour her Ladyſhip, as well as moſt other Ladies of very great Quality, is frequently in) when ſhe made you *a Miniſter of State*, and me *a Divine!*

ADDISON.

I muſt confeſs we were both of us out of our Elements. But you don't mean to inſinuate, that all would have been right, if our deſtinies had been reverſed?

SWIFT.

Yes, I do.— You would have made an excellent Biſhop, and I ſhould have governed Great Britain, as I did Ireland, with an abſolute Sway, while I talked of nothing but Liberty, Property, and ſo forth.

ADDISON,

ADDISON.

You governed the Mob of Ireland; but I never underſtood that you governed the kingdom. A Nation and a Mob are very different Things.

SWIFT.

Ay; ſo you fellows that have no Genius for Politics may ſuppoſe. But there are times, when by ſeaſonably putting himſelf at the head of the Mob, an able Man may get to the head of the Nation. Nay, there are times, when the Nation itſelf is a Mob, and ought to be treated as ſuch by a ſkilful Obſerver.

ADDISON.

I don't deny the Truth of your Propoſition. But is there no danger, that, from the natural Viciſſitudes of Human Affairs, the Favourite of the Mob ſhould be mobbed in his turn?

SWIFT.

Sometimes there may: but I riſked it; and it anſwered my Purpoſe. Aſk the Lord Lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me, inſtead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my ſuperiority.

And

And if I could make myſelf ſo conſiderable, when I was only a dirty Dean of St. Patrick's, without a Seat in either Houſe of Parliament, what ſhould I have done, if Fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a Gown, and in a ſituation that would have enabled me to make myſelf heard in the Houſe of Lords or of Commons?

ADDISON.

You would undoubtedly have done very marvellous Acts! Perhaps you might then have been as zealous a Whig as My Lord Wharton himſelf. Or, if the Whigs had unhappily offended *the Stateſman*, as they did *the Doctor*, who knows whether you might not have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me aſk you one Queſtion between you and me. If your great talents had raiſed you to the office of firſt Miniſter under that Prince, would you have tolerated the Proteſtant Religion, or not?

SWIFT.

Ha! Mr. Secretary; are you witty upon me? Do you think, becauſe Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great Man in the State, that he, or his Maſter, could

make

make you as great in Wit, as Nature made me? No, no; Wit is like Grace, it must be given *from above*. You can no more get that from the King, than my Lords the Bishops can the other. And, though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my good Friend, it was no Match for mine. I think you have not Vanity enough in your Nature, to pretend to a Competition in that point with me.

ADDISON.

I have been told by my Friends that I was rather too modest. So I will not determine this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the God of Wit, who fortunately happens to be coming this way, with a Soul he has brought to the Shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of Precedence in the Class of Wit and Humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave ——

MERCURY — Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you — How does my old Lad? How does honest *Lemuel Gulliver*? Have you been in *Lilliput* lately, or in the *flying Island*, or with your good nurse *Glumdalclitch*? Pray when did you *eat a crust with Lord Peter*?

Is *Jack* as mad ſtill as ever? I hear that, ſince you publiſhed the hiſtory of his caſe, the poor fellow, by more gentle Uſage, is almoſt got well. If he had but more *Food* he would be as much in his Senſes as *Brother Martin* himſelf. But *Martin*, they tell me, has lately ſpawned a ſtrange brood of *Methodiſts*, *Moravians*, *Hutchinſonians*, who are madder than ever *Jack* was in his worſt days. It is a great pity you are not alive again, to make a new edition of your Tale of the Tub for the uſe of theſe fellows.—Mr. Addiſon, I beg your pardon, I ſhould have ſpoken to you ſooner; but I was ſo ſtruck with the ſight of my old friend the Doctor, that I forgot for a time the reſpects due to you.

SWIFT.

Addiſon, I think our diſpute is decided, before the Judge has heard the cauſe.

ADDISON.

I own it is, in your favour,— but ——

MERCURY — Don't be diſcouraged, Friend Addiſon. Apollo perhaps would have given a different Judgment. I am a Wit, and a Rogue, and a foe to all Dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another.

ther. He worſhips me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer. But yet, I aſſure you, I have a great value for you.— *Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the Country-gentleman in the Freeholder*, and twenty more characters, drawn with the fineſt Strokes of unaffected Wit and Humour in your admirable Writings, have obtained for you a high place in the Claſs of *my Authors*, though not quite ſo high a one as the Dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have got before him, if the Decency of your Nature and the Cautiouſneſs of your Judgment would have given you leave. But, allowing, that in the force and ſpirit of his Wit he has really the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the elegant Graces; in the fine touches of delicate ſentiment; in developing the ſecret ſprings of the Soul; in ſhewing the mild lights and ſhades of a character; in diſtinctly marking each line, and every ſoft gradation of tints, which would eſcape the common Eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the ſhade even of the greateſt ſimplicity, or the moſt ridiculous weakneſſes; ſo that we are forced to admire, and feel that we *venerate*,

nerate, even while we are *laughing!* Swift was able to do nothing that approaches to this. — He could draw an ill face, or caricature a good one, with a maſterly hand: but there was all his power: and, if I am to ſpeak as a *God*, a worthleſs power it is. Your's is divine. It tends to exalt human nature.

SWIFT.

Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have liberty to ſay a word for myſelf) do you think that my Talent was not highly beneficial to *correct* human Nature? Is Whipping of no Uſe to mend naughty Boys?

MERCURY. — Men are generally not ſo patient of Whipping as Boys; and *a rough Satiriſt* is ſeldom known to mend them. Satire, like Antimony, if it be uſed as a Medicine, muſt be rendered leſs corroſive. Your's is often rank Poiſon. But I will allow that you have done ſome Good in your way, though not half ſo much as Addiſon did in his.

ADDISON.

MERCURY, I am ſatisfied. It matters little what rank you aſſign me as a Wit, if

you give me the precedence as a friend and benefactor to Mankind.

MERCURY —— I paſs ſentence on the *Writers*, not the *Men*. And my Decree is this. When any Hero is brought hither, who wants to be humbled, let the taſk of lowering his arrogance be aſſigned to Swift. The ſame good Office may be done to a Philoſopher vain of his wiſdom and virtue, or to a Bigot puffed up with Spiritual Pride. The Doctor's diſcipline will ſoon convince the firſt, that with all his boaſted Morality, he is but a *Yahoo*; and the latter, that to be *holy* he muſt neceſſarily be *humble*. I would alſo have him apply his *anticoſmetic Waſh* to the painted face of female Vanity, and his Rod, which draws blood at every ſtroke, to the hard back of inſolent Folly or petulant Wit. But Addiſon ſhould be employed to comfort thoſe, whoſe delicate minds are dejected with too painful a Senſe of ſome infirmities in their nature. To them he ſhould hold his fair and charitable Mirrour, which would bring to their ſight their hidden Excellencies, and put them in a temper fit for Elyſium. — Adieu: Continue to eſteem and love each other,

as

as you did in the other world, though you were of oppoſite parties, (and what is ſtill more wonderful) *rival Wits*. This alone is ſufficient to entitle you both to Elyſium.

DIALOGUE V.

ULYSSES —— CIRCE.

In CIRCE's *Iſland* *

CIRCE.

YOU will go then, Ulyſſes; but tell me without reſerve — What carries you from me?

ULYSSES.

Pardon, Goddeſs, the Weakneſs of human Nature. My Heart will ſigh for my Country. It is an attachment which all

* N. B. This can't be properly called a Dialogue of the Dead; but we have one of the ſame kind among Cambray's Dialogues, between Ulyſſes and his companion Grillus, when turned to a Boar by the enchantments of Circe, and two or three others, that are ſuppoſed to have paſt between living Perſons.

my Admiration of you connot entirely overcome.

CIRCE.

This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: But what, Ulyſſes, do you fear? My Terrors are gone. The proudeſt Goddeſs on Earth, when ſhe has favoured a Mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her Divinity and Power at his Feet.

ULYSSES.

It may be ſo, while there ſtill remains in her heart the tenderneſs of Love, or in her mind the fear of ſhame. But you, Circe, are above thoſe vulgar Senſations.

CIRCE.

I underſtand your Caution; it belongs to your Character: and therefore, to remove all Diffidence from you, I ſwear by Styx, I will do no manner of harm, either to you, or your Friends, for any thing which you ſay, however offenſive it may be to my Love or my Pride; but will ſend you away from my Iſland with all Marks of my Friendſhip. Tell me now truly, what pleaſures you hope to enjoy in the barren

Rock of Ithaca, which can compenſate for thoſe you leave in this Paradiſe, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

ULYSSES.

The Pleaſures of Virtue; the ſupreme Happineſs of doing Good. Here I do nothing. My Mind is in a palſy: all it's faculties are benumbed. I long to return into Action, that I may worthily employ thoſe Talents, which I have cultivated from the earlieſt Days of my Youth. Toils and Cares fright not me. They are the Exerciſe of my ſoul; they keep it in Health and in Vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than theſe vacant Groves. There I could reap the bright Harveſt of Glory; here I am hid, like a coward, from the Eyes of Mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The Image of *my former ſelf* haunts and ſeems to upbraid me, whereſoever I go. I meet it under the gloom of every ſhade: it even intrudes itſelf into your preſence, and chides me from your Arms. O Goddeſs, unleſs you have power to lay that ſpirit, unleſs you can make me forget myſelf, I cannot be

be happy here, I ſhall every day be more wretched.

CIRCE.

May not a wiſe and good Man, who has ſpent all his Youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, be permitted to retire, and enjoy the reſt of his days in Quiet and Pleaſure.

ULYSSES.

No Retreat can be honourable to a wiſe and good Man, but in company with the Muſes. Here I am deprived of that ſacred Society. The Muſes will not inhabit the Abodes of Voluptuouſneſs and ſenſual Pleaſure. How can I ſtudy, or think, while ſuch a number of Beaſts (and the worſt Beaſts are Men turned into Beaſts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting all about me?

CIRCE.

There may be ſomething in this: but this I know, is not all. You ſuppreſs the ſtrongeſt reaſon that draws you to Ithaca. There is another Image, beſides that of *your former ſelf*, which appears to you in this Iſland; which follows you in

your Walks; which more particularly interpoſes itſelf between you and me, and chides you from my Arms. It is Penelope, Ulyſſes, I know it is.—Don't pretend to deny it. You ſigh for Penelope in my boſom itſelf.—And yet ſhe is not an Immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed by Nature with the Gift of unfading Youth. Several Years have paſt ſince her's has been faded. I might ſay without Vanity that in her beſt days ſhe was never ſo handſome as I. But what is ſhe now?

ULYSSES.

You have told me yourſelf, in a former converſation, when I enquired of you about her, that ſhe is faithful to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years abſence, as at the time when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of Youth and Beauty. How much muſt her Conſtancy have been tried ſince that time! How meritorious is her Fidelity! Shall I reward her with Falſhood? Shall I forget my Penelope, who can't forget me; who has no pleaſure ſo dear to her as my Remembrance?

CIRCE

CIRCE.

Her Love is preſerved by the continual Hope of your ſpeedy Return. Take that Hope from her. Let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your Abode with me, that you have fixed it for ever. Let her know that ſhe is free to diſpoſe as ſhe pleaſes of her Heart and her Hand. Send my Picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face.—If all this does not cure her of the remains of her Paſſion, if you don't hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I underſtand nothing of Womankind.

ULYSSES.

O cruel Goddeſs! why will you force me to tell you Truths I deſire to conceal? If by ſuch unmerited, ſuch barbarous Uſage, I could loſe her Heart, it would break mine. How ſhould I be able to endure the torment of thinking, that I had wronged ſuch a Wife? What could make me amends for her being no longer mine, for her being another's? Don't frown, Circe; I muſt own, (ſince you will have me ſpeak) I muſt own *You*

could not.—With all your Pride of immortal Beauty, with all your magical Charms to aſſiſt thoſe of Nature, you are not ſo powerful a Charmer as ſhe. You feel *Deſire*, and you give it: but you have never felt *Love*, nor can you inſpire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a Beaſt? Penelope raiſed me into a Hero. Her Love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my Mind. She bid me go to the Siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worſe than Death to herſelf. She bid me expoſe myſelf there to all the Perils of War among the foremoſt Heroes of Greece, though her poor Heart ſunk and trembled at every thought of thoſe Perils, and would have given all its own blood to ſave a drop of mine. Then there was ſuch a conformity in all our Inclinations! When Minerva was teaching me the leſſons of Wiſdom ſhe delighted to be preſent; ſhe heard, ſhe retained, ſhe gave them back to me ſoftened and ſweetened with the peculiar Graces of her own Mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of Poetry, when we read together the Poems of Orpheus, Muſæus, and Linus, with what Taſte did ſhe diſcern every excellence in them! My feelings

ings were dull, compared to her's. She ſeemed herſelf to be the Muſe who had inſpired thoſe Verſes, and had tuned their Lyres to infuſe into the Hearts of Mankind the Love of Wiſdom and Virtue, and the Fear of the Gods. How beneficent was ſhe, how tender to my People! What care did ſhe take to inſtruct them in all the finer Arts; to relieve the Neceſſities of the Sick and Aged; to ſuperintend the Education of Children; to do my Subjects every good Office of kind Interceſſion; to lay before me their Wants, to mediate for thoſe who were Objects of Mercy, to ſue for thoſe who deſerved the Favours of the Crown. And ſhall I baniſh myſelf for ever from ſuch a Conſort? Shall I give up her Society for the brutal Joys of a ſenſual Life, keeping indeed the exterior form of a Man, but having loſt the human Soul, or at leaſt all its noble and godlike Powers? Oh Circe, it is impoſſible; I can't bear the thought.

CIRCE.

Be gone — don't imagine that I aſk you to ſtay a moment longer. *The Daughter of the Sun* is not ſo mean-ſpirited, as to ſollicit

ſollicit a Mortal to ſhare her Happineſs with her. It is a Happineſs which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity and deſpiſe you. All you have ſaid ſeems to me a Jargon of Sentiments fitter for a ſilly Woman than a great Man. Go, read, and ſpin too, if you pleaſe, with your Wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my Iſland. You ſhall have a fair Wind to carry you from it. After that, may every ſtorm, that Neptune can raiſe, purſue and overwhelm you.—Be gone, I ſay, quit my ſight.

ULYSSES.

Great Goddeſs, I obey—but remember your Oath.——

DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY — An Engliſh DUELLIST — A North-American SAVAGE.

The DUELLIST.

MERCURY, Charon's Boat is on the other ſide of the Water. Allow me, before it returns, to have ſome converſation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before ſaw one of that *Species*. He looks very grim.——Pray, Sir, what is your Name? I underſtand you ſpeak Engliſh.

SAVAGE.

Yes, I learnt it in my Childhood, having been bred for ſome years among the Engliſh of New York. But, before I was a Man, I returned to my valiant Countrymen,

men, the *Mohawks*; and having been villainouſly cheated by one of yours in the ſale of ſome Rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the Hatchet for them with the reſt of my Tribe in the late War againſt France, and was killed while I was out upon a Scalping Party. But I died very well ſatisfied: for my Brethren were victorious; and, before I was ſhot, I had glorioufly ſcalped ſeven Men, and five Women and Children. In a former War I had performed ſtill greater Exploits. My Name is *the bloody Bear:* it was given me to expreſs my Fierceneſs and Valour.

DUELLIST.

Bloody Bear, I reſpect you, and am much your humble Servant. My Name is Tom Puſhwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a Gentleman by my Birth, and by Profeſſion a Gameſter and Man of Honour. I have killed Men in fair Fighting, in honourable ſingle combat, but don't underſtand cutting the Throats of Women and Children.

SAVAGE.

SAVAGE.

Sir, that is our way of making War. Every Nation has its Cuſtoms. But, by the Grimneſs of your Countenance, and that Hole in your Breaſt, I preſume you were killed, as I was, in ſome ſcalping Party. How happened it that your Enemy did not take off your Scalp?

DUELLIST.

Sir, I was killed in a Duel. A Friend of mine had lent me a ſum of Money. After two or three years, being in great Want himſelf, he aſked me to pay him. I thought his Demand, which was ſomewhat peremptory, an Affront to my Honour, and ſent him a Challenge. We met in Hide-Park. The Fellow could not fence: I was abſolutely the adroiteſt Swordſman in England. So I gave him three or four Wounds; but at laſt he run upon me with ſuch Impetuoſity, that he put me out of my Play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the Lungs. I died the next day, as a Man of Honour ſhould, without any ſniveling Signs of Contrition or Repentance: and he will follow

follow me ſoon; for his Surgeon has declared his Wounds to be mortal. It is ſaid, that his Wife is dead of Grief, and that his Family of ſeven Children will be undone by his Death. So I am well revenged, and that is a Comfort. For my Part, I had no Wife.—I always hated Marriage: my Whore will take good care of herſelf, and my Children are provided for at the Foundling-Hoſpital.

SAVAGE.

Mercury, I won't go in a Boat with that Fellow. He has murdered his Countryman: he has murdered his Friend: I ſay poſitively, I won't go in a Boat with that Fellow. I will ſwim over the River: I can ſwim like a Duck.

MERCURY.

Swim over the Styx! it muſt not be done; it is againſt the Laws of Pluto's Empire. You muſt go in the Boat, and be quiet.

SAVAGE.

Don't tell me of Laws: I am a Savage: I value no Laws. Talk of Laws to the Engliſhman: there are Laws in his

his Country, and yet you ſee he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his Fellow-ſubject, in time of Peace, becauſe he aſked him to pay a Debt. I know indeed, that the Engliſh are *a barbarous Nation*; but they can't poſſibly be ſo brutal as to make ſuch things lawful.

MERCURY.

You reaſon well againſt Him. But how comes it that you are ſo offended with Murder; you, who have frequently maſſacred Women in their Sleep, and Children in the Cradle?

SAVAGE.

I killed none but my Enemies: I never killed my own Countrymen: I never killed my Friend:—Here, take my Blanket, and let it come over in the Boat; but ſee that the Murderer does not ſit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it inſtantly in the Fire I ſee yonder. Farewell.—I am determined to ſwim over the Water.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

By this touch of my Wand I deprive thee of all thy Strength. — Swim now if thou canſt.

SAVAGE.

This is a potent Enchanter. — Reſtore me my Strength, and I promiſe to obey thee.

MERCURY.

I reſtore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you: Otherwiſe worſe will befall you.

DUELLIST.

Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, doſt thou pretend to be aſhamed of my company? Doſt thou know that I have kept the beſt company in England?

SAVAGE.

I know thou art a Scoundrel. — Not pay thy Debts! kill thy Friend who lent thee Money for aſking thee for it! Get out of my ſight. I will drive thee into Styx.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Stop.—I command thee. No Violence.—Talk to him calmly.

SAVAGE.

I muſt obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what Merit you had, to introduce you into good company? What could you do.

DUELLIST.

Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Beſides, I kept a good table.—I *eat* as well as any Man either in England or France.

SAVAGE.

Eat! did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his Leg, or his Shoulder! There is *fine Eating!* I have eat twenty.—My table was always *well ſerved.* My Wife was eſteemed the beſt Cook for the dreſſing of Man's Fleſh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your *Eating* with mine?

DUELLIST.

I danced very finely.

SAVAGE.

I'll dance with thee for thy Ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the *War-Dance* with more Spirit than any Man of my Nation. Let us ſee thee begin it. How thou ſtandeſt like a Poſt! Has Mercury ſtruck thee with his enfeebling Rod? Or art thou aſhamed to let us ſee how aukward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou haſt never yet learnt. But what elſe canſt thou do, thou bragging *Raſcal?*

DUELLIST.

O Heavens! muſt I bear this! What can I do with this Fellow? I have neither Sword, nor Piſtol. And his ſhade ſeems to be twice as ſtrong as mine.

MERCURY.

You muſt anſwer his Queſtions. It was your own Deſire to have a converſation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you ſome truths which you muſt neceſſarily hear, when you come before Rhadamanthus. He aſked you what

what you could do beſides Eating and Dancing.

DUELLIST.

I ſung very agreeably.

SAVAGE.

Let me hear you ſing your *Death Song*, or the *War Whoop*. I challenge you to ſing. — Come, begin. — The Fellow is mute. — Mercury, this is a *Liar*. — He has told us nothing but *Lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

DUELLIST.

The Lie given me!—and alas! I dare not reſent it. What an indelible Diſgrace to the family of the Puſhwells! This indeed is *Damnation*.

MERCURY.

Here, Charon, take theſe two Savages to your Care. How far the Barbariſm of the Mohawk will excuſe his horrid Acts I leave Minos to judge. But what can be ſaid for the other, for the Engliſhman? The Cuſtom of Duelling? A bad Excuſe at the beſt! but here it cannot avail. The Spirit that urged him to draw his

Sword againſt his Friend is not that of *Honour*; it is the Spirit of the Furies, and to them he muſt go.

SAVAGE.

If he is to be puniſhed for his wickedneſs turn him over to me. I perfectly underſtand the Art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my Work with this *kick on your Breech*.

DUELLIST.

Oh my Honour, my Honour, to what Infamy art thou fallen!

DIALOGUE VII.

PLINY THE ELDER.
PLINY THE YOUNGER.

PLINY THE ELDER.

THE Account that you give me, Nephew, of your Behaviour, amidſt the Terrors and Perils that accompanied the firſt Eruption of Veſuvius, does not pleaſe me much. There was more of Vanity in it than of true Magnanimity. Nothing is Great that is unnatural and affected. When the Earth was ſhaking beneath you, when the whole Heaven was darkened with ſulphureous Clouds; when all Nature ſeemed falling into its final deſtruction, to be *reading Livy*, and *making Extracts*, was an abſurd Affectation. To meet Danger with Courage is manly;

V. C. Plinii Epiſt. l. vi. ep. 20.

but to be inſenſible of it is brutal Stupidity; and to pretend Inſenſibility, where it cannot be ſuppoſed, is ridiculous Falſeneſs. When you afterwards refuſed to leave your aged Mother, and ſave yourſelf without her, you indeed acted nobly. It was alſo becoming a Roman to keep up her Spirits, amidſt all the horrors of that tremendous Scene, by ſhewing yourſelf undiſmayed. But the real Merit and Glory of this Part of your Behaviour is ſunk by the other, which gives an air of Oſtentation and Vanity to the Whole.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

That vulgar Minds ſhould conſider my Attention to my Studies in ſuch a conjuncture as unnatural and affected, I ſhould not much wonder. But that You would blame it as ſuch, I did not apprehend; You, whom no Buſineſs could ſeparate from the Muſes; You, who approached nearer to the fiery Storm, and died by the ſuffocating Heat of the Vapour.

PLINY THE ELDER.

V. Epiſt. 16. l. vi.

I died in doing my Duty. Let me recall to your remembrance, all the Particulars,

ticulars, and then you ſhall judge your-ſelf on the difference of your Behaviour and mine. I was the Præfect of the Roman Fleet which then lay at Miſenum. On the firſt Account I received of the very unuſual Cloud that appeared in the Air, I ordered a Veſſel to carry me out, to ſome diſtance from the Shore, that I might the better obſerve the Phænomenon, and endeavour to diſcover its nature and cauſe. This I did, as a Philoſopher, and it was a Curioſity proper and natural to an inquiſitive Mind. I offered to take you with me, and ſurely you ſhould have gone; for *Livy* might have been read at any other time, and ſuch Spectacles are not frequent. When I came out from my Houſe, I found all the inhabitants of Miſenum flying to the Sea. That I might aſſiſt them, and all others who dwelt on the Coaſt, I immediately commanded the whole Fleet to put out, and ſailed with it all round the Bay of Naples, ſteering particularly to thoſe Parts of the Shore where the Danger was greateſt, and from whence the affrighted people were endeavouring to eſcape with the moſt trepidation. Thus I happily preſerved ſome thouſands of lives; noting at the ſame time, with

an unſhaken compoſure and freedom of Mind, the ſeveral Phænomena of the Eruption. Towards Night, as we approached to the foot of Mount Veſuvius, our gallies were covered with Aſhes, the ſhowers of which grew continually hotter and hotter; then Pumice Stones, and burnt and broken *Pyrites* began to fall on our heads; and we were ſtopt by the Obſtacles which the Ruins of the Vulcano had ſuddenly formed, by falling into the Sea, and almoſt filling it up, on that Part of the Coaſt. I then commanded my pilot to ſteer to the Villa of my Friend Pomponianus, which, you know, was ſituated in the inmoſt Receſs of the Bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the Shore, as he was deſirous to have done. We were therefore conſtrained to paſs the night in his houſe. The family watched, and I ſlept; till the heaps of Pumice Stones, which inceſſantly fell from the Clouds, that had by this time been impelled to that ſide of the Bay, roſe ſo high in the Area of the Apartment I lay in, that, if I had ſtaid any longer, I could not have got out; and the Earthquakes were ſo violent, as to threaten every moment

ment the fall of the Houſe. We therefore thought it more ſafe to go into the open Air, guarding our heads, as well as we were able, with Pillows tied upon them. The Wind continuing contrary, and the Sea very rough, we all remained on the Shore, till the deſcent of a ſulphureous and fiery Vapour ſuddenly oppreſſed my weak Lungs, and put an end to my Life. In all this I hope that I acted as the Duty of my Station required, and with true Magnanimity. But on this Occaſion, and in many other Parts of your conduct, I muſt ſay, my dear Nephew, there was a mixture of Vanity blended with your Virtue, which impaired and diſgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthieſt Men whom Rome has ever produced: for none excelled you in ſincere Integrity of Heart and Greatneſs of Sentiments. Why would you loſe the Subſtance of Glory by ſeeking the Shadow?—Your Eloquence had, I think, the ſame fault as your Manners: it was generally too *affected*. You profeſſed to make Cicero your Guide and Pattern. But when one reads his Panegyric upon Julius Cæſar, in his Oration for Marcellus, and your's upon Trajan, the firſt ſeems

the

the genuine language of Truth and Nature, raiſed and dignified with all the Majeſty of the moſt ſublime Oratory: the latter appears the Harangue of a florid *Rhetorician*, more deſirous to *ſhine*, and to ſet off his own Wit, than to extol the great Man whoſe Virtues he was praiſing.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

I will not queſtion your Judgment either of my Life or my Writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too ſollicitous to render them perfect. It is perhaps ſome excuſe for the Affectation of my ſtyle, that it was the faſhion of the Age in which I wrote. Even the Eloquence of Tacitus, however nervous and ſublime, was not unaffected. Mine indeed was more diffuſe, and the Ornaments of it were more tawdry; but his laboured Conciſeneſs, the conſtant *Glow* of his Diction, and pointed *Brilliancy* of his Sentences, were no leſs unnatural. One principal cauſe of this I ſuppoſe to have been, that as we deſpaired of excelling the two great Maſters of Oratory, Cicero and Livy, in their own Manner, we took up another, which, to many, appeared more ſhining, and gave our Compoſitions a more

more original Air. But it is mortifying to me to ſay much on this Subject. Permit me therefore to reſume the contemplation of that on which our Converſation turned before. What a direful Calamity was the Eruption of Veſuvius, which you have been deſcribing? Don't you remember the beauty of that fine Coaſt, and of the Mountain itſelf, before it was torn with the violence of thoſe internal Fires, that forced their way through it's Surface. The foot of it was covered with Corn Fields and rich Meadows, interſperſed with ſplendid Villas, and magnificent Towns: the Sides of it were cloathed with the beſt Vines in Italy. How quick, how unexpected, how terrible was the Change! All was at once overwhelmed, with Aſhes, Cinders, broken Rocks, and fiery Torrents, preſenting to the Eye the moſt diſmal Scene of Horror and Deſolation!

PLINY THE ELDER.

You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your philoſophical Mind, that this Change is a ſtriking Emblem of that which muſt happen, by the natural courſe of Things, to every rich, luxu-

rious

rious State? While the Inhabitants of it are ſunk in Voluptuouſneſs, while all is ſmiling around them, and they imagine that no Evil, no Danger is nigh, the latent Seeds of Deſtruction are fermenting within; till, breaking out on a ſudden, they lay waſte all their Opulence, all their boaſted Delights; and leave them a ſad Monument of the fatal Effects of internal Tempeſts and Convulſions.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VIII.

FERNANDO CORTEZ—WILLIAM PENN.

CORTEZ.

IS it poſſible, William Penn, that you ſhould ſeriouſly compare your Glory with mine! The Planter of a ſmall Colony in North-America preſume to vie with the Conqueror of the great Mexican Empire!

PENN.

Friend, I pretend to no Glory,—the LORD preſerve me from it.—All Glory is *his*;—but this I ſay, that I was *his Inſtrument* in a more glorious Work than that performed by thee: incomparably more glorious.

CORTEZ.

CORTEZ.

Doſt thou not know, William Penn, that with leſs than ſix hundred Spaniſh Foot, eighteen Horſe, and a few ſmall pieces of Cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable Armies of very brave Men, dethroned an Emperor who had been raiſed to the Throne by his Valour, and excelled all his Countrymen in the Science of War, as much as they excelled all the reſt of the Weſt Indian Nations? that I made him my Priſoner in his own Capital; and, after he had been depoſed and ſlain by his Subjects, vanquiſhed and took Guatimozin, his ſucceſſor, and accompliſhed my Conqueſt of the whole Empire of Mexico, which I loyally annexed to the Spaniſh Crown? Doſt thou not know, that, in doing theſe wonderful Acts, I ſhewed as much Courage as Alexander the Great, as much Prudence as Cæſar? That, by my Policy, I ranged under my Banners the powerful Commonwealth of Tlaſcala, and brought them to aſſiſt me in ſubduing the Mexicans, though with the loſs of their own beloved Independence? and that, to conſummate my Glory, when the Governor of

Cuba, Velaſquez, would have taken my Command from me, and ſacrificed me to his Envy and Jealouſy, I drew from him all his forces and joined them to my own, ſhewing myſelf as ſuperior to all other Spaniards as I was to the Indians?

PENN.

I know very well that thou waſt as fierce as a Lion, and as ſubtle as a Serpent. The Devil, perhaps, may place thee as high *in his black liſt of Heroes* as Alexander or Cæſar. It is not my Buſineſs to interfere with him in ſettling thy Rank. But hark thee, Friend Cortez—What Right hadſt thou, or had the King of Spain himſelf, to the Mexican Empire? Anſwer me that, if thou canſt.

CORTEZ.

The Pope gave it to my Maſter.

PENN.

The Devil offered to give our LORD all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and I ſuppoſe the Pope, as *his Vicar*, gave thy Maſter this: in return for which he *fell down and worſhipped him*, like an Idolater as he was. But ſuppoſe the High Prieſt of Mexico

Mexico had taken it into his head to give Spain to Motezuma, would his Grant have been good?

CORTEZ.

Theſe are Queſtions of Caſuiſtry, which it is not the buſineſs of a Soldier to decide. We leave that to Gownſmen. But pray, Mr. Penn, what Right had you to the Province you ſettled?

PENN.

An honeſt Right of fair Purchaſe. We gave the native Savages ſome things they wanted, and they in return gave us Lands they did not want. All was amicably agreed on, not a drop of blood ſhed to ſtain our Acquiſition.

CORTEZ.

I am afraid there was a little *Fraud* in the Purchaſe. Thy Followers, William Penn, are ſaid to think cheating in a quiet and ſober way no mortal ſin.

PENN.

The Saints are always calumniated by the Ungodly. But it was a Sight which an

Angel might contemplate with delight, to behold the Colony I ſettled! To ſee us living with the Indians like innocent Lambs, and taming the Ferocity of their barbarous Manners by the Gentleneſs of ours! To ſee the whole Country, which before was an uncultivated Wilderneſs, rendered as fertile and fair as the Garden of GOD! O Fernando Cortez, Fernando Cortez! didſt thou leave the great Empire of Mexico in that State? No, thou hadſt turned thoſe delightful and populous Regions into a Deſert, a Deſert flooded with Blood. Doſt thou not remember that moſt infernal Scene, when the noble Emperor Guatimozin was ſtretched out by thy Soldiers upon hot burning Coals, to make him diſcover into what part of the Lake of Mexico he had thrown the Royal Treaſures? Are not his Groans ever ſounding in the ears of thy Conſcience? Do not they rend thy hard Heart, and ſtrike thee with more Horror than the Yells of the Furies?

CORTEZ.

Alas! I was not preſent when that dire Act was done. Had I been there I would have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

PENN.

Thou waſt the Captain of that Band of Robbers, who did this horrid Deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy Counſels and Conduct enabled them to commit it: and thy Skill ſaved them afterwards from the Vengeance that was due to ſo enormous a Crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly puniſhed them for it, if they had not had thee for their General, thou *Lieutenant of Satan.*

CORTEZ.

The *Saints* I find can *rail,* William Penn. But how do you hope to preſerve this *admirable* Colony which you have ſettled? Your people, you tell me, live *like innocent Lambs.* Are there no *Wolves* in North America to devour thoſe *Lambs?* But if the Americans ſhould continue in perpetual peace with all your Succeſſors there, the French will not. Are the Inhabitants of Penſylvania to make war againſt *them* with Prayers and Preaching? If ſo, that Garden of GOD which you ſay you have planted, will undoubtedly be their Prey, and they will take from you your Property, your Laws, and your Religion.

PENN.

PENN.

The LORD's Will be done. The LORD will defend us, againſt the rage of our Enemies if it be his good Pleaſure.

CORTEZ.

Is this the Wiſdom of a great Legiſlator! I have heard ſome of your Countrymen compare you to Solon! Did Solon, think you, give Laws to a People, and leave thoſe Laws and that People at the Mercy of every Invader? The firſt Buſineſs of Legiſlature is to provide a military Strength that may defend the whole Syſtem. If a Houſe is built in a land of Robbers, without a Gate to ſhut, or a Bolt or Bar to ſecure it, what avails it how well-proportioned, or how commodious the Architecture of it may be? Is it richly furniſhed within? the more it will tempt the hands of Violence and of Rapine to ſeize its Wealth. The World, William Penn, is all a Land of Robbers. Any State or Commonwealth erected therein muſt be well fenced and ſecured by good military Inſtitutions; or, the happier it is in all other reſpects, the greater will be its Danger, the more ſpeedy its Deſtruction.

Perhaps the neighbouring Engliſh Colonies may for a while protect your's: but that precarious Security cannot always preſerve you. Your Plan of Government muſt be changed, or your Colony will be loſt. What I have ſaid is alſo applicable to Great Britain itſelf. If an Encreaſe of it's Wealth be not accompanied with an Encreaſe of it's Force, that Wealth will become the Prey of ſome of the neighbouring Nations, in which the Martial Spirit is more prevalent than the Commercial. And whatever praiſe may be due to it's civil Inſtitutions, if they are not guarded by a wiſe Syſtem of military Policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own diſſolution.

PENN.

Theſe are Suggeſtions of Human Wiſdom. The Doctrines I held were *inſpired*; they came *from above*.

CORTEZ.

It is blaſphemy to ſay, *that any Folly could come from the Fountain of Wiſdom*. Whatever is inconſiſtent with the great Laws of Nature, and with the neceſſary

State

State of Human Society, cannot poſſibly have been inſpired by GOD. Self-defence is as neceſſary to Nations as to Men. And ſhall Particulars have a Right which Nations have not? True Religion, William Penn, is the Perfection of Reaſon. Fanaticiſm is the Diſgrace, the Deſtruction of Reaſon.

PENN.

Though what thou ſayeſt ſhould be true, it does not come well from thy mouth. A *Papiſt* talk of *Reaſon!* Go to the Inquiſition, and tell *them* of *Reaſon*, and *the great Laws of Nature*. They will broil thee, as thy Soldiers broiled the unhappy Guatimozin. Why doſt thou turn pale? Is it the name of the Inquiſition, or the name of Guatimozin, that troubles and affrights thee? O wretched Man! who madeſt thyſelf a voluntary Inſtrument to carry into a new-diſcovered World that helliſh Tribunal. Tremble and ſhake when thou thinkeſt, that every Murder the Inquiſitors have committed, every Torture they have inflicted on the innocent Indians, is originally owing to thee. Thou muſt anſwer to GOD for all their Inhu-

manity, for all their Injuſtice. What wouldſt thou give to part with the Renown of thy Conqueſts, and to have a conſcience as pure and undiſturbed as mine?

CORTEZ.

I feel the force of thy Words. They pierce me like Daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I retain any memory of the Ills I have cauſed.——Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the Glory of GOD, and propagate in the remoteſt Parts of the Earth his holy Religion. He will be merciful to well deſigning and pious Error. Thou alſo wilt have need of that gracious Indulgence; though not, I own, ſo much as I.

PENN.

Aſk thy Heart, whether Ambition was not thy real Motive, and Zeal the Pretence?

CORTEZ.

Aſk thine, whether thy Zeal had no worldly Views, and whether thou didſt believe

believe all the Nonſenſe of the Sect, at the head of which thou waſt pleaſed to become a Legiſlator. Adieu.—Self-Examination requires Retirement.

DIALOGUE IX.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO.
MESSALLA CORVINUS.

CATO.

OH Meſſalla! — is it then poſſible that what ſome of our Countrymen tell me ſhould be true? Is it poſſible that you could live the Courtier of Octavius, that you could accept of Employments and Honours from Him, from the Tyrant of your Country; you, the brave, the noble-minded, the virtuous Meſſalla; you, whom, I remember, my Son-in-law Brutus has frequently extolled, as the moſt promiſing Youth in Rome, tutored by Philoſophy, trained up in Arms, ſcorning all thoſe ſoft, effeminate Pleaſures, that reconcile Men to an eaſy and indolent Servitude, fit for all the roughest taſks of Honour

and

and Virtue, fit to live or to *die* a Freeman?

MESSALLA.

Marcus Cato, I revere both your Life and your Death: but the laſt, permit me to tell you, did no Good to your Country; and the former would have done more, if you could have mitigated a little the Sternneſs of your Virtue, I will not ſay, of your Pride. For my own part, I adhered with conſtant Integrity and unwearied Zeal to the Republic, while the Republic exiſted. I fought for her at Philippi, under the only Commander, who, if he had conquered, would have conquered for Her, not for himſelf. When he was dead, I ſaw that nothing remained to my Country but *the Choice of a Maſter*. I choſe *the beſt*.

CATO.

The beſt!—What, a Man who had broken all Laws, who had violated all Truſts, who had led the Armies of the Commonwealth againſt Antony, and then joined with him and that ſottiſh Traitor Lepidus, to ſet up a Triumvirate more execrable by far than either of the former; who ſhed the beſt blood in Rome by an

inhuman Proſcription; murdered even his own Guardian; murdered Cicero, to whoſe confidence, too improvidently given, he owed all his Power! Was this the Maſter you choſe? Could you bring your tongue to give him the name of *Auguſtus?* Could you ſtoop to beg Conſulſhips and Triumphs from him? Oh Shame to Virtue! O Degeneracy of Rome! To what infamy are her Sons, her nobleſt Sons, fallen! The thought of it pains me more than the Wound that I died of: it ſtabs my Soul.

MESSALLA.

Moderate, Cato, the vehemence of your Indignation. There has always been too much Paſſion mixed with your Virtue. The Enthuſiaſm you are poſſeſſed with is a noble one; but it diſturbs your Judgment. Hear me with Patience, and with the Tranquillity that becomes a Philoſopher. It is true, that Octavius had done all you have ſaid: but it is no leſs true, that in our circumſtances he was the beſt Maſter Rome could chuſe. His Mind was fitted by nature for Empire. His Underſtanding was clear, and ſtrong, His Paſſions were cool, and under the abſolute

ſolute Command of his Reaſon. His Name gave him an Authority over the Troops and the People, which no other Roman could poſſeſs in an equal degree. He uſed that Authority to reſtrain the Exceſſes of both, which it was no longer in the Power of the Senate to repreſs, nor of any other General, or Magiſtrate in the State. He reſtored Diſcipline in our Armies, the firſt Means of Salvation, without which no legal Government could have been formed or ſupported. He avoided all odious and invidious Names. He maintained and reſpected thoſe which Time and long Habits had endeared to the Roman People. He permitted a generous Liberty of Speech. He treated the Nobles of Pompey's Party as well as thoſe of his Father's, if they did not themſelves, for factious Purpoſes, keep up the Diſtinction. He formed a Plan of Government, moderate, decent, reſpectable, which left the Senate its Majeſty, and ſome of its Power. He reſtored vigour and ſpirit to the Laws; he made new and good ones for the Reformation of Manners; he enforced their Execution; he governed the Empire with

Lenity,

Lenity, Juſtice, and Glory: he humbled the Pride of the Parthians; he broke the Fierceneſs of the barbarous Nations: He gave to his Country, exhauſted and languiſhing with the great Loſs of Blood, which ſhe had ſuſtained in the courſe of ſo many civil Wars, the Bleſſing of Peace; a Bleſſing which was become ſo neceſſary for her, that without it ſhe could enjoy no other. In doing theſe things, I acknowledge, he had my Aſſiſtance. I am prouder of it, and I think I can juſtify myſelf more effectually to my Country, than if I had died by my own hand at Philippi. Believe me, Cato, it is better *to do ſome Good* than to *project a great deal.* A little practicable Virtue is of more Uſe to Society than the moſt ſublime Theory, or the beſt Principles of Government ill applied.

CATO.

Yet I muſt think it was beneath the character of Meſſalla to join in ſupporting a Government, which, though coloured and mitigated, was ſtill a Tyranny. Had you not better have gone into a voluntary Exile, where you would not have ſeen the face of the Tyrant, and where you might have quietly

quietly practiſed thoſe private Virtues, which are all that the Gods require from good Men in certain ſituations?

MESSALLA.

No:—I did much more Good by continuing at Rome. Had Auguſtus required of me any thing baſe, any thing ſervile, I would have gone into Exile, I would have died, rather than do it.—But he reſpected my Virtue, he reſpected my Dignity, he treated me as well as Agrippa, or as Mæcenas, with this diſtinction alone, that he never employed my Sword but againſt foreign Nations, or the old Enemies of the Republic.

CATO.

It muſt, I own, have been a pleaſure to be employed againſt Antony, that Monſter of Vice, who plotted the Ruin of Liberty, and the raiſing of himſelf to ſovereign Power, amidſt the Riot of Bacchanals, and in the Embraces of Harlots: who, when he had attained to that Power, delivered it up to a laſcivious Queen, and would have made an Egyptian Strumpet the Miſtreſs of Rome, if the Battle of Actium

Actium had not ſaved Us from *that laſt of Misfortunes.*

MESSALLA.

In that Battle I had a conſiderable Share. So I had in encouraging the liberal Arts and Sciences, which Auguſtus protected. Under his judicious Patronage the Muſes made Rome their Capital Seat. It would have pleaſed you to have known Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, Livy, and many more, whoſe names will be illuſtrious to all Generations.

CATO.

I underſtand you, Meſſalla. Your Auguſtus and You, after the ruin of our Liberty, made Rome a Greek City, an Academy of fine Wits, another Athens under the Government of Demetrius Phalareus. I had much rather have ſeen her under Fabricius and Curius, and her other honeſt old Conſuls, who could not read.

MESSALLA.

Yet to theſe Writers ſhe will owe as much of her Glory as ſhe did to thoſe Heroes. I could ſay more, a great deal more,

more, on the Happineſs of the mild Dominion of Auguſtus. I might even add, that the vaſt extent of the Empire, the Factions of the Nobility, and the Corruption of the People, which no Laws under the ordinary Magiſtrates of the State were able to reſtrain, ſeemed neceſſarily to require ſome change in the Government: That Cato himſelf, had he remained upon Earth, could have done us no Good, unleſs he would have yielded to become *our Prince*. But I ſee you conſider me as a Deſerter from the Republic, and an Apologiſt for a Tyrant. I therefore leave you to the company of thoſe ancient Romans, for whoſe Society you were always much fitter than for that of your Contemporaries. Cato ſhould have lived with Fabricius and Curius, not with Pompey and Cæſar.

DIALOGUE X.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden.
Chancellor OXENSTIERN.

CHRISTINA.

YOU ſeem to avoid me, Oxenſtiern; and, now we are met, you don't pay me the Reverence that is due to your Queen! Have you forgotten that I was your Sovereign?

OXENSTIERN.

I am not your Subject here, Madam; but you have forgotten, that you yourſelf broke that Bond, and freed me from my Allegiance, many Years before you died, by abdicating the Crown, againſt my Advice and the Inclination of your People. Reverence here is paid only to Virtue.

CHRISTINA.

CHRISTINA.

I ſee you would mortify me if it were in your Power, for acting againſt your Advice. But my Fame does not depend upon your Judgment. All Europe admired the Greatneſs of my Mind in reſigning a Crown, to dedicate myſelf entirely to the Love of the Sciences and the fine Arts; things of which you had no taſte in barbarous Sweden, the Realm of Goths and Vandals.

OXENSTIERN.

There is hardly any Mind *too great* for a Crown; but there are many *too little*. Are you ſure, Madam, it was Magnanimity, that cauſed you to fly from the Government of a Kingdom, which your Anceſtors, and particularly your heroic Father, Guſtavus, had ruled with ſo much Glory?

CHRISTINA.

Am I ſure of it? Yes:——and to confirm my own Judgment, I have that of many learned Men and *Beaux Eſprits* of all Countries, who have celebrated my Action as the perfection of Heroiſm.

OXENSTIERN.

Thoſe *Beaux Eſprits* judged according to their predominant Paſſion. I have heard young Ladies expreſs their admiration of Mark Antony for heroically leaving his fleet at the Battle of Actium, to follow his Miſtreſs. Your paſſion for Literature had the ſame effect upon you. But why did not you indulge it in a manner more becoming your Birth and Rank? Why did not you bring the Muſes to Sweden, inſtead of deſerting that kingdom to ſeek them in Rome? For a Prince to encourage and protect Arts and Sciences, and more eſpecially to inſtruct an illiterate People, and inſpire them with Knowledge, Politeneſs, and fine Taſte, is indeed an Act of true Greatneſs.

CHRISTINA.

The Swedes were too groſs to be refined by any Culture, which I could have given to their dull, their half-frozen Souls. Wit and Genius require the Influence of a more Southern Climate.

OXENSTIERN.

The Swedes too groſs! No, Madam: not even the Ruſſians are too groſs to be refined, if they had a Prince to inſtruct them.

CHRISTINA.

It was too tedious a Work for the Vivacity of my Temper to poliſh Bears into Men: I ſhould have died of the Spleen before I had made any Proficiency in it. My Deſire was to ſhine among thoſe who were qualified to judge of my Talents. At Paris, at Rome, I had the Glory of ſhewing the French and Italian Wits, that the North could produce *one* not inferior to them. They beheld me with Wonder. The Homage I had received in my Palace at Stockholm was paid to my Dignity: that which I drew from the French and Roman Academies was paid to my Talents. How much more glorious, how much more delightful to an elegant and rational Mind, was the latter than the former! Could you once have felt the Joy, the Tranſport of my Heart, when I ſaw the greateſt Authors, and all the celebrated Artiſts, in the moſt learned and civilized

Countries of Europe, bringing their Works to me, and ſubmitting the Merit of them to my Deciſions; when I ſaw the Philoſophers, the Rhetoricians, the Poets, making my Judgment the ſtandard of their Reputation; you would not wonder that I preferred the Empire of Wit to any other Empire.

OXENSTIERN.

O Great Guſtavus! my ever honoured, my adored Maſter! O greateſt of Kings, greateſt in Valour, in Virtue, in Wiſdom, with what Indignation muſt thy Soul, enthroned in Heaven, have looked down on thy unworthy, thy degenerate Daughter! With what ſhame muſt thou have ſeen her rambling about from Court to Court, deprived of her Royal Dignity, debaſed into a Pedant, a Witling, a Smatterer in Sculpture and Painting, reduced to beg or buy flattery from each needy Rhetorician, or hireling Poet! I weep to think on this Stain, this diſhonourable Stain, to thy illuſtrious Blood! And yet —— would to GOD! would to GOD! this was all the Pollution it has ſuffered!

CHRIS-

CHRISTINA.

Dareſt thou, Oxenſtiern, impute any Blemiſh to my Honour?

OXENSTIERN.

Madam, the World will ſcarce reſpect the frailties of Queens when they are on their Thrones; much leſs when they have voluntarily degraded themſelves to the Level of the Vulgar. And if ſcandalous tongues have unjuſtly aſperſed their fame, the way to clear it is not by an *aſſaſſination*.

CHRISTINA.

Oh! that I were alive again, and reſtored to my Throne, that I might puniſh the Inſolence of this hoary Traitor! — But, ſee! he leaves me, he turns his back upon me with cool Contempt! — Alas! do I not deſerve this Scorn? In ſpite of myſelf I muſt confeſs that I do.—O Vanity, how ſhort-lived are the pleaſures thou beſtoweſt! I was thy Votary: Thou waſt the God for whom I changed my Religion. For thee I forſook my Country and my Throne. What compenſation have I gained for all theſe ſacrifices ſo

laviſhly, ſo imprudently made? Some Puffs of Incenſe from Authors, who thought their Flattery due to the Rank I had held, or hoped to advance themſelves by my Recommendation, or, at beſt, over-rated my Paſſion for Literature, and praiſed me, to raiſe the Value of thoſe Talents with which they were endowed. But in the eſteem of *wiſe Men* I ſtand very low; and *their eſteem alone is the true meaſure of Glory.* Nothing, I perceive, can give the Mind a laſting joy, but the Conſciouſneſs of having performed our Duty in that Station, which it has pleaſed the Divine Providence to aſſign to us. The Glory of Virtue is ſolid and eternal: All other will fade away like a thin vapoury Cloud, on which the caſual glance of ſome faint beams of light has ſuperficially imprinted their weak and tranſient Colours.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XI.

TITUS VESPASIANUS.
PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

TITUS.

NO—— Scipio: I can't give Place to you in this. — In other reſpects I acknowledge myſelf your Inferior, though I was Emperor of Rome, and you only her Conſul. I think your Triumph over Carthage more glorious than mine over Judæa: but in that I gained over Love I muſt eſteem myſelf ſuperior to you, though your Generoſity with regard to the fair Celtiberian, your Captive, has been celebrated ſo highly.

SCIPIO.

Fame has been then unjuſt to your Merit: for little is ſaid of the *Continence* of

Titus: but mine has been the favourite topic of Eloquence in every Age and Country.

TITUS.

It has: — and in particular your great Hiſtorian Livy has poured forth all the Ornaments of his admirable Rhetoric to embelliſh and dignify that Part of your Story. I had a great Hiſtorian too, Cornelius Tacitus: but either from the Brevity which he affected in writing, or from the Severity of his Nature, which, never having felt the Paſſion of Love, thought the ſubduing of it too eaſy a Victory to deſerve great encomiums, he has beſtowed but three Lines upon my Parting with Berenicé, which coſt me more pain, and greater efforts of Mind, than the conqueſt of Jeruſalem.

SCIPIO.

I wiſh to hear from yourſelf the Hiſtory of that Parting, and what could make it ſo hard and painful to you.

TITUS.

While I ſerved in Paleſtine under the Auſpices of my Father, Veſpaſian, I became

came acquainted with Berenicé, ſiſter to King Agrippa, and who was herſelf a Queen in one of thoſe eaſtern countries. She was the moſt beautiful Woman in Aſia; but ſhe had Graces more irreſiſtable ſtill than her Beauty. She had all the Inſinuation and Wit of Cleopatra, without her Coquetry. I loved her, and was beloved: ſhe loved my Perſon, not my Greatneſs. Her Tenderneſs, her Fidelity, ſo inflamed my Paſſion for her, that I gave her a Promiſe of Marriage.

SCIPIO.

What do I hear? A Roman Senator promiſe to marry a Queen!

TITUS.

I expected, Scipio, that your Ears would be offended with the ſound of ſuch a Match. But conſider that Rome was very different in my time from Rome in your's. The ferocious Pride of our ancient Republican Senators had bent itſelf to the obſequious Complaiſance of a Court. Berenicé made no Doubt, and I flattered myſelf, that it would not be inflexible

flexible in this Point alone. But we thought it neceſſary to defer the Completion of our Wiſhes till the Death of my Father. On that Event the Roman Empire, and (what I knew ſhe valued more) *my Hand*, became due to her, according to my Engagements.

SCIPIO.

The Roman Empire due to a Syrian Queen! Oh Rome, how art thou fallen! Accurſed be the Memory of Octavius Cæſar, who by oppreſſing its Liberty ſo lowered the Majeſty of the Republic, that a brave and virtuous Roman, in whom was veſted all the Power of that mighty State, could entertain ſuch a Thought! But did you find the Senate and People ſo ſervile, ſo loſt to all Senſe of their Honour and Dignity, as to affront the great Genius of Imperial Rome, and the Eyes of her tutelary Gods, the Eyes of Jupiter Capitolinus, with the ſight of a Queen, an Aſiatic Queen, on the Throne of the Cæſars?

TITUS.

TITUS.

I did not;—— they judged of it as you, Scipio judge; they deteſted, they diſdained it. In vain did I urge to ſome particular Friends, who repreſented to me the Senſe of the Senate and People, that a Meſſalina, a Poppæa, were a much greater diſhonour to the Throne of the Cæſars than a virtuous foreign Princeſs *. Their Prejudices were unconquerable; I ſaw it would be impoſſible for me to remove them. But I might have uſed my Authority to ſilence their Murmurs. A liberal Donative to the Soldiers, by whom I was fondly beloved, would have ſecured their Fidelity, and conſequently would have forced the Senate and People to yield to my Inclination. Berenicé knew this, and with tears implored me not to ſacrifice her Happineſs and my own to an unjuſt Prepoſſeſſion. Shall I own it to you, Publius? My Heart not only

* The Character of Berenicé in this Dialogue is conformable to the Idea given of her by Racine, not by Joſephus.

pitied

pitied her, but acknowledged the truth and ſolidity of her Reaſons. Yet ſo much did I abhor the Idea of Tyranny, ſo much reſpect did I pay to the Sentiments of my Subjects, that I determined to ſeparate myſelf from her for ever, rather than force either the Laws or the Prejudices of Rome to ſubmit to my Will.

SCIPIO.

Give me thy hand, noble Titus. Thou waſt worthy of the Empire; and Scipio Africanus honours thy Virtue.

TITUS.

My Virtue can have no greater Reward from the approbation of Man. But, O Scipio, think what Anguiſh my Heart muſt have felt, when I took that Reſolution, and when I communicated it to my dear, my unhappy Berenicé. You ſaw the ſtruggle of Maſiniſſa, when you forced him to give up his beloved Sophoniſba. Mine was a harder Conflict. She had abandoned him to marry the King of Numidia. He knew that her ruling Paſſion was Ambition, not Love. He could not rationally eſteem her, when

when ſhe quitted a Huſband, whom ſhe had ruined, who had loſt his Crown and his Liberty in the cauſe of her Country, and for her ſake, to give her Perſon to Him, the capital Foe of that unfortunate Huſband. He muſt, in ſpite of his Paſſion, have thought her a perfidious, a deteſtable Woman. But I eſteemed Berenicé: ſhe deſerved my Eſteem. I was certain ſhe would not have accepted the Empire from any other hand: And had I been a private Man, ſhe would have raiſed me to her Throne. Yet I had the fortitude, I ought, perhaps, to ſay, the *Hardneſs of Heart*, to bid her depart from my ſight; depart for ever! What, O Publius, was your Conqueſt over yourſelf, in giving back to her betrothed Lover the Celtiberian Captive, compared to this? Indeed *that* was no Conqueſt. I will not ſo diſhonour the Virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any ſtruggle with himſelf on that account. A Woman engaged to another, engaged by Affection as well as Vows, let her have been ever ſo beautiful, could raiſe in your Heart no Sentiments but Compaſſion and Friendſhip.

ſhip. To have violated her would have been an Act of Brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her Huſband would have been cruel. But where Love is mutual, where the Object beloved ſuffers more in the Separation than you do yourſelf, to part with *her* is indeed a Struggle! It is the hardeſt Sacrifice a good Heart can make to its Duty.

SCIPIO.

I acknowledge that it is, and yield you the Palm. But I will own to you, Titus, I never knew much of the Tenderneſs you deſcribe. Hannibal, Carthage, Rome, the Saving of my Country, the Subduing of its Rival, theſe filled my thoughts, and left no room there for thoſe effeminate Paſſions. I do not blame your Senſibility: but, when I went to the Capitol *to talk with* JOVE, I never conſulted him about *Love Affairs*.

TITUS.

If my ſoul had been poſſeſſed by Ambition alone, I might poſſibly have

been a greater Man than I was, but I ſhould not have been more virtuous, nor have gained the title I preferred to that of Conqueror of Judæa and Emperor of Rome, in being called *the Delight of Humankind.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XII.

HENRY Duke of GUISE.
MACHIAVEL.

GUISE.

AVAUNT! thou Fiend — I abhor thy Sight. — I look upon Thee as the original cauſe of my Death, and of all the Calamities brought upon the French Nation, in my father's time and my own.

MACHIAVEL.

I the cauſe of your Death! You ſurprize me!

GUISE.

Yes: — Your pernicious Maxims of Policy, imported from Florence with Catherine of Medicis, your wicked Diſciple, produced in France ſuch a Government, ſuch Diſſimulation, ſuch Perfidy, ſuch violent,

violent, ruthleſs Counſels, as threw that whole Kingdom into the utmoſt Confuſion, and ended my Life, even in the Palace of my Sovereign, by the Swords of Aſſaſſins.

MACHIAVEL.

Whoever may have a right to complain of my Policy, you, Sir, have not. You owed your Greatneſs to it, and your deviating from it was the real cauſe of your Death. If it had not been for the Aſſaſſination of Admiral Coligni and the Maſſacre of the Huguenots, the Strength and Power which the conduct of ſo able a Chief would have given to that Party, after the Death of your Father, it's moſt dangerous Enemy, would have been fatal to your Houſe: nor could you, even with all the Advantage you drew from that *great ſtroke of Royal Policy*, have acquired the Authority you afterwards roſe to in the Kingdom of France, but by purſuing my Maxims; by availing yourſelf of the ſpecious name of Religion to ſerve the ſecret Purpoſes of your Ambition; and by ſuffering no Reſtraint of Fear or Conſcience, not even the Guilt of exciting a Civil War, to check the neceſſary Progreſs of

your well-concerted Deſigns. But on the Day of the *Barricades* you moſt imprudently let the King eſcape out of Paris, when you might have ſlain or depoſed him. This was directly againſt the great Rule of my Politics, *not to ſtop ſhort in Rebellion or Treaſon till the Work is fully compleated.* And you were juſtly cenſured for it by Pope Sixtus Quintus, a more conſummate Politician, who ſaid, *you ought to have known, that when a Subject draws his Sword againſt his King, he ſhould throw away the Scabbard.* You likewiſe deviated from my Counſels, by putting yourſelf in the power of a Sovereign you had ſo much offended. Why would you, againſt all the Cautions I had given, expoſe your Life in a Royal Caſtle to the Mercy of that Prince? You truſted to his Fear; but Fear, inſulted and deſperate, is often cruel. Impute therefore your Death, not to any fault in my Maxims, but to your own folly in not having ſufficiently obſerved them.

GUISE.

If neither I, nor that Prince, had ever practiſed your Maxims in any part of our conduct, he would have reigned many years

years with Honour and Peace, and I ſhould have riſen by my Courage and Talents to as high a pitch of Greatneſs, as it conſiſted with the duty of a Subject to deſire. But your Inſtructions led us on into thoſe crooked Paths, out of which there was no Retreat without great Danger, nor a Poſſibility of advancing without being deteſted by all Mankind; and *whoever is ſo has every thing to fear from that Deteſtation.* I will give you a Proof of this in the fate of a Prince, who ought to have been your Hero, inſtead of Cæſar Borgia, becauſe he was incomparably a greater Man, and, of all who ever lived, ſeems to have acted moſt ſteadily according to the Rules laid down by you; I mean Richard the Third, King of England. He ſtopped at no Crime that could be profitable to him: He was a Diſſembler, a Hypocrite, a Murderer in cool blood: After the death of his Brother he gained the Crown, by cutting off, without Pity, all who ſtood in his way. He truſted no Man any further than helped his own Purpoſes, and conſiſted with his own Safety. He liberally rewarded all Services done him, but would

See Machiavel's Prince.

not let the Remembrance of them atone for Offences, or ſave any Man from deſtruction who obſtructed his Views. Nevertheleſs, though his nature ſhrunk from no Wickedneſs which could ſerve his Ambition, he poſſeſſed and exerciſed all thoſe Virtues, which you recommend to the Practice of *your Prince*. He was bold and prudent in War, juſt and ſtrict in the general Adminiſtration of his Government, and particularly careful, by a vigorous execution of the Laws, to protect the People againſt Injuries or Oppreſſions from the Great. In all his Actions and Words there conſtantly appeared the higheſt Concern for the Honour of the Nation. He was neither greedy of Wealth that belonged to other Men, nor profuſe of his own: but knew how to give and where to ſave. He profeſſed a moſt edifying Senſe of Religion, pretended great Zeal for the Reformation of Manners, and was really an Example of Sobriety, Chaſtity, and Temperance, in the whole courſe of his life. Nor did he ſhed any Blood, but of thoſe who were ſuch Obſtacles in his way to Dominion, as could not poſſibly be removed by any other Means. This was a Prince *after your Heart:* yet, mark his

End.

End. The Horror his Crimes had excited in the minds of his Subjects, and the Deteſtation it produced, were ſo pernicious to him, that they enabled an *Exile*, who had no Right to the Crown, and whoſe Abilities were much inferior to his, to invade his Realm and deſtroy him.

MACHIAVEL.

This Example, I own, may ſeem to be of ſome Weight againſt the Truth of my Syſtem. But at the ſame time it demonſtrates, that there was nothing ſo new in the Doctrines I publiſhed, as to make it reaſonable to charge me with the Diſorders and Miſchiefs, which, ſince my time, any Kingdom may have happened to ſuffer from the Ambition of a Subject, or the Tyranny of a Prince. Human Nature wants no teaching to render it wicked. In Courts more eſpecially there has been, from the firſt inſtitution of monarchies, a Policy practiſed, not leſs repugnant than mine to the narrow and vulgar Laws of Humanity and Religion. Why ſhould I be ſingled out as worſe than other Stateſmen?

GUISE.

There have been, it must be owned, in all ages and all states, many wicked Politicians. But Thou art the First that ever *taught the Science of Tyranny*, reduced it to Rules, and instructed his Disciples how to acquire and secure it, by Treachery, Perjuries, Assassinations, Proscriptions; and with a particular Caution, not to be stopped in the progress of their Crimes by any check of the Conscience or feeling of the Heart; but to push them as far as they shall judge to be necessary to their Greatness and Safety. It is this which has given thee a Preeminence in Guilt over all other Statesmen.

MACHIAVEL.

If you had read my book with candour, you would have perceived, that I did not desire to render Men either Tyrants or Rebels, but only shewed, if they were so, what conduct, in such circumstances, it would be rational and expedient for them to observe.

GUISE.

GUISE.

When you were a Miniſter of State in Florence, if any Chymiſt, or Phyſician, had publiſhed a treatiſe, to inſtruct his Countrymen in the Art of Poiſoning, and how to do it with the moſt certain Deſtruction to others and Security to themſelves, would you have allowed him to plead in his Juſtification, that he did not deſire Men to poiſon their Neighbours; but, if they would uſe ſuch evil means of mending their fortunes, there could ſurely be no Harm in letting them know, what were the moſt effectual Poiſons, and by what methods they might give them without being diſcovered? Would you have thought it a ſufficient Apology for him, that he had dropped in his Preface, or here and there in his Book, a ſober Exhortation againſt the committing of Murder? Without all Doubt, as a Magiſtrate concerned for the Safety of the People of Florence, you would have puniſhed the Wretch with the utmoſt Severity, and taken great care to deſtroy every copy of ſo pernicious a Book. Yet your own admired Work contains a more baneful and more infernal Art.

It poiſons States and Kingdoms, and ſpreads its Malignity, like a general Peſtilence, over the whole World.

MACHIAVEL.

You muſt acknowledge at leaſt, that my Diſcourſes on Livy are full of wiſe and virtuous Maxims and Precepts of Government.

GUISE.

This, I think, rather aggravates than alleviates your Guilt. How could you ſtudy and comment upon Livy with ſo acute and profound an Underſtanding, and afterwards write a Book ſo abſolutely repugnant to all the Leſſons of Policy taught by that ſage and moral Hiſtorian? How could you, who had ſeen the Picture of Virtue ſo amiably drawn by his Hand, and who ſeemed yourſelf to be ſenſible of all its Charms, fall in love with a *Fury*, and ſet up her dreadful Image, as an Object of Worſhip to Princes.

MACHIAVEL.

I was ſeduced by Vanity. —— My Heart was formed to love Virtue. But I

wanted to be thought *a greater Genius in Politics* than Ariſtotle or Plato. Vanity, Sir, is a Paſſion as ſtrong in Authors as Ambition in Princes, or rather it is the ſame Paſſion exerting itſelf differently. I was *a Duke of Guiſe* in the Republic of Letters.

GUISE.

The bad influences of your Guilt have reached further than mine, and been more laſting. But, Heaven be praiſed, your credit is at preſent much declining in Europe. I have been told by ſome Shades who are lately arrived here, that the ableſt Stateſman of his time, a King, with whoſe Fame the World is filled, has anſwered your Book, and confuted all the Principles of it, with a noble Scorn and Abhorrence. I am alſo aſſured, that in England there is a Great and Good King, *whoſe whole Life has been a continued Oppoſition to your evil Syſtem*; who has hated all Cruelty, all Fraud, all Falſeneſs; whoſe Word has been ſacred, whoſe Honour inviolate; who has made the Laws of his Kingdom the Rules of his Government, and

Good

Good Faith and a Regard for the Liberty of Mankind the Principles of his Conduct with reſpect to foreign Powers; who reigns more abſolutely now in the Hearts of his People, and does greater Things by the Confidence they place in him, and by the Efforts they make from the generous Zeal of Affection, than any Monarch ever did, or ever will do, by all the Arts of Iniquity which you recommended.

DIALOGUE XIII.

VIRGIL. HORACE.
MERCURY. SCALIGER the Elder.

VIRGIL.

MY dear Horace, your Company is my greateſt Delight, even in the Elyſian Fields. No wonder it was ſo when we lived together in Rome. Never had Man ſo genteel, ſo agreeable, ſo eaſy a Wit, or a Temper ſo pliant to the Inclinations of others in the intercourſe of Society. And then ſuch Integrity, ſuch Fidelity, ſuch Generoſity in your nature! A Soul ſo free from all Envy, ſo benevolent, ſo ſincere, ſo placable in its Anger, ſo warm and conſtant in its Affections! You were as neceſſary to Mæcenas, as he to Auguſtus.

Your Converſation ſweetened to him all the cares of his Miniſtry: Your Gaiety cheared his drooping Spirits; and your Counſels aſſiſted him when he wanted Advice. For you were capable, my dear Horace, of counſelling Stateſmen. Your Sagacity, your Diſcretion, your Secreſy, your clear Judgment in all Affairs, recommended you to the Confidence, not of Mæcenas alone, but of Auguſtus himſelf; which you nobly made uſe of to ſerve your old Friends of the Republican Party, and to confirm both the Miniſter and the Prince in their love of mild and moderate Meaſures, yet with a ſevere Reſtraint of Licentiouſneſs, the moſt dangerous Enemy to the whole Commonwealth under any form of Government.

HORACE.

To be ſo praiſed by Virgil would have put me in Elyſium, while I was alive.—But I know your Modeſty will not ſuffer me, in return for theſe Encomiums, to ſpeak of your Character. Suppoſing it as perfect as your Poems, you would think, as you did of them, that it wanted Correction.

VIRGIL.

VIRGIL.

Don't talk of my Modeſty. —— How much greater was your's, when you diſclaimed the name of a Poet, you whoſe Odes are ſo noble, ſo harmonius, ſo ſublime!

HORACE.

I felt myſelf too inferior to the Dignity of that Name.

VIRGIL.

I think you did like Auguſtus, when he refuſed to accept the Title of King, but kept all the Power with which it was ever attended. Even in your Epiſtles and Satires, where the Poet was concealed, as much as he could be, you may properly be compared to a Prince in Diſguiſe, or in his Hours of Familiarity with his intimate Friends: the Pomp and Majeſty were let drop, but the Greatneſs remained.

HORACE.

Well: — I will not contradict you; and (to ſay the Truth) I ſhould do it with

with no very good Grace, becauſe in ſome of my Odes I have not ſpoken ſo modeſtly of my own Poetry, as in my Epiſtles. But to make you know your Pre-eminence over me and all Writers of Latin Verſe, I will carry you to Quintilian, the beſt of all Roman Critics, who will tell you in what Rank you ought to be placed.

VIRGIL.

I fear his Judgment of me was biaſſed by your Commendation. — But who is this Shade that Mercury is conducting? I never ſaw one that ſtalked with ſo much Pride, or had ſuch ridiculous Arrogance expreſſed in his looks!

HORACE.

They come towards us: — Hail, Mercury! What is this Stranger with you?

MERCURY.

His Name is Julius Cæſar Scaliger, and he is by Profeſſion a *Critic*.

HORACE.

HORACE.

Julius Cæſar Scaliger! He was, I preſume, a *Dictator* in Criticiſm.

MERCURY.

Yes, and he has exerciſed his Sovereign Power over you.

HORACE.

I will not preſume to oppoſe it. I had enough of following Brutus at Philippi.

MERCURY.

Talk to him a little: —— He'll amuſe you. I brought him to you on purpoſe.

HORACE.

Virgil, do you accoſt him: — I can't do it with proper gravity: I ſhall laugh in his face.

VIRGIL.

Sir, may I aſk for what reaſon you caſt your Eyes ſo ſuperciliouſly upon Horace and me? I don't remember that Auguſtus ever looked down upon us with ſuch an

an Air of Superiority, when we were his Subjects.

SCALIGER.

He was only a Sovereign over your Bodies, and owed his Power to Violence and Uſurpation. But I have from Nature an abſolute Dominion over the Wit of all Authors, who are ſubjected to me as the greateſt of Critics or *Hypercritics*.

VIRGIL.

Your Juriſdiction, Great Sir, is very extenſive:—And what Judgments have you been pleaſed to paſs upon us?

SCALIGER.

Is it poſſible you ſhould be ignorant of my Decrees? I have placed you, Virgil, above Homer; whom I have ſhewn to be——

VIRGIL.

Hold, Sir,—No Blaſphemy againſt my Maſter.

HORACE.

But what have you ſaid of me?

SCALIGER.

SCALIGER.

I have ſaid, *that I had rather have written the little Dialogue between you and Lydia, than have been made King of Arragon.*

HORACE.

If we were in the other World, you ſhould give me the Kingdom, and take both the Ode and the Lady in return. But did you always pronounce ſo favourably for us?

SCALIGER.

Send for my Works and read them.—Mercury will bring them to you with the firſt learned Ghoſt that arrives here from Europe. There is Inſtruction for you in them: I tell you of your faults.—But it was my Whim to commend that little Ode; and I never do things by Halves. When I give Praiſe, I give it liberally, to ſhew my Royal Bounty. But I generally blame, to exert all the Vigour of my Cenſorian Power, and keep my Subjects in Awe.

HORACE.

You did not confine your Sovereignty to Poets; you exerciſed it, no doubt, over all other Writers.

SCALIGER.

I was a Poet, a Philoſopher, a Stateſman, an Orator, an Hiſtorian, a Divine, without doing the Drudgery of any of theſe, but only cenſuring thoſe who did, and ſhewing thereby the Superiority of my Genius over them all.

HORACE.

A ſhort Way indeed to univerſal Fame! And I ſuppoſe you were very peremptory in your Deciſions.

SCALIGER.

Peremptory! Ay.—If any Man dared to contradict my Opinions, I called him a Dunce, a Raſcal, a Villain, and frightened him out of his Wits.

VIRGIL.

But what ſaid others to this Method of Diſputation?

SCALIGER.

SCALIGER.

They generally believed me becauſe of the confidence of my Aſſertions; and thought I could not be ſo inſolent, or ſo angry, if I was not abſolutely ſure of being in the Right. Beſides, in my Controverſies, I had a great help from the Language in which I wrote: For one can ſcold and call names with a much better Grace in Latin than in French, or any tame, modern tongue.

HORACE.

Have not I heard, that you pretended to derive your Deſcent from the Princes of Verona?

SCALIGER.

Pretended! do you preſume to deny it?

HORACE.

Not I indeed:—Genealogy is not my Science. If you ſhould claim to deſcend in a direct line from King Midas, I would not diſpute it.

VIRGIL.

I wonder, Scaliger, that you ſtooped to ſo low an Ambition. Was it not greater

to reign over all Mount Parnaſſus than over a petty State in Italy?

SCALIGER.

You ſay well.——I was too condeſcending to the Prejudices of vulgar Opinion. The ignorant Multitude imagine that a Prince is a greater Man than a Critic. Their Folly made me deſire to claim Kindred with the *Scalas* of Verona.

HORACE.

Pray, Mercury, how do you intend to diſpoſe of this auguſt Perſon? You can't think it proper to let him remain with Us.—He muſt be placed with the Demigods; he muſt go to Olympus.

MERCURY.

Be not afraid.—He ſhall not trouble you long. I brought him hither to divert you with the ſight of an Animal you never had ſeen, and myſelf with your Surprize. He is the chief of all the modern Critics, the moſt renowned Captain of that numerous and dreadful Band. Whatever you may think of him, I can ſeriouſly aſſure you, that, before he went mad,

mad, he had good Parts, and great Learning. But I will now explain to you the original Cauſe of the Abſurdities he has uttered. His Mind was formed in ſuch a manner, that, like ſome perſpective Glaſſes, it either diminiſhed or magnified all Objects too much; but above all others it magnified the good Man to himſelf. This made him ſo proud that it turned his Brain. Now I have had my Sport with him, I think it will be Charity to reſtore him to his Senſes; or rather to beſtow what Nature denied him, a ſound Judgment. Come hither Scaliger. — By this Touch of my Caduceus I give thee Power to ſee Things as they are, and among others thyſelf.— Look, Gentlemen, how his Countenance is fallen in a moment! Hear what he ſays: — He is talking to himſelf.

SCALIGER.

Bleſs me! with what Perſons have I been diſcourſing! With Virgil and Horace! How could I venture to open my Lips in their Preſence? Good Mercury, I beſeech you, let me retire from a Company for which I am very unfit. Let me go and hide my head in the deepeſt ſhade of that

Grove which I ſee in the Valley. After I have performed a Penance there, I will crawl on my knees to the feet of thoſe illuſtrious Shades, and beg them to ſee me burn my impertinent books of Criticiſm, in the fiery billows of Phlegethon, with my own Hands.

MERCURY.

They will both receive thee into favour. This Mortification of truly knowing thyſelf is a ſufficient Atonement for thy former Preſumption.

DIALOGUE XIV.

BOILEAU.——POPE.

BOILEAU.

MR. Pope, you have done me great Honour. I am told, that you made me your Model in Poetry, and walked on Parnaſſus in the ſame Paths which I had trod.

POPE.

We both followed Horace: but in our manner of Imitation, and in the turn of our natural Genius, there was, I believe, much Reſemblance. We both were too irritable, and too eaſily hurt by Offences, even from the loweſt of Men. The keen Edge of our Wit was frequently turned

againſt thoſe whom it was more a Shame to contend with than an Honour to vanquiſh.

BOILEAU.

Yes: — But in general we were the Champions of good Morals, good Senſe, and good Learning. If our Love of theſe was ſometimes heated into Anger againſt thoſe who offended them no leſs than us, is that Anger to be blamed?

POPE.

It would have been nobler, if we had not been Parties in the Quarrel. Our Enemies obſerve, that neither our Cenſure, nor our Praiſe, was always impartial.

BOILEAU.

It might perhaps have been better if in ſome inſtances we had not praiſed or blamed ſo much. But in Panegyric and Satire Moderation is inſipid.

POPE.

Moderation is a cold *unpoetical* Virtue. Mere Hiſtorical Truth is better written in Proſe. And therefore I think you did judiciouſly, when you threw into the fire

ſire your Hiſtory of Louis le Grand, and truſted his Fame to your Poems.

BOILEAU.

When thoſe Poems were publiſhed that Monarch was the Idol of the French Nation. If you and I had not known, in our occaſional Compoſitions, how to ſpeak to the Paſſions, as well as to the ſober Reaſon of Mankind, we ſhould not have acquired that deſpotic Authority in the Empire of Wit, which made us ſo formidable to all the inferior tribe of Poets in England and France. Beſides, ſharp Satiriſts want great Patrons.

POPE.

All the Praiſe which my Friends received from me was *unbought*. In *this*, at leaſt, I may boaſt a Superiority over the *penſioned Boileau*.

BOILEAU.

A *Penſion* in France was an honourable Diſtinction. Had you been a Frenchman you would have ambitiouſly ſought it; had I been an Engliſhman I ſhould have proudly declined it. If our Merit in other reſpects be not unequal, this Difference will not

not ſet me much below you in the Temple of Virtue or of Fame.

POPE.

It is not for me to draw a Compariſon between our Works. But, if I may believe the beſt Critics who have talked to me on the ſubject, my *Rape of the Lock* is not inferior to your *Lutrin*; and my *Art of Criticiſm* may well be compared with your *Art of Poetry:* my *Ethic Epiſtles* are eſteemed at leaſt equal to your's, and my *Satires* much better.

BOILEAU.

Hold, Mr. Pope.——If there is really ſuch a Sympathy in our Natures as you have ſuppoſed, there may be reaſon to fear, that, if we go on in this manner comparing our Works, we ſhall not part in good Friendſhip.

POPE.

No, no:—the mild Air of the Elyſian Fields has mitigated my temper, as I preſume it has your's. But in truth our reputations are nearly on a Level. Our Writings are admired, almoſt equally (as I hear) for *energy and juſtneſs of Thought*. We both of us carried the Beauty of our *Dic-*

tion, and the Harmony of our *Numbers*, to the higheſt Perfection that our Languages would admit. Our Poems were poliſhed to the utmoſt degree of Correctneſs, yet without loſing their Fire, or the agreeable Appearance of Freedom and Eaſe. We borrowed much from the Ancients, though you, I believe, more than I: but our Imitations (to uſe an expreſſion of your own) *had ſtill an Original Air*.

See Boileau's Epigram on himſelf.

BOILEAU.

I will confeſs, Sir, (to ſhew you that the Elyſian Climate has had its effects upon me) I will fairly confeſs, without the leaſt ill humour, that in your *Eloiſa to Abelard*, your *Verſes to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady*, and ſome others you wrote in your Youth, there is more Fire of Poetry, than in any of mine. You excelled in *the Pathetic*, which I never approached. I will alſo allow, that you hit the *Manner* of Horace, and *the ſly Delicacy* of his Wit more exactly than I, or than any other Man who has written ſince his time. Nor could I, nor did even Lucretius himſelf, make *Philoſophy* ſo *poetical*, and embelliſh it with ſuch charms as you have given to that of Plato,

or

or (to ſpeak more properly) of ſome of his modern Diſciples, in your celebrated *Eſſay on Man*.

POPE.

What do you think of my *Homer?*

BOILEAU.

Your *Homer* is the moſt ſpirited, the moſt poetical, the moſt elegant, and the moſt pleaſing Tranſlation, that ever was made of any ancient Poem; though not ſo much in the *manner* of the Original, or ſo exactly agreeable to the *Senſe* in all Places, as might perhaps be deſired. But when I conſider the Years you ſpent in this Work, and how many excellent original Poems you might, with leſs difficulty, have produced in that time, I can't but regret that your talents were thus employed. A great Poet, ſo tied down to a tedious Tranſlation, is *a Columbus chained to an Oar*. What new Regions of Fancy, full of treaſures yet untouched, might you have explored, if you had been at liberty to have boldly expanded your Sails, and ſteered your own Courſe, under the conduct and direction of your own Genius! — But I am

ſtill

ſtill more angry with you for your Edition of Shakeſpear. The Office of an *Editor* was below you, and your mind was unfit for the Drudgery it requires. Would any body think of employing a Raphael to clean an old Picture?

POPE.

The principal Cauſe of my undertaking that taſk was Zeal for the Honour of Shakeſpear: and, if you knew all his beauties as well as I, you would not wonder at this Zeal. No other Author had ever ſo copious, ſo bold, ſo *creative* an Imagination, with ſo perfect a Knowledge of the Paſſions, the Humours, and Sentiments of Mankind. He painted all Characters, from Kings down to Peaſants, with equal Truth and equal Force. If Human Nature were deſtroyed, and no Monument were left of it except his Works, other Beings might know *what Man was* from thoſe Writings.

BOILEAU.

You ſay he painted all Characters, from Kings down to Peaſants, with equal Truth and equal Force. I can't deny that he did ſo: but

but I wiſh he had not jumbled thoſe Characters together, in the Compoſition of his Pictures, as he has frequently done.

POPE.

The ſtrange Mixture of Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce, in the ſame Play, nay ſometimes in the ſame Scene, I acknowledge to be quite inexcuſable. But this was the Taſte of the times when Shakeſpear wrote.

BOILEAU.

A great Genius ought to guide, not ſervilely follow, the Taſte of his Contemporaries.

POPE.

Conſider from how thick a Darkneſs of Barbariſm the Genius of Shakeſpear broke forth! What were the Engliſh, and what (let me aſk you) were the French Dramatic Performances, in the Age when he flouriſhed? The Advances he made towards the higheſt Perfection both of Tragedy and Comedy are amazing! In the principal Points, in the Power of exciting Terror and Pity, or raiſing Laughter

ter in an Audience, none yet has excelled him, and very few have equalled.

BOILEAU.

Do you think that he was equal in Comedy to Moliere?

POPE.

In *Comic Force* I do: but in the fine and delicate ſtrokes of Satire, and what is called *genteel Comedy*, he was greatly inferior to that admirable Writer. There is nothing in him to compare with the *Miſanthrope*, the *Ecole des Femmes*, or *Tartuffe*.

BOILEAU.

This, Mr. Pope, is a great deal for an Engliſhman to acknowledge. A Veneration for Shakeſpear ſeems to be a Part of your National Religion, and the only Part in which even your Men of Senſe are Fanatics.

POPE.

He who can read Shakeſpear, and be cool enough for all the accuracy of ſober Criticiſm, has more of Reaſon than Taſte.

BOILEAU.

BOILEAU.

I join with you in admiring him as a Prodigy of Genius, though I find the moſt ſhocking Abſurdities in his Plays; Abſurdities which no Critic of my Nation can pardon.

POPE.

We will be ſatisfied with your feeling the Excellence of his Beauties. But you would admire him ſtill more, if you could ſee the chief Characters in all his beſt Tragedies repreſented by an Actor, who appeared on the Stage a little before I left the World. He has ſhewn the Engliſh Nation more Excellencies in Shakeſpear, than the quickeſt Wits could diſcern, and has imprinted them on the Heart with a livelier feeling than the moſt ſenſible natures had ever experienced without his Help.

BOILEAU.

The Variety, Spirit, and Force of Mr. Garrick's Action have been much praiſed to me by many of his Countrymen, whoſe Shades I converſe with, and who agree in ſpeaking of him as we do

of *Baron*, our moſt natural and moſt admired Actor. I have alſo heard of another, who has now quitted the Stage, but who had filled, with great Dignity, Force, and Elevation, ſome Tragic Parts; and excelled ſo much in the Comic, that none ever has deſerved a higher Applauſe.

POPE.

Mr. Quin was indeed a moſt perfect Comedian. In the part of *Falſtaff* particularly, wherein the utmoſt force of Shakeſpear's *Humour* appears, he attained to ſuch Perfection, that he was not an Actor; he was the Man deſcribed by Shakeſpear; he was *Falſtaff* himſelf! When I ſaw him do it, the Pleaſantry of the *fat Knight* appeared to me ſo bewitching, all his Vices were ſo mirthful, that I could not much wonder at his having ſeduced a young Prince even to *Rob* in his Company.

BOILEAU.

That Character is not well underſtood by the French. They ſuppoſe it belongs, not to Comedy, but to Farce: whereas the Engliſh ſee in it the fineſt and higheſt Strokes of Wit and Humour. Perhaps theſe different Judgments may be accounted for, in

ſome meaſure, by the Diverſity of Manners in different Countries. But don't you allow, Mr. Pope, that our Writers, both of Tragedy and Comedy, are, upon the whole, more perfect Maſters of their Art than your's? If you deny it, I will appeal to the Athenians, the only Judges qualified to decide the Diſpute. I will refer it to Euripides, Sophocles, and Menander.

POPE.

I am afraid of thoſe Judges: for I ſee them continually walking hand in hand, and engaged in the moſt friendly converſation with Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. Our Dramatic Writers ſeem, in general, not ſo fond of their company: they ſometimes ſhove rudely by them, and give themſelves Airs of Superiority. They ſlight their Reprimands, and laugh at their Precepts. In ſhort, they will be tried by *their Country* alone; and that Judicature is partial.

BOILEAU.

I will preſs this Queſtion no farther.—But let me aſk you, to which of our rival Tragedians, Racine and Corneille, do you give the Preference?

POPE.

POPE.

The ſublimeſt plays of Corneille are, in my Judgment, equalled by the Athalia of Racine, and the tender Paſſions are certainly touched by that elegant and moſt pathetic Writer, with a much finer hand. I need not add that he is infinitely more correct than Corneille, and more harmonious and noble in his Verſification. Corneille formed himſelf entirely upon Lucan; but the Maſter of Racine was Virgil. How much better a Taſte had the former than the latter in chuſing his Model!

BOILEAU.

My Friendſhip with Racine, and my Partiality for his Writings, make me hear with great pleaſure the Preference given to him above Corneille by ſo judicious a Critic.

POPE.

That he excelled his Competitor in the Particulars I have mentioned can't I think be denied. But yet the Spirit and the Majeſty of ancient Rome were never ſo well expreſſed as by Corneille. Nor has any other French Dramatic Writer,

in the general character of his Works, ſhewn ſuch a maſculine Strength and Greatneſs of Thought.—Racine is the Swan deſcribed by ancient Poets, which riſes to the clouds on downy Wings, and ſings a ſweet, but a gentle and plaintive Note. Corneille is the Eagle, which ſoars to the Skies on bold and ſounding Pinions, and fears not to perch on the Sceptre of Jupiter, or to bear in his pounces the lightening of the God.

BOILEAU.

I am glad to find, Mr. Pope, that in praiſing Corneille you run into Poetry, which is not the language of *ſober Criticiſm*, though ſometimes uſed by Longinus.

POPE.

I caught the Fire from the Idea of Corneille.

BOILEAU.

He has bright Flaſhes; yet I think that in *his Thunder* there is often more *Noiſe* than *Fire*. Don't you find him too declamatory, too turgid, too unnatural, even in his beſt Tragedies?

POPE.

I own I do—Yet the Greatneſs and Elevation of his Sentiments, and the nervous vigour of his Senſe, atone, in my opinion, for all his faults. But let me now, in my turn, deſire your Opinion of our Epic Poet, Milton.

BOILEAU.

Longinus perhaps would prefer him to all other Writers: for he ſurpaſſes even Homer in the *Sublime*. But other Critics who require Variety, and Agreeableneſs, and a correct Regularity of Thought and Judgment in an Epic Poem; who can endure no Abſurdities, no extravagant Fictions, would place him far below Virgil.

POPE.

His Genius was indeed ſo vaſt and ſublime, that his Poem ſeems beyond the Limits of Criticiſm; as his ſubject is beyond the Limits of Nature. The bright and exceſſive Blaze of poetical Fire, which ſhines in ſo many parts of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, will hardly permit the dazled eye to ſee its Faults.

BOILEAU.

The Taſte of your Countrymen is much changed ſince the days of Charles the Second, when Dryden was thought a greater Poet than Milton!

POPE.

The Politics of Milton at that time brought his Poetry into diſgrace: for it is a rule with the Engliſh; they ſee no Good in a Man whoſe Politics they diſlike. But, as their notions of Government are apt to change, Men of Parts, whom they have ſlighted, become their favourite Authors, and others, who have poſſeſt their warmeſt Admiration, are in their turn undervalued. This Revolution of Favour was experienced by Dryden as well as Milton. He lived to ſee his Writings, together with his Politics, quite out of Faſhion. But even in the days of his higheſt Proſperity, when the Generality of the People admired his *Almanzor*, and thought his *Indian Emperor* the perfection of Tragedy, the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Rocheſter, the two wittieſt Noblemen our Country has produced, attacked his

his Fame, and turned the Rants of his Heroes, the Jargon of his Spirits, and the Abſurdity of his Plots, into juſt Ridicule.

BOILEAU.

You have made him good Amends by the Praiſe you have given him in ſome of your Writings.

POPE.

I owed him that Praiſe, as my Maſter in the Art of Verſification. Yet I ſubſcribe to the Cenſures which have been paſſed by other writers on many of his Works. They are good Critics, but he is ſtill a great Poet. You, Sir, I am ſure, muſt particularly admire him as an excellent Satiriſt. His *Abſalom and Achitophel* is a Maſter-piece in that way of writing, and his *Mac Flecno* is, I think, inferior to it in nothing, but the meanneſs of the ſubject.

BOILEAU.

Did not you take the Model of your *Dunciad* from the latter of thoſe very ingenious ſatires?

POPE.

I did — but my Work is more extenſive than his, and my Imagination has taken in it a greater ſcope.

BOILEAU.

Some Critics may doubt whether the Length of your Poem was ſo properly ſuited to the Meanneſs of the Subject as the Brevity of his. Three Cantos to expoſe a Dunce crowned with Laurel! I have not given above three lines to the Author of the *Pucelle*.

POPE.

My Intention was to expoſe, not one Author alone, but all the Dullneſs and Falſe Taſte of the Engliſh Nation in my times. Could ſuch a Deſign be contracted into a narrower Compaſs?

BOILEAU.

We will not diſpute on this point, nor whether the Hero of your *Dunciad* was really a Dunce. But has not Dryden been accuſed of Immorality and Prophaneneſs in ſome of his Writings?

POPE.

POPE.

He has, with too much reaſon: and I am ſorry to ſay, that all our beſt Comic Writers after Shakeſpear and Johnſon, except Addiſon and Steel, are as liable as he to that heavy charge. Fletcher is ſhocking. Etheridge, Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, have painted the Manners of the times in which they wrote, with a Maſterly Hand; but they are too often ſuch Manners, that a virtuous Man, and much more a virtuous Woman, muſt be greatly offended at the Repreſentation.

BOILEAU.

In this reſpect our Stage is far preferable to your's. It is a School of Morality. Vice is expoſed to Contempt and to Hatred. No falſe colours are laid on, to conceal its Deformity, but thoſe with which it paints itſelf are there taken off.

POPE.

It is a wonderful thing, that in France the *Comic Muſe* ſhould be *the graveſt Lady in the Nation*. Of late ſhe is ſo *grave*, that one might almoſt miſtake her for

for her ſiſter Melpomené. Moliere made her indeed a good moral Philoſopher; but then ſhe philoſophized, like Democritus, with a merry laughing face. Now ſhe weeps over Vice, inſtead of ſhewing it to Mankind, as I think ſhe generally ought to do, in ridiculous lights.

BOILEAU.

Her Buſineſs is more with Folly than with Vice, and when ſhe attacks the latter, it ſhould be rather with Ridicule than Invective. But ſometimes ſhe may be allowed to raiſe her Voice, and change her uſual Smile into a Frown of juſt Indignation.

POPE.

I like her beſt when ſhe ſmiles. But did you never reprove your witty Friend La Fontaine for the vicious Levity that appears in many of his Tales? He was as guilty of the Crime of *debauching the Muſes*, as any of our Comic Poets.

BOILEAU.

I own he was; and bewail the proſtitution of his Genius, as I ſhould that of an innocent and beautiful Country Girl. He was all Nature, all Simplicity! yet in that

that Simplicity there was a Grace, and unaffected Vivacity, with a Juſtneſs of Thought and eaſy Elegance of Expreſſion, that can hardly be found in any other Writer. His *Manner* is quite original, and peculiar to himſelf, though all the *Matter* of his Writings is borrowed from others.

POPE.

In that *Manner* he has been imitated by my Friend Mr. Prior.

BOILEAU.

He has, very ſucceſsfully. Some of Prior's Tales have the Spirit of La Fontaine's with more Judgment, but not, I think, with ſuch an amiable and graceful Simplicity.

POPE.

Prior's Harp had more Strings than La Fontaine's. He was a fine Poet in many different ways: La Fontaine but in one. And, though in ſome of his Tales he imitated that Author, his *Alma* was an Original, and of ſingular beauty.

BOILEAU.

BOILEAU.

There is a Writer of *Heroic Poetry*, who lived before Milton, and whom ſome of your Countrymen place in the higheſt claſs of your Poets, though he is little known in France. I ſee him ſometimes in company with Homer and Virgil, but oftener with Taſſo, Arioſto, and Dante.

POPE.

I underſtand you mean *Spenſer*. There is a Force and Beauty in ſome of his *Images* and *Deſcriptions*, equal to any in thoſe Writers you have ſeen him converſe with. But he had not the Art of properly *Shading* his Pictures. He brings the minute and diſagreeable Parts too much into ſight; and mingles too frequently vulgar and mean ideas with noble and ſublime. Had he choſen a ſubject proper for *Epic Poetry*, he ſeems to have had a ſufficient Elevation and Strength in his Genius to make him *a great Epic Poet:* but the Allegory, which is continued throughout the whole Work, fatigues the Mind, and cannot intereſt the Heart ſo much as thoſe Poems, the chief Actors in which are ſuppoſed to have

have really exiſted. The Syrens and Circe in the Odyſſey are allegorical Perſons; but Ulyſſes, the Hero of the Poem, was a Man renowned in Greece, which makes the account of his Adventures affecting and delightful. To be now and then in Fairy-Land, among imaginary Beings, is a pleaſing Variety, and helps to diſtinguiſh the Poet from the Orator or Hiſtorian: but to be always there is irkſome.

BOILEAU.

Is not Spenſer likewiſe blamable for confounding the Chriſtian with the Pagan Theology, in ſome Parts of his Poem?

POPE.

Yes; he had that fault in common with Dante, with Arioſto, and with Camoens.

BOILEAU.

Who is the Poet that arrived ſoon after you in Elyſium, whom I ſaw Spenſer lead in and preſent to Virgil, as the Author of a Poem reſembling the *Georgics?* On his Head was a Garland of the ſeveral

ral kinds of flowers that blow in each Seaſon, with Evergreens intermixed.

POPE.

Your Deſcription points out *Thomſon*. He painted Nature exactly, and with great Strength of Pencil. His Imagination was rich, extenſive, and ſublime: his Diction bold and glowing, but ſometimes *obſcure* and *affected*. Nor did he always know when to *ſtop*, or what to *reject*.

BOILEAU.

I ſhould ſuppoſe that he wrote Tragedies upon the *Greek Model*. For he is often admitted into the Grove of Euripides.

POPE.

He enjoys that Diſtinction both as a *Tragedian*, and as a *Moraliſt*. For, not only in his Plays, but all his other Works, there is the pureſt *Morality*, animated by *Piety*, and rendered more touching by the fine and delicate Sentiments of a moſt *tender* and *benevolent Heart*.

BOILEAU.

BOILEAU.

St. Evremond has brought me acquainted with Waller. — I was ſurprized to find in his Writings a Politeneſs and *Gallantry* which the French ſuppoſe to be appropriated only to their's. His Genius was a Compoſition, which is ſeldom to be met with, of the *Sublime* and the *Agreeable*. In his compariſon between himſelf and Apollo, as the Lover of Daphne, and in that between Amoret and Sachariſſa, there is a *Fineſſe* and Delicacy of Wit, which the moſt elegant of our Writers have never exceeded. Nor had Sarrazin or Voiture the Art of praiſing more *genteely* the Ladies they admired. But his Epiſtle to Cromwell, and his Poem on the Death of that extraordinary Man, are written with a Force and Greatneſs of Manner, which give him a rank among the Poets of the firſt Claſs.

POPE.

Mr. Waller was unqueſtionably a very fine Writer. His Muſe was as well qualified as the Graces themſelves to dreſs out a Venus; and he could even adorn the brows of a Conqueror with fragrant

and beautiful Wreaths. But he had ſome puerile and low thoughts, which unaccountably mixed with the elegant and the noble, like School-boys or Mob admitted into a Palace. There was alſo an Intemperance and a Luxuriancy in his Wit which he did not enough reſtrain. He wrote little to the Underſtanding, and leſs to the Heart; but he frequently delights the Imagination, and ſometimes ſtrikes it with flaſhes of the higheſt *Sublime*. —We had another Poet of the Age of Charles the Firſt, extreamly admired by all his Contemporaries, in whoſe Works there is ſtill more Affectation of Wit, a greater Redundancy of Imagination, a worſe Taſte, and leſs Judgment: but he touched the Heart more, and had finer Feelings than Waller.—— I mean Cowley.

BOILEAU.

I have been often ſollicited to admire his Writings by his learned Friend Dr. Spratt. He ſeems to me a great Wit, and a very amiable Man, but not a good Poet.

POPE.

POPE.

The *Spirit* of Poetry is ſtrong in ſome of his Odes; but in the *Art* of Poetry he is always extremly deficient.

BOILEAU.

I hear that of late his Reputation is much lowered in the Opinion of the Engliſh. Yet I cannot but think, that if a moderate Portion of the Superfluities of his Wit were given by Apollo to ſome of their modern Bards, who write common-place Morals in very ſmooth Verſe, without any Abſurdity, but without a ſingle new Thought, or one enlivening Spark of Imagination, it would be a great Favour to them, and do them more Service, than all the Rules laid down in my Art of Poetry, and your's of Criticiſm.

POPE.

I am much of your mind.——But I left in England ſome Poets, whom you, I know, will admire, not only for the Harmony, and Correctneſs of Style, but the Spirit, and Genius, you will find in their Writings.

BOILEAU.

France too has produced ſome very excellent Writers, ſince the time of my Death. —— Of one particularly I hear Wonders. Fame to Him is as kind as if he had been dead a thouſand Years. She brings his Praiſes to me from all Parts of Europe. —— You know I ſpeak of Voltaire.

POPE.

I do: the Engliſh Nation yields to none in Admiration of his extenſive Genius. Other Writers excell in ſome one particular Branch of Wit or Science; but when the King of Pruſſia drew Voltaire from Paris to Berlin, he had a whole Academy of *Belles Lettres* in *Him* alone.

BOILEAU.

That Prince himſelf has ſuch Talents for Poetry as no other Monarch, in any Age or Country, has ever poſſeſſed. What an aſtoniſhing Compaſs muſt there be in his Mind, what an Heroic Tranquillity and Firmneſs in his Heart, that he can, in the Evening, compoſe an Ode or Epiſtle in the moſt elegant Verſe, and the

next Morning fight a Battle with the conduct of Cæſar, or Guſtavus Adolphus!

POPE.

I envy Voltaire ſo noble a Subject both for his Verſe and his Proſe. But if that Prince will write his own *Commentaries*, he will want no Hiſtorian. I hope that in writing them, he will not reſtrain his Pen, as Cæſar has done, to a mere Account of his Wars, but let us ſee the Politician, and the benignant Protector of Arts and Sciences, as well as the Warrior, in that Picture of himſelf. Voltaire has ſhewn us, that the Events of Battles and Sieges are not the moſt intereſting Parts of good Hiſtory, but that all the Improvements and Embelliſhments of Human Society ought to be carefully and particularly recorded there.

BOILEAU.

The Progreſs of Arts and Knowledge, and the great Changes that have happened in the Manners of Mankind, are Objects far more worthy of a Reader's Attention than the Revolutions of Fortune. And

it is chiefly to Voltaire that we owe this inſtructive Species of Hiſtory.

POPE.

He has not only been the Father of it among the Moderns, but has carried it himſelf to it's utmoſt Perfection.

BOILEAU.

Is he not too *Univerſal?* Can any Writer be *exact*, who is ſo comprehenſive?

POPE.

A Traveller round the World cannot inſpect every region with ſuch an accurate care, as exactly to deſcribe each ſingle Part. If the Outlines are well marked, and the Obſervations on the principal Points are judicious, it is all that can be required.

BOILEAU.

I would however adviſe and exhort the French and Engliſh Youth, to take a fuller Survey of ſome particular Provinces, and to remember, that although, in Travels of this ſort, a lively Imagination is a very agreeable Companion, it is not the beſt

beſt Guide. To ſpeak without a Metaphor, the Study of Hiſtory, both ſacred and profane, requires a Critical and laborious Inveſtigation. The Compoſer of a Set of lively and witty Remarks on Facts ill examined, or incorrectly delivered, is not an Hiſtorian.

POPE.

We cannot, I think, deny that name to the Author of the Life of Charles the XIIth, King of Sweden.

BOILEAU.

No, certainly. —— I eſteem it the very beſt Hiſtory that this Age has produced. As full of Spirit as the Hero whoſe Actions it relates, it is nevertheleſs moſt exact in all matters of Importance. The Style of it is elegant, perſpicuous, unaffected; the Diſpoſition and Method are excellent, the Judgments given by the Writer acute and juſt.

POPE.

Are you not pleaſed with that Philoſophical Freedom of Thought, which diſcovers itſelf in all the Works of Voltaire,

but more particularly in thoſe of an hiſtorical nature?

BOILEAU.

If it were properly regulated, I ſhould reckon it among their higheſt Perfections. Superſtition, and Bigotry, and Party Spirit, are as great Enemies to the Truth and Candour of Hiſtory, as Malice or Adulation. To think freely is therefore a moſt neceſſary Quality in a perfect Hiſtorian. But all Liberty has its Bounds, which, in ſome of his Writings, Voltaire, I fear, has not obſerved. Would to Heaven he would reflect, while it is yet in his Power to correct what is faulty, that all his Works will outlive him; that many Nations will read them; and that the Judgment pronounced here upon the Writer himſelf will be according to the Scope and Tendency of them, and to the Extent of their good or evil Effects on the great Society of Mankind.

POPE.

It would be well for all Europe, if ſome other *Wits* of your Country, who give the Tone to this Age in all polite Literature, had the ſame ſerious thoughts you recom-

recommend to Voltaire. Witty Writings, when directed to ſerve the good ends of Virtue and Religion, are like the Lights hung out in a *Pharos*, to guide the Mariners ſafe through dangerous Seas: But the Brightneſs of thoſe, that are impious or immoral, ſhines only to betray, and lead Men to Deſtruction.

BOILEAU.

Has England been free from all Seductions of this Nature?

POPE.

No.—But the French have the Art of rendering Vice and Impiety more agreeable than the Engliſh.

BOILEAU.

I am not very proud of this Superiority in the Talents of my Countrymen. But, as I am told that the *Good Senſe* of the Engliſh is now admired in France, I hope it will ſoon convince both Nations, *that true Wiſdom is Virtue, and true Virtue is Religion.*

POPE.

I think it alſo to be wiſhed, that a Taſte for *the Frivolous* may not continue too prevalent among the French. There is a great difference between gathering Flowers at the Foot of Parnaſſus, and aſcending the arduous Heights of the mountain. The Palms and Laurels grow there, and if any of your Countrymen aſpire to gain them, they muſt no longer enervate all the vigour of their minds by this Habit of trifling. I would have them be perpetual Competitors with the Engliſh in manly Wit and ſubſtantial Learning. But let the Competition be friendly. There is nothing which ſo contracts and debaſes the Mind as National Envy. True Wit, like true Virtue, naturally loves its own Image, in whatever Place it is found.

DIALOGUE XV.

OCTAVIA—PORTIA—ARRIA.

PORTIA.

HOW has it happened, Octavia, that Arria and I, who have a higher Rank than you in the Temple of Fame, ſhould have a lower here in Elyſium? We are told, that the Virtues, you exerted, as a Wife, were greater than our's. Be ſo good as to explain to us what were thoſe Virtues. It is the Privilege of this Place, that one can bear Superiority without Mortification. The Jealouſy of Precedence died with the reſt of our Mortal Frailties. Tell us then your own Story. We will ſit down under the ſhade of this Myrtle Grove, and liſten to it with Pleaſure.

OCTAVIA.

OCTAVIA.

Noble Ladies, the Glory of our Sex and of Rome, I will not refuſe to comply with your deſire, though it recalls to my Mind ſome Scenes, my Heart would wiſh to forget. There can be only one reaſon why Minos ſhould have given to my conjugal Virtues a Preference above your's; which is, that the Trial aſſigned to them was harder.

ARRIA.

How! Madam; harder than *to die* for your Huſband! We *died* for ours.

OCTAVIA.

You did, for Huſbands who loved you, and were the moſt virtuous Men of the Ages they lived in; who truſted you with their Lives, their Fame, their Honour. To *outlive* ſuch Huſbands is, in my judgment, a harder effort of Virtue, than to *die for them* or *with them*. But Mark Antony, to whom my Brother Octavius, for reaſons of State, gave my Hand, was indifferent to me, and loved another. Yet he has told me himſelf, I was hand-

handſomer than his Miſtreſs Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was; and to Men *that* is generally a charm ſufficient to turn the Scale in one's favour. I had been loved by Marcellus. Antony ſaid he loved me, when he pledged to me his Faith. Perhaps he did for a time: a new handſome Woman might, from his natural Inconſtancy, make him forget an old Attachment. He was but too amiable.—His very Vices had charms beyond other Mens Virtues. Such Vivacity! ſuch Fire! ſuch a towering Pride! He ſeemed made by Nature to command; to govern the World; to govern it with ſuch Eaſe, that the Buſineſs of it did not rob him of an hour of Pleaſure! Nevertheleſs, while his Inclination for me continued, this haughty Lord of Mankind, who could hardly bring his high Spirit to treat my Brother, his Partner in Empire, with the neceſſary Reſpect, was to me as ſubmiſſive, as obedient to every Wiſh of my Heart, as the humbleſt Lover that ever ſighed in the Vales of Arcadia. Thus he ſeduced my Affection from the Manes of Marcellus, and fixed it on himſelf. He fixed it, Ladies, (I own it with ſome Confuſion) more fondly than it had ever been

been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done ſo, he ſcorned me, he forſook me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was: —— the ſiſter of Cæſar, ſacrificed to a vile Egyptian Queen, the Harlot of Julius, the Diſgrace of her Sex! Every Outrage was added that could incenſe me ſtill more. He gave her, at ſundry times, as public Marks of his Love, many provinces of the Empire of Rome in the Eaſt. He read her Love-letters openly, in his Tribunal itſelf; even while he was hearing and judging the Cauſes of Kings. Nay he left his Tribunal, and one of the beſt Roman Orators pleading before him, to follow her Litter, in which ſhe happened to be paſſing by, at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all theſe demonſtrations of his extravagant Paſſion for that infamous Woman, he had the Aſſurance, in a letter to my Brother, to call her *his Wife*. Which of you, Ladies, could have patiently borne this treatment?

See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

V. Suetonium in Auguſto Cæſare.

ARRIA.

Not I, Madam, in truth. Had I been in your Place, the Dagger with which I pierced

pierced my own boſom, to ſhew my dear Pætus *how eaſy it was to die*, that Dagger ſhould I have plunged into Antony's Heart, if Piety to the Gods, and a due Reſpect to the Purity of my own Soul, had not ſtopped my Hand. But, I verily believe, I ſhould have killed myſelf; not, as I did, out of Affection to my Huſband, but out of Shame and Indignation at the Wrongs I endured.

PORTIA.

I muſt own, Octavia, that to bear ſuch Uſage was harder to a Woman than *to ſwallow Fire.*

OCTAVIA.

Yet I did bear it, Madam, without even a Complaint, which could hurt or offend my Huſband. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian Expedition, which his Impatience to bear a long Abſence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me rich Preſents of Clothes and money for his Troops, a great Number of Horſes, and two thouſand choſen Soldiers, equipped and armed like

See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

like my Brother's Prætorian Bands. He ſent to ſtop me at Athens, becauſe his Miſtreſs was then with him. I obeyed his orders: but I wrote to him, by one of his moſt faithful Friends, a Letter full of Reſignation, and ſuch a Tenderneſs for him as I imagined might have power to touch his Heart. My Envoy ſerved me ſo well, he ſet my Fidelity in ſo fair a light, and gave ſuch reaſons to Antony, why he ought to ſee and receive me with Kindneſs, that Cleopatra was alarmed. All her Arts were employed to prevent him from ſeeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt.—Thoſe Arts prevailed. He ſent me back into Italy, and gave himſelf up more abſolutely than ever to the Witchcraft of that *Circé*. He added Africa to the States he had beſtowed on her before, and declared Cæſario, her ſpurious Son by Julius Cæſar, Heir to all her Dominions, except Phœnicia, and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy, his ſecond Son by her; and at the ſame time declared his eldeſt Son by her, whom he had eſpouſed to the Princeſs of Media, Heir to that Kingdom, and King of Armenia, nay, and of the whole

See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

whole Parthian Empire, which he meaned to conquer for *him*. The Children I had brought him he entirely neglected, as if they had been Baſtards.—I wept. I lamented the wretched Captivity he was in;—but I never reproached him. My Brother, exaſperated at ſo many Indignities, commanded me to quit the Houſe of my Huſband at Rome, and come into his.—I refuſed to obey him.—I remained in Antony's Houſe, I perſiſted to take care of his Children by Fulvia, the ſame tender care, as of my own. I gave my Protection to all his Friends at Rome. I implored my Brother not to make my Jealouſy or my Wrongs the cauſe of a Civil War. But the Injuries done to Rome by Antony's conduct could not poſſibly be forgiven. When he found he ſhould draw the Roman Arms on himſelf, he ſent Orders to me to leave his Houſe. I did ſo, but carried with me all his Children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldeſt, who was then with him in Egypt. After his Death and Cleopatra's, I took her Children by him, and bred them up with my own.

ARRIA.

Is it poſſible, Madam? the Children of Cleopatra?

OCTAVIA.

Yes, the Children of my Rival. I married her Daughter to Juba, King of Mauritania, the moſt accompliſhed, and the handſomeſt Prince in the World.

ARRIA.

Tell me, Octavia, did not your Pride and Reſentment entirely cure you of your Paſſion for Antony, as ſoon as you ſaw him go back to Cleopatra? And was not your whole conduct afterwards the effect of cool Reaſon, undiſturbed by the Agitations of jealous and tortured Love?

OCTAVIA.

You probe my Heart very deeply. That I had ſome help from Reſentment and the natural Pride of my Sex, I will not deny. But I was not become *indifferent* to my Huſband. I loved the Antony who had been my Lover, more than I was angry with the Antony who forſook

me, and loved another Woman. Had he left Cleopatra and returned to me again with all his former Affection, I really believe I ſhould have loved him as well as before.

ARRIA.

If the Merit of a Wife is to be meaſured by her Sufferings, your Heart was unqueſtionably the moſt perfect model of conjugal Virtue. The Wound I gave mine was but a ſcratch in compariſon to many you felt. Yet I don't know, whether it would be any benefit to the World, that there ſhould be in it many Octavias. *Too good Subjects are apt to make bad Kings.*

PORTIA.

True, Arria; the Wives of Brutus and Cecinna Pætus may be allowed to have Spirits a little rebellious. Octavia was educated in the Court of her Brother. Subjection and Patience were much better taught there than in our Houſes, where the Roman Liberty made it's laſt abode. And though I will not diſpute the judgment of Minos, I can't help thinking that the Affection of a Wife to her Huſband is

more or leſs reſpectable in proportion to the Character of that Huſband. If I could have had for Antony the ſame friendſhip as I had for Brutus, I ſhould have deſpiſed myſelf.

OCTAVIA.

My Fondneſs for Antony was ill placed; but my Perſeverance in the performance of all the Duties of a Wife, notwithſtanding his ill Uſage, a Perſeverance made more difficult by the very exceſs of my Love, appeared to Minos the higheſt and moſt meritorious effort of female Reſolution againſt the Seductions of the moſt dangerous Enemy to our Virtue, *offended Pride*.

DIALOGUE XVI.

LOUISE DE COLIGNI, Princeſs of Orange.

FRANCES WALSINGHAM, Counteſs of Eſſex and of Clanrickard; before, Lady SIDNEY.

Princeſs of ORANGE.

OUR Deſtinies, Madam, had a great and ſurpriſing conformity. I was the Daughter of Admiral Coligni, you of Secretary Walſingham, two Perſons who were the moſt conſummate Stateſmen and ableſt Supports of the Proteſtant Religion, in France, and in England. I was married to Teligni, the fineſt Gentleman of our Party, the moſt admired for his Valour, his Virtue, and his Learning: You to Sir Philip Sidney, who enjoyed the ſame Pre-eminence a-

mong the Engliſh. Both theſe Huſbands were cut off, in the Flower of Youth and of Glory, by violent Deaths, and we both married again with ſtill greater Men; I with William Prince of Orange, the Founder of the Dutch Commonwealth; You with Devereaux Earl of Eſſex, the Favourite of Elizabeth, and of the whole Engliſh Nation. But, alas! to compleat the Reſemblance of our Fates, we both ſaw thoſe ſecond Huſbands, who had raiſed us ſo high, deſtroyed in the full Meridian of their Glory and Greatneſs; mine by the Piſtol of an Aſſaſſin; your's ſtill more unhappily, by the Axe, as a Traitor.

See Du Maurier Memoires de Hollande, from p. 177 to 190. Biographia Britann. Eſſex.

Counteſs of CLANRICKARD.

There was indeed in ſome principal Events of our lives the conformity you obſerve. But your Deſtiny, though it raiſed you higher than me, was more unhappy than mine. For my Father lived honourably, and died in Peace: Your's was aſſaſſinated in his old Age. How, Madam, did you ſupport or recover your Spirits under ſo many Misfortunes?

Princeſs

Princeſs of ORANGE.

The Prince of Orange left an infant Son to my Care. The Educating of him to be worthy of ſo illuſtrious a Father, to be the Heir of his Virtue as well as of his Greatneſs, and the Affairs of the Commonwealth, in which I intereſted myſelf for his Sake, ſo filled my Mind, that they in ſome meaſure took from me the Senſe of my Grief, which nothing but ſuch a great and important Scene of Buſineſs, ſuch a neceſſary Taſk of private and public Duty, could have ever relieved. But let me enquire in my turn; how did your Heart find a balm to alleviate the Anguiſh of the Wounds it had ſuffered? What employed your widowed Hours after the death of your Eſſex?

Counteſs of CLANRICKARD.

Madam, I did not long continue a Widow: I married again.

Princeſs of ORANGE.

Married again! With what Prince, what King did you marry? The Widow of Sir Philip Sidney and of My Lord Eſ-

ſex could not deſcend from Them to a Subject of leſs illuſtrious Fame; and where could you find one that was comparable to either?

Counteſs of CLANRICKARD.

I did not ſeek for one, Madam: The Heroiſm of the former, and the Ambition of the latter, had made me very unhappy. I deſired a quiet Life and the Joys of wedded Love, with an agreeable, virtuous, well-born, unambitious, unenterpriſing Huſband. All this I found in the Earl of Clanrickard: and, believe me, Madam, I enjoyed more ſolid Felicity in Ireland with him, than I ever had poſſeſſed with my two former Huſbands, in the Pride of their Glory, when England and all Europe reſounded with their Praiſe.

Princeſs of ORANGE.

Can it be poſſible, that the Daughter of Walſingham, and the Wife of Sidney and Eſſex, ſhould have Sentiments ſo inferior to the Minds from which ſhe ſprung, and to which ſhe was matched! Believe me, Madam, there was no Hour of the many Years I lived after the Death of

the Prince of Orange, in which I would have exchanged the Pride and Joy, I continually had in hearing his Praiſe, and ſeeing the Monuments of his Glory in the free Commonwealth his Wiſdom had founded, for any other Delights the World could give. The Cares that I ſhared with him, while he remained upon Earth, were a Happineſs to my Mind, becauſe they exalted its Powers. The Remembrance of them was dear to me after I had loſt him. I thought, his great Soul, though removed to a higher Sphere, would look down upon mine with ſome Tenderneſs of Affection, as its Fellow-labourer in the heroic and divine Work of delivering and freeing his Country. But to be divorced from that Soul! to be no longer his Wife! to be the Conſort of an inferior, inglorious Huſband! I had much rather have died a thouſand Deaths, than that my Heart ſhould one moment have conceived ſuch a Thought.

Counteſs of CLANRICKARD.

Your Highneſs muſt not judge of all Hearts by your own. The ruling Paſſion of *that* was apparently Ambition. My In-

clinations were not ſo noble as your's, but better ſuited, perhaps, to the nature of Woman. I loved Sir Philip Sidney, I loved the Earl of Eſſex, rather as amiable Men than as Heroes and Stateſmen. They were ſo taken up with their Wars and State-Affairs, that my Tenderneſs for them was too often neglected. The Earl of Clenrickard was conſtantly and wholly mine. He was brave, but had not that *Spirit of Chivalry*, with which Sir Philip Sidney was abſolutely poſſeſſed. He had, in a high degree, the Eſteem of Elizabeth, but did not aſpire to her *Love*; nor did he wiſh to be the Rival of Carr or of Villers in the Affection of James. Such, Madam, was the Man on whom my laſt Choice beſtowed my Hand, and whoſe Kindneſs compenſated for all my Misfortunes! Providence has aſſigned to different tempers different comforts. To you it gave the Education of a Prince, the Government of a State, the Pride of being called the Wife of a Hero; to me a *good living Huſband*, Quiet, Opulence, Nobility, and a fair Reputation, though not in a degree ſo exalted as your's. If our whole Sex were to chuſe between

your Conſolations and mine, your Highneſs, I think, would find very few of your Taſte. But I reſpect the Sublimity of your Ideas. Now that we have no Bodies they appear leſs unnatural than I ſhould have thought them in the other World.

Princeſs of ORANGE.

Adieu, Madam, our Souls are of a different Order, and were not made to ſympathize or converſe with each other.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XVII.

MARCUS BRUTUS—POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

BRUTUS.

WELL Atticus, I find, that, notwithſtanding your Friendſhip for Cicero and for me, you ſurvived us both many Years, with the ſame chearful Spirit you had always poſſeſſed, and, by prudently wedding your Daughter to Agrippa, ſecured the Favour of Octavius Cæſar, and even contracted a cloſe Alliance with him by your Grand-daughter's Marriage with Tiberius Nero.

ATTICUS.

You know, Brutus, my Philoſophy was the Epicurean. I loved my Friends, and I ſerved them in their wants and diſtreſ-

ſes

ſes with great Generoſity; but I did not think myſelf obliged to die when they died, or not to make others, as Occaſions ſhould offer.

BRUTUS.

You did, I acknowledge, *ſerve* your Friends, as far as you could, without bringing yourſelf, on their account, into any great Danger or Diſturbance of Mind: but that you *loved* them I much doubt. If you loved Cicero, how could you love Antony? If you loved me, how could you love Octavius? If you loved Octavius, how could you avoid taking Part againſt Antony in their laſt Civil War? Affection cannot be ſo ſtrangely divided, and with ſo much equality, among Men of ſuch oppoſite characters, and who were ſuch irreconcileable Enemies to each other.

ATTICUS.

From my earlieſt Youth I poſſeſſed the ſingular Talent of ingratiating myſelf with the Heads of different Parties, and yet not engaging with any of them ſo far as to diſturb my own Quiet. My Family was

was connected with the Marian Party; and, though I retired to Athens, that I might not be unwillingly involved in the troubles, which that turbulent Faction had begun to excite, yet, when young Marius was declared an Enemy by the Senate, I ſent him a Sum of Money, to ſupport him in his Exile. Nor did this hinder me from making my Court ſo well to Sylla, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the higheſt Marks of his Favour. Nevertheleſs, when he preſſed me to go with him to Rome, I declined it, being as unwilling to fight for him againſt the Marian Party, as for them againſt him. He admired my Conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the Preſents made to him during his abode in that city, to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to ſhew that Moderation in all contentions of this kind had been always my Principle; and that in the Inſtances you mentioned I did not act from any Levity or Inconſtancy in my Nature, but from a regular conſiſtent Plan of Conduct, which my

Vide Cornel. Nepot. in Vitâ Attici.

my Reaſon convinced me was the wiſeſt I could follow.

BRUTUS.

I remember indeed that you obſerved the ſame neutrality between Pompey and Julius Cæſar.

ATTICUS.

I did ſo — and that I might be able to do it with Dignity, and without the reproach of Ingratitude, I never would accept any Office or Honour from either of thoſe great Men; nor from Cicero, tho' my Siſter had married his Brother; nor from you, Marcus Brutus, whoſe friendſhip I thought the greateſt Honour of my Life.

BRUTUS.

Are there no Obligations to a good Heart, Pomponius, but Honours and Offices? Or could you, by refuſing to encumber yourſelf with theſe, diſſolve all other Ties? But, ſetting aſide any conſiderations of private Affection or Eſteem, how was you able to reconcile your Conduct with that, which is the ruling Principle in the Heart of every virtuous Man,

and

and more eſpecially a virtuous Roman, *the Love of the Public?*

ATTICUS.

The times I lived in were ſo bad, and the conflict of Parties had ſo little to do in reality with *the Love of the Public*, that I thought my Virtue much ſafer and purer by avoiding, than mixing in the Fray.

BRUTUS.

Poſſibly, in the diſpute between Marius and Sylla, and even in that between Pompey and Cæſar, a virtuous Man might ſee ſo much to blame on both ſides, and ſo much to fear, which ever Faction ſhould overcome the other, as to be juſtified in not engaging with either. But let me ſay, without Vanity, in the War which I waged againſt Antony and Octavius you could have nothing to blame: for I know you approved the Principle upon which I killed Julius Cæſar. Nor had you any thing to fear if our Arms had ſucceeded; for you knew that my Intentions were upright and pure; nor was it doubtful that Caſſius was as much determined as I to reſtore the Republic.

How

How could you then, with any ſenſe of Virtue in your Heart, maintain an Indifference and Neutrality between the *Deliverers* and the *Tyrants* of your Country?

ATTICUS.

My Anſwer to this will neceſſarily require Explanations, which my Reſpect to the *Manes* of Brutus makes me wiſh to avoid.

BRUTUS.

In the other World I loved Truth, and was deſirous that all might ſpeak it with Freedom: but here even the tender Ears of a Tyrant are compelled to endure it. If I committed any faults, or erred in my Judgment, the Calamities I have ſuffered are a Puniſhment for it. Tell me then truly, and without fear of offending, what you think were my failings.

ATTICUS.

You ſaid that the Principle upon which you killed Julius Cæſar had my Approbation. This I do not deny:—but did I ever

ever declare, or give you reaſon to believe, that I thought it a *prudent* or *well-timed* Act? I had quite other Thoughts. Nothing ever ſeemed to me *worſe judged* or *worſe timed:* and theſe, Brutus, were my reaſons. Cæſar was juſt ſetting out to make War on the Parthians. This was an Enterprize of no little Difficulty, and no little Danger. But his unbounded Ambition, and that reſtleſs Spirit, which never would ſuffer him to take any Repoſe, did not intend to ſtop there. You know very well, (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vaſt Plan, of marching, after he had conquered the whole Parthian Empire, along the Coaſt of the Caſpian Sea and the Sides of Mount Caucaſus, into Scythia, in order to ſubdue all the Countries that border on Germany, and Germany itſelf; from whence he propoſed to return to Rome by Gaul. Conſider now, I beſeech you, how much time the Execution of this Project required. In ſome of his Battles with ſo many fierce and warlike Nations, the braveſt of all the Barbarians, he might have been ſlain: but if he had not, Diſeaſe, or Age itſelf, might have ended his Life, before he could have compleated ſuch

V. Plutarch. in Vitâ Jul. Cæſar.

ſuch an immenſe undertaking. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty-ſixth Year, and of an infirm Conſtitution. Except his Baſtard by Cleopatra he had no Son: nor was his Power ſo abſolute, or ſo quietly ſettled, that he could have a thought of bequeathing the Empire, like a private Inheritance, to his Siſter's Grandſon, Octavius. While he was abſent, there was no reaſon to fear any Violence, or Male-Adminiſtration, in Italy, or in Rome. Cicero would have had the chief Authority in the Senate. The Prætorſhip of the City had been conferred upon you by the favour of Cæſar; and your known Credit with him, added to the high Reputation of your Virtues and Abilities, gave you a weight in all Buſineſs, which none of his Party, left behind him in Italy, would have been able to oppoſe. What a fair Proſpect was here of good Order, Peace, and Liberty at home, while abroad the Roman Name would have been rendered more glorious, the Diſgrace of Craſſus revenged, and the Empire extended beyond the utmoſt Ambition of our Forefathers, by the greateſt General that ever led the Armies of Rome, or, perhaps, of any

other Nation! What did it ſignify, whether in Aſia, and among the Barbarians, that General bore the Name of King, or Dictator? Nothing could be more puerile in you and your Friends, than to ſtart ſo much at the propoſition of his taking that Name in Italy itſelf, when you had ſuffered him to enjoy all the Power of Royalty, and much more than any King of Rome had poſſeſſed, from Romulus down to Tarquin.

BRUTUS.

We conſidered that Name as the laſt Inſult offered to our Liberty and our Laws. It was an Enſign of Tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant Purpoſe of rendering the Servitude of Rome more apparent. We therefore determined to puniſh the Tyrant, and reſtore our Country to Freedom.

ATTICUS.

You puniſhed the Tyrant, but you did not reſtore your Country to Freedom. By ſparing Antony, againſt the Opinion of Caſſius, you ſuffered the Tyranny to remain. He was Conſul, and, from the Moment that Cæſar was dead, the chief Power

Power of the State was in his Hands. The Soldiers adored him for his Liberality, Valour, and Military Frankneſs. His Eloquence was more perſuaſive from appearing unſtudied. The Nobility of his Houſe, which deſcended from Hercules, would naturally inflame his Heart with Ambition. The whole Courſe of his Life had evidently ſhewn, that his Thoughts were high and aſpiring, and that he had little Reſpect for the Liberty of his Country. He had been the ſecond Man in Cæſar's Party: By ſaving him you gave a new Head to that Party, which could no longer ſubſiſt without your Ruin. Many, who would have wiſhed the Reſtoration of Liberty, if Cæſar had died a natural Death, were ſo incenſed at his Murder, that merely for the Sake of puniſhing *that*, they were willing to confer all Power upon Antony, and make him abſolute Maſter of the Republic. This was particularly true with reſpect to the Veterans who had ſerved under Cæſar: and he ſaw it ſo plainly, that he preſently availed himſelf of their Diſpoſitions. You and Caſſius were obliged to fly out of

Italy; and Cicero, who was unwilling to take the ſame Part, could find no Expedient to ſave himſelf and the Senate, but the wretched one of ſupporting and raiſing very high another Cæſar, the adopted Son and Heir of him you had ſlain, to oppoſe Antony, and to divide the Cæſarean Party. But even while he did this, he perpetually offended that Party, and made them his Enemies, by Harangues in the Senate, which breathed the very Spirit of the old Pompeian Faction, and made him appear to Octavius, and all the Friends of the dead Dictator, no leſs guilty of his death, than thoſe who had killed him. What could this end in, but that which you and your Friends had moſt to fear, a Reunion of the whole Cæſarean Party, and of their principal Leaders, however diſcordant the one with the other, to deſtroy the Pompeians? For my own part, I foreſaw it long before the Event, and therefore kept myſelf wholly clear of thoſe Proceedings.——You think I ought to have joined you and Caſſius at Philippi, becauſe I knew your good Intentions, and that, if you ſucceeded, you deſigned to reſtore the Commonwealth. I am perſuaded you did

did both agree in that Point; but you differed in ſo many others, there was ſuch a Diſſimilitude in your Tempers and Characters, that the Union between you could not have laſted long; and your Diſſention would have had moſt fatal Effects, with regard both to the Settlement and to the Adminiſtration of the Republic. Beſides, the whole Maſs of it was in ſuch a Fermentation, and ſo corrupted, that I am convinced new Diſorders would ſoon have ariſen. If you had applied gentle Remedies, to which your Nature inclined, thoſe Remedies would have failed: if Caſſius had induced you to act with Severity, your Government would have been ſtigmatized with the Name of a Tyranny more deteſtable than that againſt which you conſpired; and Cæſar's Clemency would have been the perpetual Topic of every factious Oration to the People, and of every ſeditious Diſcourſe to the Soldiers. Thus you would have ſoon been plunged in the Miſeries of another Civil War, or perhaps aſſaſſinated in the Senate, as Julius was by you. Nothing could give the Roman Empire a laſting Tranquillity,

but ſuch a prudent Plan of a *mitigated Imperial Power*, as was afterwards formed by Octavius, when he had ably and happily delivered himſelf from all Oppoſition and Partnerſhip in the Government. Thoſe quiet times I lived to ſee, and I muſt ſay, they were the beſt I ever had ſeen, far better than thoſe under the turbulent Ariſtocracy for which you contended. And let me boaſt a little of my own Prudence, which, through ſo many Storms, could ſteer me ſafe into that Port. Had it only given me Safety, without Reputation, I ſhould not think that I ought to value myſelf upon it. But in all theſe Revolutions my Honour remained as unimpaired as my fortune. I ſo conducted myſelf, that I loſt no Eſteem, in being Antony's Friend, after having been Cicero's, or in my Alliance with Agrippa and Auguſtus Cæſar, after my Friendſhip with you. Nor did either Cæſar or Antony blame my Inaction in the Quarrels between them; but, on the contrary, they both ſeemed to reſpect me the more for the Neutrality I obſerved. My Obligations to the one, and Alliance with the other, made it improper for me to act againſt

againſt either: and my conſtant tenour of Life had procured me an Exemption from all Civil Wars by a Kind of *Preſcription*.

BRUTUS.

If Man were born to no higher Purpoſe, than to wear out a long life in Eaſe and Proſperity, with the general Eſteem of the World, your Wiſdom was evidently as much ſuperior to mine, as my Life was ſhorter and more unhappy than your's. Nay, I verily believe it exceeded the Prudence of any other Man that ever exiſted, conſidering in what difficult circumſtances you were placed, and with how many violent Shocks and ſudden Changes of Fortune you were obliged to contend. But *here* the moſt *virtuous* and *public-ſpirited* Conduct is found to have been the moſt *prudent*. The Motives of our Actions, not the Succeſs, give us *here* Renown. And, could I return to that Life from whence I am eſcaped, I would not change my Character to imitate your's: I would again be Brutus rather than Atticus. Even without the ſweet hope of an eternal Reward in a more perfect State, which is the ſtrongeſt and moſt immovable

ſupport to the Good under every Misfortune, I ſwear by the Gods, I would not give up *the noble Feelings of my Heart*, that Elevation of Mind which accompanies active and ſuffering Virtue, for your Seventy-ſeven Years of conſtant Tranquillity, with all the Praiſe you obtained from the learned Men whom you patronized, or the Great Men whom you courted.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, King of England.

JOHN DE WITT, Penſioner of Holland.

WILLIAM.

THOUGH I had no Cauſe to love you, yet, believe me, I ſincerely lament your Fate. Who could have thought that De Witt, the moſt popular Miniſter that ever ſerved a Commonwealth, ſhould fall a ſacrifice to popular Fury! Such admirable Talents, ſuch Virtues as you were endowed with, ſo clear, ſo cool, ſo comprehenſive a Head, a Heart ſo untainted with any kind of Vice, deſpiſing Money, deſpiſing Pleaſure, deſpiſing the vain Oſtentation of Greatneſs, ſuch Application to Buſineſs, ſuch Ability in it, ſuch Courage,

ſuch

ſuch Firmneſs, and ſo perfect a Knowledge of the Nation you governed, ſeemed to aſſure you of a fixed and ſtable Support in the public Affection. But nothing can be durable that depends on the Paſſions of the People.

DE WITT.

It is very generous in your Majeſty, not only to compaſſionate the fate of a Man, whoſe Political Principles made him an Enemy to your Greatneſs, but aſcribe it to the caprice and inconſtancy of the People; as if there had been nothing very blamable in his Conduct. I feel the Magnanimity of this Diſcourſe from your Majeſty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my Death. But I muſt frankly confeſs, that, although the Rage of the Populace was carried much too far, when they tore me and my unfortunate Brother to pieces, yet I certainly had deſerved to loſe their Affection, by relying too much on the uncertain and dangerous Friendſhip of France, and by weakening the military Strength of the State, to ſerve little Purpoſes of my own Power, and

ſecure

ſecure to myſelf the intereſted affection of the Burgomaſters, or others, who had Credit and Weight in the Faction, the favour of which I courted. This had almoſt ſubjected my Country to France, if you, Great Prince, had not been ſet at the head of the falling Republic, and had not exerted ſuch extraordinary Virtues and Abilities, to raiſe and ſupport it, as ſurpaſſed even the Heroiſm and Prudence of William, our firſt Stadtholder, and equalled you to the moſt illuſtrious Patriots of Greece or Rome.

WILLIAM.

This Praiſe from your Mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can ſo much exalt the Character of a Prince, as to have his Actions approved by a zealous Republican, and the Enemy of his Houſe!

DE WITT.

If I did not approve them, I ſhould ſhew myſelf the Enemy of the Republic. You never ſought to Tyrannize over it; you loved, you defended, you preſerved it's Freedom. Thebes was not more endebted

endebted to Epaminondas, or Pelopidas, for it's Independance and Glory, than the United Provinces were to you. How wonderful was it to ſee a Youth, who had ſcarce attained to the twenty ſecond Year of his Age, whoſe Spirit had been depreſſed and kept down by a jealous and hoſtile Faction, riſing at once to the conduct of a moſt arduous and perilous War, ſtopping an Enemy victorious, triumphant, who had penetrated into the Heart of his Country; driving him back, and recovering from him all he had conquered: to ſee this done with an Army, in which, a little before, there was neither Diſcipline, Courage, nor Senſe of Honour! Ancient Hiſtory has no Exploit ſuperior to it; and it will ennoble the Modern, whenever a Livy or a Plutarch ſhall ariſe, to do juſtice to it, and ſet the Hero who performed it in a true Light.

WILLIAM.

Say, rather, when Time ſhall have worn out that Malignity and Rancour of Party, which in Free States is ſo apt to oppoſe itſelf to the Sentiments of Gratitude

tude and Eſteem for their Servants and Benefactors.

De Witt.

How magnanimous was your Reply, how much in the Spirit of true *ancient Virtue*, when being aſked, in the greateſt Extremity of our Danger, "*How you intended to live after Holland was loſt?* You ſaid, "*You would live on the Lands you had left in Germany, and had rather paſs your life in hunting there, than ſell your Country or Liberty to France at any rate!*" How nobly did you think, when, being offered your Patrimonial Lordſhips and Lands in the County of Burgundy, or the full Value of them from France, by the Mediation of England, in the Treaty of Peace, your Anſwer was, "*That, to gain one good town more for the Spaniards in Flanders, you would be content to loſe them all!*" No Wonder, after this, that you were able to combine all Europe in a League againſt the Power of France; that you were the Center of Union, and the directing Soul of that wiſe, that generous Confederacy, formed by your Labours; that you could

See Temple's Memoirs from the Year 1672 to 1679. p. 259, 320, 321.

could ſteadily ſupport and keep it together, in ſpite of repeated Misfortunes; that even after Defeats you were as formidable to Louis, as other Generals after Victories; and that in the End you became the Deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

WILLIAM.

I had in truth no other Object, no other Paſſion at heart, throughout my whole Life, but to maintain the Independence and Freedom of Europe, againſt the Ambition of France. It was this Deſire which formed the whole Plan of my Policy, which animated all my Counſels, both as Prince of Orange and King of England.

DE WITT.

This Deſire was the moſt noble (I ſpeak it with Shame) that could warm the Heart of a Prince, whoſe Anceſtors had oppoſed and in a great meaſure deſtroyed the Power of Spain, when that Nation aſpired to the Monarchy of Europe. France, Sir, in your days had an equal Ambition and more Strength to ſupport

her vaſt Deſigns, than Spain under the Government of Philip the Second. That Ambition you reſtrained, that Strength you reſiſted. I, alas! was ſeduced by her perfidious Court, and by the Neceſſity of Affairs in that Syſtem of Policy which I had adopted, to aſk her Aſſiſtance, to rely on her Favour, and to make the Commonwealth, whoſe Counſels I directed, ſubſervient to her Greatneſs. —— Permit me, Sir, to explain to you the Motives of my Conduct. If all the Princes of Orange had acted like you, I ſhould never have been the Enemy of your Houſe. But Prince Maurice of Naſſau deſired to oppreſs the Liberty of that State, which his virtuous Father had freed at the Expence of his Life, and which he himſelf had defended, againſt the Arms of the Houſe of Auſtria, with the higheſt Reputation of Military Abilities. Under a Pretence of Religion (the moſt execrable Cover of a wicked Deſign) he put to death, as a Criminal, that upright Miniſter, Barnevelt, his Father's beſt Friend, becauſe he refuſed to concur with him in Treaſon againſt the State. He likewiſe impriſoned ſeveral other good Men and Lovers of their Country, confiſcated their Eſtates,

Eſtates, and ruined their Families. Yet, after he had done theſe cruel Acts of Injuſtice, with a view to make himſelf Sovereign of the Dutch Commonwealth, he found they had drawn ſuch a general Odium upon him, that, not daring to accompliſh his iniquitous Purpoſe, he ſtopped ſhort of the Tyranny to which he had ſacrificed his Honour and Virtue: a Diſappointment ſo mortifying, and ſo painful to his mind, that it probably haſtened his Death.

WILLIAM.

Would to Heaven he had died before the Meeting of that infamous Synod of Dort, by which he not only diſhonoured himſelf and his Family, but the Proteſtant Religion itſelf! Forgive this Interruption—my Grief forced me to it—I deſire you to proceed.

DE WITT.

The Brother of Maurice, Prince Henry, who ſucceeded to his Dignities in the Republic, acted with more Moderation. But the Son of that good Prince, your Majeſty's Father, (I am ſorry to ſpeak what I know you hear with Pain) reſumed, in the Pride and Fire of his Youth, the ambitious Deſigns of his Uncle. He failed in his Undertaking

dertaking, and ſoon afterwards died, but left in the Hearts of the whole Republican Party an incurable Jealouſy and Dread of his Family. Full of theſe Prejudices, and zealous for Liberty, I thought it my Duty, as Penſionary of Holland, to prevent for ever, if I could, your Reſtoration to the Power your Anceſtors had enjoyed, which I ſincerely believed would be inconſiſtent with the Safety and Freedom of my Country.

WILLIAM.

Let me ſtop you a Moment here — When my Great-grandfather formed the Plan of the Dutch Commonwealth, he made the Power of a Stadtholder one of the principal Springs in his Syſtem of Government. How could you imagine that it would ever go well when deprived of this Spring, ſo neceſſary to adjuſt and ballance its Motions? A Conſtitution originally formed with no mixture of regal Power may long be maintained in all its vigour and energy, without ſuch a Power; but, if any degree of Monarchy was mixed from the beginning in the Principles of it, the forcing *that* out muſt neceſſarily diſorder

and weaken the whole Fabric. This was particularly the caſe in our Republic. The Negative Voice of every ſmall Town in the Provincial States, the tedious Slowneſs of our Forms and Deliberations, the facility with which foreign Miniſters may ſeduce or purchaſe the Opinions of ſo many Perſons as have a Right to concur in all our Reſolutions, make it impoſſible for the Government, even in the quieteſt times, to be well carried on, without the Authority and Influence of a Stadtholder, which are the only Remedy our Conſtitution has provided for thoſe Evils.

DE WITT.

I acknowledge they are — But I and my Party thought no Evil ſo great as that Remedy; and therefore we ſought for other more pleaſing Reſources. One of theſe, upon which we moſt confidently depended, was the Friendſhip of France. I flattered myſelf that the Intereſt of the French would ſecure to me their Favour; as your Relation to the Crown of England might naturally raiſe in them a Jealouſy of your Power. I hoped they would encourage the Trade and Commerce of the Dutch

in oppoſition to the Engliſh, the ancient Enemies of their Crown, and let us enjoy all the Benefits of a perpetual Peace, unleſs we made War upon England, or England upon us; in either of which caſes it was reaſonable to preſume we ſhould have their Aſſiſtance. The French Miniſter at the Hague, who ſerved his Court but too well, ſo confirmed me in theſe Notions, that I had no Apprehenſions of the *Mine* which was forming under my feet.

WILLIAM.

You found your Authority ſtrengthened by a Plan ſo agreeable to your Party; and this contributed more to deceive your Sagacity than all the Art of D'Eſtrades.

DE WITT.

My Policy ſeemed to me entirely ſuitable to the laſting Security of my own Power, of the Liberty of my Country, and of it's Maritime Greatneſs. For I made it my care to keep up a very powerful Navy, well commanded and officered, for the Defence of all theſe againſt the Engliſh; but, as I feared nothing from France, or any Power on the Continent, I neglected the Army; or

rather I deſtroyed it, by enervating all it's Strength, by diſbanding old Troops and Veteran Officers, attached to the Houſe of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading Militia*, commanded by Officers who had neither Experience nor Courage, and who owed their Promotions to no other Merit, but their Relation to or Intereſt with ſome leading Men in the ſeveral *Oligarchies*, of which the Government in all the Dutch Towns is compoſed. Nevertheleſs, on the Invaſion of Flanders by the French, I was forced to depart from my cloſe Connection with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in the Triple Alliance, which Sir William Temple propoſed, in order to check her Ambition: but as I entered into that Meaſure from Neceſſity, not from Choice, I did not purſue it. I neglected to improve our Union with England, or to ſecure that with Sweden; I avoided any conjunction of Counſels with Spain; I formed no Alliance with the Emperor or the Germans; I corrupted our Army more and more; till a ſudden, unnatural Confederacy, ſtruck up againſt all the Maxims of Policy, by the Court of England with France, for the Conqueſt of the

Seven Provinces, brought theſe at once to the very brink of Deſtruction, and made me a Victim to the fury of a Populace too juſtly provoked.

WILLIAM.

I muſt ſay, that your Plan was in reality nothing more than to procure for the Dutch *a Licence to trade, under the good pleaſure and gracious Protection of France.* But any State that ſo entirely depends on another, is only a *Province*, and its *Liberty* is a *Servitude* graced with a ſweet but empty Name. You ſhould have reflected, that to a Monarch ſo ambitious and ſo vain as *Louis le Grand*, the Idea of a Conqueſt, which ſeemed almoſt certain, and the Deſire of humbling a haughty Republic, were Temptations irreſiſtable. His Bigotry likewiſe would concur in recommending to him an Enterpriſe, which he might think would put Hereſy under his Feet. And if you knew either the Character of Charles the Second, or the Principles of his Government, you ought not to have ſuppoſed his Union with France for the Ruin of Holland an impoſſible, or even improbable Event. It is hardly excuſable in a Stateſman to be

greatly ſurprized, that the Inclinations of Princes ſhould prevail upon them to act, in many particulars, without any regard to the political Maxims and Intereſts of their Kingdoms.

DE WITT.

I am aſhamed of my Error; but the chief cauſe of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite ſo ill of Charles the Second and his Miniſtry as they deſerved. I imagined too that his Parliament would reſtrain him from engaging in ſuch a War, or compel him to engage in our defence, if France ſhould attack us. Theſe, I acknowledge, are *Excuſes*, not *Juſtifications*. When the French marched into Holland, and found it in a condition ſo unable to reſiſt them, my Fame as a Miniſter irrecoverably ſunk. For, not to appear a *Traitor*, I was obliged to confeſs myſelf a *Dupe*. But what Praiſe is ſufficient for the Wiſdom and Virtue You ſhewed, in ſo firmly rejecting the Offers, which I have been informed were made to you, both by England and France, when firſt you appeared in Arms at the head of your Country, to give you

See Temple's Memoirs from the Year 1672 to 1679. p. 259, 299.

the

the Sovereignty of the Seven Provinces, by the Aſſiſtance, and under the Protection of the two Crowns! Believe me, great Prince, had I been living in thoſe times, and had known the generous Anſwers you made to thoſe Offers, which were repeated more than once during the courſe of the War; not the moſt ancient and devoted Servant to your Family would have been more your Friend than I. But who could reaſonably hope for ſuch Moderation, and ſuch a right Senſe of Glory, in the mind of a young Man, deſcended from *Kings*, whoſe Mother was Daughter to Charles the Firſt, and whoſe Father had left him the ſeducing Example of a very different Conduct? Happy indeed was the Engliſh Nation to have ſuch a Prince, ſo nearly allied to their Crown both in Blood and by Marriage, whom they might call to be their Deliverer, when Bigotry and Deſpotiſm, the two greateſt Enemies to Human Society, had almoſt overthrown their whole Conſtitution in Church and State!

WILLIAM.

They might have been happy; but were not. —— As ſoon as I had ac-

compliſhed their Deliverance for them, many of them became my moſt implacable Enemies, and even wiſhed to reſtore the unforgiving Prince, whom they had ſo unanimouſly and ſo juſtly expelled from his Kingdom. —— Such Levity ſeems incredible. I could not myſelf have imagined it poſſible, in a Nation famed for *good Senſe*, if I had not had Proofs of it beyond Contradiction. They ſeemed as much to forget *what they called me over for*, as *that they had called me over*. The Security of their Religion, the Maintenance of their Liberty, were no longer their Care. All was to yield to the incomprehenſible Doctrine of *Right divine* and *Paſſive Obedience*. Thus the *Tories* grew *Jacobites*, after having renounced both that Doctrine and King James, by their Oppoſition to Him, by their Invitation of Me, and by every Act of the Parliament which gave me the Crown.—But the moſt troubleſome of my Enemies were a ſett of Republicans, who violently oppoſed all my Meaſures, and joined with the Jacobites in diſturbing my Government, only becauſe it was not a Commonwealth.

DE WITT.

They who were Republicans under your Government in the Kingdom of England did not love Liberty, but aſpired to Dominion, and wiſhed to throw the Nation into a total Confuſion, that it might give them a chance of working out from that Anarchy a better State for themſelves.

WILLIAM.

Your obſervation is juſt. A proud Man thinks himſelf a Lover of Liberty, when he is only impatient of a Power in Government above his own, and, were he a King, or the Firſt Miniſter of a King, would be a Tyrant. Nevertheleſs I will own to you, with the candour which becomes a virtuous Prince, that there were in England ſome Whigs, and even ſome of the moſt ſober and moderate Tories, who, with very honeſt Intentions, and ſometimes with good Judgments, propoſed new Securities to the Liberty of the Nation, againſt the Prerogative or Influence of the Crown, and the Corruption of Miniſters in future times. To ſome of theſe I gave way, being convinced they were

right; but others I reſiſted, for fear of weakening too much the Royal Authority, and breaking that *Ballance*, in which conſiſts the Perfection of a mixed Form of Government. I ſhould not, perhaps, have reſiſted ſo many, if I had not ſeen in the Houſe of Commons a Diſpoſition to riſe in their Demands on the Crown, had they found it more yielding. The Difficulties of my Government, upon the whole, were ſo great, that I once had determined, from mere Diſguſt and Reſentment, to give back to the Nation, aſſembled in Parliament, the Crown they had placed on my Head, and retire to Holland, where I found more Affection and Gratitude in the People. But I was ſtopped by the earneſt Supplications of my Friends, and by an Unwillingneſs to undo the great Work I had done: eſpecially as I knew, that, if England ſhould return into the hands of King James, it would be impoſſible, in that criſis, to preſerve the reſt of Europe from the Dominion of France.

DE WITT.

Heaven be praiſed that your Majeſty did not perſevere in ſo fatal a Reſolution.

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The United Provinces would have been ruined by it together with England. But I cannot enough expreſs my aſtoniſhment, that you ſhould have met with ſuch Treatment as could ſuggeſt ſuch a Thought! The Engliſh muſt ſure be a People incapable either of Liberty or Subjection!

WILLIAM.

There were, I muſt acknowledge, ſome Faults in my Temper, and ſome in my Government, which are an Excuſe for my Subjects with regard to the Uneaſineſs and Diſquiet they gave me. My Taciturnity, which ſuited the Genius of the Dutch, offended their's. They love an affable Prince: it was chiefly his Affability that made them ſo fond of Charles the Second. Their Frankneſs and Good-humour could not brook the Reſerve and Coldneſs of my Nature. Then the exceſs of my Favour to ſome of the Dutch, whom I had brought over with me, excited a national Jealouſy in the Engliſh, and hurt their Pride. My Government alſo appeared, at laſt, too unſteady, too fluctuating between the Whigs and the Tories, which almoſt deprived me

me of the Confidence and Affection of both Parties. I truſted too much to the Integrity and the Purity of my Intentions, without uſing thoſe Arts that are neceſſary to allay the Ferment of Factions, and allure Men to their Duty by ſoothing their Paſſions. Upon the whole, I am ſenſible that I better underſtood how to govern the Dutch than the Engliſh or the Scotch, and ſhould probably have been thought a greater Man, if I had not been King of Great Britain.

DE WITT.

It is a Shame to the Engliſh, that Gratitude, and Affection for ſuch Merit as your's, were not able to overcome any little Diſguſts ariſing from your Temper, and enthrone their Deliverer in the Hearts of his People. But will your Majeſty give me leave to aſk you one Queſtion? Is it true, as I have heard, that many of them diſliked your Alliances on the Continent, and ſpoke of your War with France as a *Dutch Meaſure*, in which you ſacrificed England to Holland.

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

The Cry of the Nation at firſt was ſtrong for the War: but before the End of it the Tories began publickly to talk the language you mention. And no Wonder they did;—for, as they then had a Deſire to ſet up again the Maxims of Government, which had prevailed in the reign of their beloved Charles the Second, they could not but repreſent Oppoſition to France, and vigorous Meaſures taken to reſtrain her Ambition, as unneceſſary for England: becauſe they well knew that the Counſels of that King had been utterly averſe to ſuch Meaſures; that his whole Policy made him a Friend to France; that he was governed by a French Miſtreſs, and even bribed by French Money, to give that Court his Aſſiſtance, or at leaſt his Acquieſcence, in all their Deſigns.

DE WITT.

A King of England, whoſe Cabinet is governed by France, and who becomes a vile Penſioner to a French King, degrades himſelf from his Royalty, and ought to be conſidered as an Enemy to the Nation. Indeed the whole Policy of Charles

Charles the Second, when he was not forced off from his natural Bias, by the Neceſſity he lay under of ſoothing his Parliament, was a conſtant, deſigned, ſyſtematical Oppoſition to the Intereſt of his People. His Brother, though more ſenſible to the Honour of England, was, by his Popery and Deſire of Arbitrary Power, conſtrained to lean upon France, and do nothing to obſtruct her Deſigns on the Continent, or leſſen her Greatneſs. It was therefore neceſſary to place the Britiſh Crown on your Head, not only with a view to preſerve the religious and civil Rights of the People from internal Oppreſſions, but to reſcue the whole State from that ſervile Dependance on it's natural Enemy, which muſt unqueſtionably have ended in it's Deſtruction. What Folly was it to revile your Meaſures abroad, as ſacrificing the Intereſt of your Britiſh Dominions to Connexions with the Continent, and principally with Holland? Had Great Britain no Intereſt to hinder the French from being Maſters of all the Auſtrian Netherlands, and forcing the Seven United Provinces, her ſtrongeſt Barrier on the Continent againſt the

Power

Power of that Nation, to ſubmit with the reſt to their Yoke? Would her Trade, would her Coaſts, would her Capital itſelf have been ſafe, after ſo mighty an Encreaſe of Shipping and Sailors, as France would have gained by thoſe Conqueſts? And what could have prevented them, but the War which you waged, and the Alliances which you formed? Could the Dutch and the Germans, unaided by Great Britain, have attempted to make head againſt a Power, which, even with her aſſiſtance, ſtrong and ſpirited as it was, they could hardly reſiſt? And after the check which had been given to the Encroachments of France, by the Efforts of the *Firſt Grand Alliance*, did not a new and greater Danger make it neceſſary to recur to another ſuch League? Was not the Union of France and Spain under one Monarch, or even under one Family, the moſt alarming Contingency that ever had threatened the Liberty of Europe.

WILLIAM.

I thought ſo; and I am ſure I did not err in my judgment. But Folly is blind; and Faction

Faction wilfully ſhuts her Eyes againſt the moſt evident Truths that croſs her deſigns; as ſhe believes any Lies, however palpable and abſurd, that ſhe thinks will aſſiſt them.

DE WITT.

The only Objection which ſeems to have any real Weight againſt your Syſtem of Policy, with regard to the maintenance of a Ballance of Power in Europe, is the enormous Expence that muſt neceſſarily attend it; an Expence which I am afraid neither England nor Holland will be able to bear without extreme Inconvenience.

WILLIAM.

I will anſwer that Objection by aſking a Queſtion. If, when you were Penſionary of Holland, Intelligence had been brought, that the Dykes were ready to break, and the Sea was coming in, to overwhelm and to drown us, what would you have ſaid to one of the Deputies, who, when you were propoſing the proper Repairs to ſtop the Inundation, ſhould have objected to the Charge, as too heavy on the

the Province? This was the caſe in a political Senſe with both England and Holland. The Fences raiſed to keep out Superſtition and Tyranny were all giving way: thoſe dreadful Evils were threatening, with their whole accumulated Force, to break in upon us, and overwhelm our Eccleſiaſtical and Civil Conſtitutions. In ſuch circumſtances to object to a neceſſary Expence is Folly and Madneſs.

DE WITT.

It is certain, Sir, that the utmoſt Abilities of a Nation can never be ſo well employed, as in the unwearied, pertinacious Defence of their Religion and Freedom. When *theſe* are loſt, there remains nothing that is worth the Concern of a good or wiſe Man. Nor do I think it conſiſtent with the Prudence of Government not to guard againſt future Dangers, as well as preſent; which Precaution muſt be often in ſome Degree expenſive. I acknowledge too, that the Reſources of a commercial Country, which ſupports its Trade, even in War, by invincible Fleets, and takes care not to hurt

it in the methods of impoſing or collecting it's Taxes, are immenſe, and inconceivable till the Trial is made; eſpecially where the Government, which demands the Supplies, is agreeable to the People. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* Expence will in the End be deſtructive. What matters it whether a ſtate is mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign Enemy, or dies by a Conſumption of its own vital Strength? Such a Conſumption will come upon Holland ſooner than upon England, becauſe the latter has a greater radical Force: but, great as it is, that Force at laſt will be ſo diminiſhed and exhauſted by perpetual Drains, that it may fail all at once, and thoſe efforts, which may ſeem moſt ſurpriſingly vigorous, will be in reality *the Convulſions of Death*. I don't apply this to your Majeſty's Government; but I ſpeak with a view to what may happen hereafter from the extenſive Ideas of Negociation and War which you have eſtabliſhed. They have been ſalutary to your Kingdom; but they will, I fear, be pernicious in future times, if in purſuing great Plans great Miniſters do not act with a Sobriety, Prudence,

dence, and attention to Frugality, which very ſeldom are joined with an extraordinary Vigour and Boldneſs of Counſels.

DIALOGUE XIX.

M. APICIUS—DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

ALAS! poor Apicius—I pity thee from my heart, for not having lived in my Age and in my Country. How many good Diſhes, unknown at Rome in thy Days, have I feaſted upon in England!

APICIUS.

Keep your Pity for yourſelf.—How many good Diſhes have I feaſted upon in Rome, which England does not produce, or of which the Knowledge has been loſt, with other Treaſures of Antiquity, in theſe degenerate Days! The fat Paps of a Sow, the Livers of Scari, the Brains of Phœnicopters, and the *Tripotanum*, which conſiſted

conſiſted of three excellent Sorts of Fiſh, for which you Engliſh have no Names, the *Lupus Marinus*, the *Myxo*, and the *Muræna*.

DARTENEUF.

I thought the *Muræna* had been our Lamprey. We have delicate ones in the Severn!

APICIUS.

No:—the Muræna, ſo reſpected by the ancient Roman Senators, was a Salt-water Fiſh, and kept by our Nobles in Ponds, into which the Sea was admitted.

DARTENEUF.

Why then I dare ſay our Severn Lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them ſtewed or potted.

APICIUS.

I was never in Britain. Your Country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I ſhould have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

DARTENEUF.

See St. Evremond's Letters.

I am ſorry for you, very ſorry: for if you never were in Britain you never eat the beſt Oyſters.

APICIUS.

See Juvenal and Pliny. Arbuthnot on ancient Coins, c. 5. Pars 2.

Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich Oyſters were brought to Rome in my time.

DARTENEUF.

They could not be freſh: They were good for nothing there.——You ſhould have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a Shame for you that you did not.—An Epicure talk of Danger when he is in ſearch of a Dainty! Did not Leander ſwim over the Helleſpont in a tempeſt, to get to his Miſtreſs? And what is a Wench to a Barrel of exquiſite Oyſters?

APICIUS.

See Athenæus and Bayle in his Notes to the Article Apicius.

Nay—I am ſure you can't blame me for any want of Alertneſs in ſeeking fine Fiſhes. I ſailed to the Coaſt of Africk, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taſte of one Species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our Coaſt, and finding

finding that I had received a falſe Information, I returned immediately, without even deigning to land.

DARTENEUF.

There was ſome ſenſe in that: but why did not you alſo make a Voyage to Sandwich? Had you once taſted thoſe Oyſters in their higheſt Perfection, you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burſt.

APICIUS.

I wiſh I had:—It would have been better than poiſoning myſelf, as I did, at Rome, becauſe I found, upon the Ballance of my Accounts, I had only the pitiful ſum of fourſcore thouſand Pounds left, which would not afford me a Table to keep me from ſtarving.

See Senec. de Conſol. ad Helviam. Martial. Epig. 22. l. 3. Bayle Apicius. See Arbuthnot, p. 116.

DARTENEUF.

A Sum of fourſcore thouſand Pounds not keep you from ſtarving! Would I had had it! I ſhould have been twenty Years in ſpending it, with the beſt Table in London.

APICIUS.

Alas poor Man! This ſhews that you Engliſh have no Idea of the Luxury that reigned in our Tables. Before I died I had ſpent in my Kitchen 807,291 l. 13 s. 4 d.

See Arbuthnot, p. 116.

DARTENEUF.

I don't believe a word of it: There is certainly an Error in the account.

APICIUS.

Why, the Eſtabliſhment of Lucullus for his Suppers in *the Apollo*, I mean for every Supper he ſat down to in the Room which he called by that name, was 5000 Drachms, which is in your Money 1614 l. 11 s. 8 d.

See Arbuthnot, p. 133.

DARTENEUF.

Would I had ſupped with him there! But are you ſure there is no Blunder in theſe Calculations?

APICIUS.

Aſk your learned Men that.—I reckon as they tell me.—But you may

think that theſe Feaſts were made only by great Men, by triumphant Generals, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Aſia to help him in his Houſekeeping. What will you ſay, when I tell you that the Player Æſopus had one Diſh that coſt him ſix thouſand Seſtertia, that is, four thouſand eight hundred and forty-three pounds ten ſhillings Engliſh? Arbuthnot, p. 133. Plin. l. 10. c. 60.

DARTENEUF.

What will I ſay? why, that I pity my worthy Friend, Mr. Cibber; and that, if I had known this, when alive, I ſhould have hanged myſelf for Vexation that I did not live in thoſe days.

APICIUS.

Well you might, well you might.—— You don't know what *Eating* is. You never could know it. Nothing leſs than the Wealth of the Roman Empire is ſufficient to enable a Man of Taſte to keep a good Table. Our Players were infinitely richer than your Princes.

DAR-

DARTENEUF.

Oh that I had but lived in the bleſſed Reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the Honour of dining with their ſlaves!

APICIUS.

See Bayle Apicius, Athenæus, l. 1. p. 7.

Arbuthnot, c. 5.

Ay, there you touch me.—I am miſerable that I died before their good times. They carried the Glories of their Table much farther than the beſt Eaters of the Age in which I lived. Vitellius ſpent in feaſting, within the compaſs of one year, what would amount in your Money to above ſeven Millions two hundred thouſand pounds. He told me ſo himſelf in a Converſation I had with him not long ago. And the two others you mentioned did not fall very ſhort of his Royal Magnificence.

DARTENEUF.

Theſe indeed were Great Princes. But what moſt affects me is the Luxury of that upſtart Fellow Æſopus.

Pray, of what Ingredients might the Diſh, he paid ſo much for, conſiſt?

APICIUS.

Chiefly of *ſinging Birds*. It was that which ſo greatly enhanced the Price. Arbuthnot, p. 133.

DARTENEUF.

Of *ſinging Birds!* Choak him. —— I never eat but *one*, which I ſtole out of it's cage from a Lady of my Acquaintance, and all London was in an Uproar, as if I had ſtolen and roaſted an only Child. But, upon recollection, I doubt whether I have really ſo much cauſe to envy Æſopus. For the *ſinging Bird* which I eat was not ſo good as a Wheatear or *Becafigue*. And therefore I ſuſpect that all the Luxury you have bragged of was nothing but Vanity. It was like the fooliſh extravagance of the Son of Æſopus, who diſſolved Pearls in Vinegar and drank them at Supper. I will ſtake my credit, that a Haunch of good Buck Veniſon, and my Favourite *Ham Pye*, were much better Diſhes than any at the Table of Vitellius himſelf. It does not appear that you Ancients ever had any good Soops, without

Pope's Imit: of Hor. Sat. I. l. 46.

without which a Man of Taſte cannot poſſibly dine. The Rabbits in Italy are deteſtable: but what is better than *the Wing* of one of our Engliſh *wild* Rabbits? I have been told you had no Turkies. The Mutton in Italy is ill-flavoured. And as for your Boars *roaſted whole*, they were only fit to be ſerved up at a Corporation Feaſt or Election Dinner. A ſmall *Barbecued Hog* is worth a hundred of them. And a good Collar of Canterbury or Shrewſbury Brawn is a much better Diſh.

APICIUS.

If you had ſome Meats that we wanted, yet our Cookery muſt have been greatly ſuperior to Your's. Our Cooks were ſo excellent, that they could give to Hog's Fleſh the Taſte of all other Meats.

See Arbuthnot, c. 5.

DARTENEUF.

I ſhould never have endured their Imitations. You might as eaſily have impoſed on a good *Connoiſſeur* in Painting the Copy of a fine Picture for the Original. Our Cooks, on the contrary, give to all other Meats, and even to ſome kinds of Fiſh, a rich flavour of Bacon, without deſtroy-

deſtroying that which makes the diſtinction of one from another. It does not appear to me that *Eſſence of Hams* was ever known to the Ancients. We have a hundred *Ragouts*, the compoſition of which ſurpaſſes all deſcription. Had your's been as good, you could not have lain indolently lolling upon Couches, while you were eating. They would have made you ſit up and mind your Buſineſs. Then you had a ſtrange Cuſtom of hearing Things *read to you* while you were at Supper. This demonſtrates that you were not ſo well entertained as we are with our Meat. When I was at Table, I neither heard, nor ſaw, nor ſpoke: I only taſted. But the worſt of all is, that, in the utmoſt perfection of your Luxury, you had no Wine to be named with Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Old Hock, or Tokay. You boaſted much of your *Falernum:* but I have taſted the *Lachrymæ Chriſti*, and other Wines of that Coaſt, not one of which would I have drunk above a Glaſs or two of, if you would have given me the Kingdom of Naples. I have read that you boiled your

Wines,

Wines, and mixed Water with them; which is ſufficient evidence that in themſelves they were not fit to drink.

APICIUS.

I am afraid you do really excell us in Wines; not to mention your Beer, your Cyder, and your Perry, of all which I have heard great fame from your Countrymen, and their Report has been confirmed by the Teſtimony of their Neighbours, who have travelled into England. Wonderful Things have been alſo ſaid to me of an Engliſh Liquor, called Punch.

DARTENEUF.

Ay—to have died without taſting *That* is miſerable indeed! There is Rum Punch, and Arrack Punch! It is difficult to ſay which is beſt; but Jupiter would have given his Nectar for either of them, upon my Word and Honour.

APICIUS.

The Thought of them puts me into a Fever with Thirſt.

DAR-

DARTENEUF.

Theſe incomparable Liquors are brought to us from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, of the firſt of which you knew little, and of the latter nothing. This alone is ſufficient to determine the Diſpute. What a new World of good Things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to Us? Think of *That*, and deſpair.

APICIUS.

I cannot indeed but exceedingly lament my ill Fate, that America was not diſcovered, before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of Chocolate, Pine Apples, and a number of other fine Fruits, or delicious meats, produced there, which I have never taſted.

DARTENEUF.

The ſingle Advantage of having Sugar, to ſweeten every thing with, inſtead of Honey, which you, for want of the other, were obliged to make uſe of, is ineſtimable.

APICIUS.

I confeſs your Superiority in that important Article. But what grieves me moſt

moſt is, that I never eat a Turtle. They tell me that it is abſolutely the Beſt of all Foods!

DARTENEUF.

Yes, I have heard the Americans ſay ſo: — but I never eat any: for in my time they were not brought over to England.

APICIUS.

Never eat any Turtle! How could'ſt thou dare to accuſe me of not going to Sandwich, to eat Oyſters, and didſt not thyſelf take a trip to America, to riot on Turtles? But know, wretched Man, I am credibly informed, that they are now as plentiful in England as Sturgeons. There are Turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Briſtol from the Weſt Indies. I have juſt received this information from a fat Alderman, who died in London laſt Week, of a Surfeit he got at a Turtle Feaſt in that City.

DARTENEUF.

What does he ſay? does he affirm to you that Turtle is better than Veniſon!

APICIUS.

APICIUS.

He ſays, there was a Haunch of the fatteſt Veniſon untouched, while every Mouth was employed on the Turtle alone.

DARTENEUF.

Alas! how imperfect is human Felicity! I lived in an Age when *the noble Science of Eating* was ſuppoſed to have been carried to its higheſt perfection in England and France. And yet a *Turtle Feaſt* is a Novelty to me! Would it be impoſſible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one Day to my own Table at London, juſt to taſte of that Food? I would promiſe to kill myſelf by the Quantity of it I would eat before the next Morning.

APICIUS.

You have forgot you have no *Body:* That which you had has long been rotten: and you can never return to the Earth with another, unleſs Pythagoras ſhould ſend you thither to animate a Hog. But comfort yourſelf, that, as you have eaten

Dainties which I never taſted, ſo the next Age will eat ſome unknown to this. New Diſcoveries will be made, and new Delicacies brought from other Parts of the World.—But ſee; who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

MERCURY.

Gentlemen, I muſt tell you, that I have ſtood near you inviſible, and heard your Diſcourſe; a Privilege which, you know, we Deities uſe as often as we pleaſe. Attend therefore to what I ſhall communicate to you, relating to the ſubject upon which you have been talking. I know two Men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, who had much more Pleaſure in Eating than either of you, through the whole courſe of your lives.

APICIUS.

One of theſe happy Epicures, I preſume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French Gentleman ſettled in the Weſt Indies.

MER-

MERCURY.

No: one was a Spartan Soldier and the other an Engliſh Farmer. —— I ſee you both look aſtoniſhed. But what I tell you is Truth. Labour and Hunger gave a Reliſh to the *Black Broth* of the former, and the *Salt Beef* of the latter, beyond what you ever found in the *Tripotanums* or *Ham Pyes*, that vainly ſtimulated your forced and languid Appetites, which perpetual Indolence weakened, and conſtant Luxury overcharged.

DARTENEUF.

This, Apicius, is more mortifying than not to have ſhared a Turtle Feaſt.

APICIUS.

I wiſh, Mercury, you had taught me your *Art of Cookery* in my Life-time: but it is a ſad Thing not to know what *good Living* is till after one is *dead*.

DIALOGUE XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
CHARLES the Twelfth, King of Sweden.

ALEXANDER.

YOUR Majeſty ſeems in great Wrath! Who has offended you?

CHARLES.

The Offence is to you as much as me. Here is a Fellow admitted into Elyſium, who has affronted us both: an Engliſh Poet, one Pope. He has called us *two Madmen!*

Pope's Eſſay on Man, Ep. iv. l. 219, 20.

ALEXANDER.

I have been unlucky in Poets. No Prince ever was fonder of the Muſes than

than I, or has received from them a more ungrateful Return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, becauſe he had a Homer to celebrate his Exploits; and I moſt bountifully rewarded Chœrilus, a Pretender to Poetry, for writing Verſes on mine: but my Liberality, inſtead of doing me Honour, has ſince drawn upon me the Ridicule of Horace, a witty Roman Poet, and Lucan, another Verſifier of the ſame nation, has loaded my Memory with the harſheſt Invectives.

CHARLES.

I know nothing of theſe; but I know that in my time, a pert French Satiriſt, one Boileau, made ſo free with your character, that I tore his book for having abuſed my favourite Hero. And now this ſaucy Engliſhman has libelled us both.—But I have a Propoſal to make to you for the Reparation of our Honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all theſe inſolent Scriblers out of Elyſium, and throw them down headlong to the bottom of Tartarus, in ſpite of Pluto and all his Guards.

See Porriatowſki's Remarks on Voltaire's Hiſtory of Charles XII.

ALEXANDER.

This is juſt ſuch a Scheme as that you formed at Bender, to maintain yourſelf there, with the aid of three hundred Swedes, againſt the whole Force of the Ottoman Empire. And I muſt ſay, that ſuch Follies gave the Engliſh Poet too much cauſe to call you a Madman.

CHARLES.

If my Heroiſm was Madneſs, your's, I preſume, was not Wiſdom.

ALEXANDER.

There was a vaſt difference between your Conduct and mine. Let Poets or Declaimers ſay what they will, Hiſtory ſhews, that I was not only the braveſt Soldier, but one of the ableſt Commanders the World has ever ſeen. Whereas you, by imprudently leading your Army into vaſt and barren Deſerts, at the approach of the Winter, expoſed it to periſh in it's march for want of Subſiſtence, loſt your Artillery, loſt a great number of your Soldiers, and were forced to fight with the Muſcovites under ſuch diſadvan-

tages, as made it almoſt impoſſible for you to conquer.

CHARLES.

I will not diſpute your Superiority as a General. It is not for me, a mere Mortal, to contend with *the Son of Jupiter Ammon*.

ALEXANDER.

I ſuppoſe you think my pretending that *Jupiter* was my Father as much entitles me to the name of a Madman, as your extravagant behaviour at Bender does you. But you are greatly miſtaken. It was not my Vanity, but my Policy, which ſet up that Pretenſion. When I propoſed to undertake the conqueſt of Aſia, it was neceſſary for me to appear to the People ſomething more than a Man. They had been uſed to the Idea of *Demi-god Heroes*. I therefore claimed an equal Deſcent with Oſiris and Seſoſtris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former Conquerors of the Eaſt. The Opinion of my Divinity aſſiſted my Arms, and ſubdued all Nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But, though I

called myſelf *the Son of Jupiter*, and kept up the Veneration that name inſpired, by a Courage which ſeemed more than human, and by the ſublime Magnanimity of all my Behaviour, I did not forget that I was *the Son of Philip*. I uſed the Policy of my Father, and the wiſe Leſſons of Ariſtotle, whom he had made my Preceptor, in the conduct of all my great Deſigns. It was *the Son of Philip* who planted Greek Colonies in Aſia, as far as the Indies; who formed Projects of Trade more extenſive than his Empire itſelf; who laid the foundations of them in the midſt of his Wars; who built Alexandria, to be the Centre and Staple of Commerce between Europe, Aſia, and Africk; who ſent Nearchus to navigate the unknown Indian Seas, and intended to have gone himſelf from thoſe Seas to the Pillars of Hercules, that is, to have explored the Paſſage round Africk, the Diſcovery of which has ſince been ſo glorious to Vaſco de Gama. It was *the Son of Philip*, who, after ſubduing the Perſians, governed them with ſuch Lenity, ſuch Juſtice and ſuch Wiſdom, that they loved him even more than ever they had loved their natural Kings;

See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

Kings; and who, by Intermarriages, and all Methods that could beſt eſtabliſh a Coalition between the Conquerors and the Conquered, united them into one People. But what, Sir, did you do, to advance the Trade of your Subjects, to procure any Benefit to thoſe you had vanquiſhed, or to convert any Enemy into a Friend?

CHARLES.

When I might eaſily have made myſelf King of Poland, and was adviſed to do ſo, by Count Piper, my favourite Miniſter, I generouſly gave that Kingdom to Staniſlas, as you had given a great part of your Conqueſts in India to Porus, beſides his own Dominions, which you reſtored to him entire, after you had beaten his Army and taken him Captive.

ALEXANDER.

I gave him the Government of thoſe Countries under me, and as my Lieutenant; which was the beſt method of preſerving my Power in Conqueſts, where I could not leave Garriſons ſufficient to maintain

maintain them. The ſame Policy was afterwards practiſed by the Romans, who of all Conquerors, except me, were the greateſt Politicians. But neither was I, nor were they ſo extravagant, as to conquer only for Others, or dethrone Kings with no view, but merely to have the pleaſure of beſtowing their Crowns on ſome of their ſubjects, without any advantage to Ourſelves. Nevertheleſs, I will own, that my Expedition to India was an Exploit of *the Son of Jupiter*, not of *the Son of Philip*. I had done better if I had ſtaid to give more Conſiſtency to my Perſian and Græcian Empires, inſtead of attempting new Conqueſts, and at ſuch a diſtance, ſo ſoon. Yet even this War was of Uſe to hinder my Troops from being corrupted by the Effeminacy of Aſia, and to keep up that univerſal Awe of my Name, which in thoſe Countries was the great Support of my Power.

CHARLES.

In the unwearied Activity with which I proceeded from one Enterprize to another,

ther, I dare call myſelf your equal. Nay, I may pretend to a higher Glory than you, becauſe you only went on from Victory to Victory; but the greateſt Loſſes were not able to diminiſh my Ardour, or ſtop the Efforts of my daring and invincible Spirit.

ALEXANDER.

You ſhewed in Adverſity much more Magnanimity than you did in Proſperity. How unworthy of a Prince who imitated me was your behaviour to the King your Arms had vanquiſhed! The compelling Auguſtus to write himſelf a Letter of Congratulation to one of his Vaſſals, whom you had placed in his Throne, was the very Reverſe of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous inſult upon his ill fortune! It was the Triumph of a little and a low Mind! The Viſit you made him immediately after that Inſult was a farther contempt, offenſive to him, and both uſeleſs and dangerous to yourſelf.

See Voltaire's Charles XII.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

I feared no Danger from it.—I knew he durſt not uſe the Power I gave him to hurt me.

ALEXANDER.

If his Reſentment, in that inſtant, had prevailed over his Fear, as it was likely to do, you would have periſhed deſervedly by your Inſolence and Preſumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all Dangers, which I thought it was neceſſary or proper for me to meet, I never put myſelf one moment in the Power of an Enemy whom I had offended. But you had the Raſhneſs of *Folly* as well as of *Heroiſm*. A falſe Opinion conceived of your Enemy's Weakneſs proved at laſt your Undoing. When, in anſwer to ſome reaſonable Propoſitions of Peace, ſent to you by the Czar, you ſaid, "*You would come and treat with him at Moſcow*;" he replied very juſtly, "*That you affected to act like Alexander, but ſhould not find in Him a Darius.*" And, doubtleſs, you ought to have been better acquainted with the Character of that

See Voltaire's Charles XII.

Prince. Had Perſia been governed by a *Peter Alexowitz* when I made war againſt it, I ſhould have acted more cautiouſly, and not have counted ſo much on the Superiority of my Troops, in Valour and Diſcipline, over an Army commanded by a King, who was ſo capable of inſtructing them in all they wanted.

CHARLES.

The Battle of Narva, won by eight thouſand Swedes againſt fourſcore thouſand Muſcovites, ſeemed to authorize my Contempt of the Nation and their Prince.

ALEXANDER.

It happened that their Prince was not preſent in that Battle. But he had not as yet had the time, which was neceſſary to inſtruct his barbarous Soldiers. You gave him that time, and he made ſo good a uſe of it, that you found at Pultowa the Muſcovites become a different Nation. If you had followed the Blow you gave them at Narva, and marched directly to Moſcow, you might have deſtroyed their Hercules in his Cradle. But you ſuffered him

him to grow, till his ſtrength was mature, and then acted as if he had been ſtill in his Childhood.

CHARLES.

I muſt confeſs you excelled me in Conduct, in Policy, and in true Magnanimity. But my Liberality was not inferior to your's; and neither you nor any Mortal ever ſurpaſſed me in the Enthuſiaſm of Courage. I was alſo free from thoſe Vices which ſullied your Character. I never was drunk; I killed no Friend in the Riot of a Feaſt; I fired no Palace at the Inſtigation of a Harlot.

ALEXANDER.

See Plutarch's Morals and Xenophon.

It may perhaps be admitted as ſome Excuſe for my Drunkenneſs, that the Perſians eſteemed it an Excellence in their Kings to be able to drink a great quantity of Wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a Diſhonour. But you were as frantic, and as cruel, when ſober, as I was, when drunk. You were ſober when you reſolved to continue in Turkey againſt the Will of your Hoſt,

See Voltaire's Charles XII.

the

the *Grand Signor*. You were ſober when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whoſe only crime was his having maintained the Liberties of his Country, and who bore the ſacred Character of an Embaſſador, to be broken alive on the Wheel, againſt the Laws of Nations, and thoſe of Humanity, more inviolable ſtill to a generous Mind. You were likewiſe ſober when you wrote to the Senate of Sweden, who, upon a Report of your Death, endeavoured to take ſome care of your Kingdom, *That, you would ſend them one of your Boots, and from That they ſhould receive their Orders, if they pretended to meddle in Government:* An Inſult much worſe than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was moſt heated with Wine and with Adulation! As for my Chaſtity, it was not ſo perfect as your's, though on ſome Occaſions I obtained great Praiſe for my Continence: but, perhaps, if you had been not quite ſo inſenſible to the Charms of the fair Sex, it would have mitigated and ſoftened the Fierceneſs, the Pride, and the Obſtinacy of your Nature.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

It would have ſoftened me into a Woman, or, what I think ſtill more contemptible, the Slave of a Woman. But you ſeem to inſinuate that you never were cruel or frantic unleſs when you were drunk, This I abſolutely deny.— You were not drunk, when you crucified Hephæſtion's Phyſician, for not curing a Man who killed himſelf by his Intemperance in his Sickneſs; nor when you ſacrificed to the Manes of that favourite Officer the whole Nation of the Cuſſeans, Men, Women, and Children, who were entirely innocent of his Death; becauſe you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated ſome Trojan Captives on the Tomb of Patroclus. I could mention other Proofs that your Paſſions inflamed you as much as Wine: but theſe are ſufficient.

See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

ALEXANDER.

I can't deny that my Paſſions were ſometimes ſo violent as to deprive me for a while the Uſe of my Reaſon; eſpecially when the Pride of ſuch amazing Succeſſes, the Servitude of the Perſians,

and

and Barbarian Flattery, had intoxicated my Mind. To bear, at my Age, with continual Moderation, ſuch Fortune as mine, was hardly in human Nature. As for you, there was an Exceſs and Intemperance in your Virtues, which turned them all into Vices. And one Virtue you wanted, which in a Prince is very commendable, and beneficial to the Public, I mean the Love of Science and of the elegant Arts. Under my Care and Patronage they were carried in Greece to their utmoſt Perfection. Ariſtotle, Apelles, and Lyſippus were among the Glories of my Reign: Your's was illuſtrated only by Battles. — Upon the whole, though, from ſome Reſemblance between us, I ſhould naturally be inclined to decide in your favour, yet I muſt give the Priority in Renown to your Enemy, Peter Alexowitz. That great Monarch *raiſed* his Country; You *ruined* your's. He was a *Legiſlator*, you were a *Tyrant*.

DIALOGUE XXI.

Cardinal XIMENES—Cardinal WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

YOU ſeem to look on me, Ximenes, with an Air of Superiority, as if I was not your Equal. Have you forgotten that I was the Favourite and Firſt Miniſter of a great King of England. That I was at once Lord High Chancellor, Biſhop of Durham, Biſhop of Wincheſter, Archbiſhop of York, and Cardinal Legate. On what other Subject were ever accumulated ſo many Dignities, ſuch Honours, ſuch Power!

XIMENES.

In order to prove yourſelf my Equal, you are pleaſed to tell me what you *had*, not

not what you *did*. But it is not the having great Offices; it is the doing great Things, that makes a great Miniſter. I know that for ſome years you governed the Mind of King Henry the Eighth, and conſequently his Kingdom, with the moſt abſolute ſway. Let me aſk you then, what were *the Acts of your Reign?*

WOLSEY.

My *Acts* were thoſe of a very ſkilful Courtier and able Politician. I managed a Temper, which Nature had made the moſt difficult to manage, of any, perhaps, that ever exiſted, with ſuch conſummate addreſs, that all its Paſſions were rendered entirely ſubſervient to my Inclinations. In foreign Affairs I turned the Arms of my Maſter, or diſpoſed of his Friendſhip, which ever Way my own Intereſt happened to direct. It was not with *Him*, but with *Me*, that Treaties were made by the Emperor or by France; and none were concluded, during my Miniſtry, that did not contain ſome Article in my Favour, beſides ſecret Aſſurances of aiding my Ambition or Reſentment, which were the real Springs of all my

Negociations. At home I brought the Pride of the Engliſh Nobility, which had reſiſted the greateſt of the *Plantagenets*, to bow ſubmiſſively to the Son of a *Butcher of Ipſwich*. And, as my Power was Royal, my State and Magnificence were ſuitable to it: My Buildings, my Furniture, my Houſhold, my Equipage, my Liberalities, and my Charities, were above the rank of a Subject.

XIMENES.

From all you have ſaid I underſtand that you gained great Advantages *for yourſelf* in the courſe of your Miniſtry, too great indeed for a good Man to deſire, or a wiſe Man to accept. But what did you do for your Sovereign, and for the State? —— You make me no Anſwer. —— What I did is well known. I was not content with forcing the Arrogance of the Spaniſh Nobility to ſtoop to my Power, but uſed that Power to free the People from their Oppreſſions. In you they reſpected the Royal Authority; I made them reſpect the Majeſty of the Laws. I alſo relieved my Countrymen, the Commons of Caſtile, from a moſt grievous Burthen, by an Alteration

See Marſolier Vie de Ximeſne.

teration in the Method of collecting their Taxes. After the Death of Iſabella I preſerved the Tranquillity of Arragon and Caſtile, by procuring the Regency of the latter for Ferdinand, a wiſe and valiant Prince, though he had not been my Friend during the Life of the Queen. And when, after his Deceaſe, I was raiſed to the Regency by the general Eſteem and Affection of the Caſtilians, I adminiſtred the Government with great Courage, Firmneſs, and Prudence; with the moſt perfect Diſintereſtedneſs in regard to myſelf, and moſt zealous Concern for the Public. I ſuppreſſed all the Factions which threatened to diſturb the Peace of that Kingdom in the Minority and the Abſence of the young King; and prevented the diſcontents of the Commons of Caſtile, too juſtly incenſed againſt the Flemiſh Miniſters, who governed their Prince and rapaciouſly pillaged their Country, from breaking out, during my Life, into open Rebellion, as they did, moſt unhappily, ſoon after my Death. Theſe were my Civil Acts: but to complete the Renown of my Adminiſtration, I added to it the Palm of Military Glory. At my own

charges, and myſelf commanding the Army, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it, with its territory, to the Spaniſh Dominions.

WOLSEY.

My Soul was as elevated and noble as your's; my Underſtanding as ſtrong, and more refined. But the Difference of our Conduct aroſe from the Difference of our Objects. To raiſe your Reputation, and ſecure your Power in Caſtile, by making that Kingdom as happy, and as great as you could, was your Object. Mine was to procure *the Triple Crown* for myſelf by the Aſſiſtance of my Sovereign, and of the greateſt foreign Powers. Each of us took the Means that were evidently moſt proper to the accompliſhment of his Ends.

XIMENES.

Can you confeſs ſuch a Principle of your Conduct without a Bluſh? But you will at leaſt be aſhamed, that you failed in your Purpoſe, and were the Dupe of the Powers with whom you negociated; after having diſhonoured the character of your Maſter, in order to ſerve your own Ambi-

Ambition. I accompliſhed my Deſire, with Glory to my Sovereign, and Advantage to my Country. Beſides this Difference, there was a great one in the Methods by which we acquired our Power. We both owed it indeed to the Favour of Princes; but I gained Iſabella's by the Opinion ſhe had of my Piety and Integrity: You gained Henry's by a Complaiſance and courſe of Life, which were a Reproach to your Character and ſacred Orders.

WOLSEY.

I did not, as you, Ximenes, did, carry with me to Court the Auſterity of a Monk; nor, if I had done ſo, could I poſſibly have gained any Influence there. Iſabella and Henry were different Characters, and their Favour was to be ſought in different ways. By making myſelf agreeable to the latter, I ſo governed his Paſſions, unruly as they were, that, while I lived, they did not produce any of thoſe dreadful Effects, which after my Death were cauſed by them in his Family and Kingdom.

XIMENES.

If Henry the Eighth, your Maſter, had been King of Caſtile, I would never have been drawn by him out of my Cloiſter. A Man of Virtue and Spirit will not be prevailed with to go into a Court, where he cannot riſe without Baſeneſs.

WOLSEY.

See Marſolier Vie de Ximeſne.

The Inflexibility of your Mind had like to have ruined you in ſome of your Meaſures: and the Bigottry, which you had derived from your long Abode in a Cloiſter and retained when a Miniſter, was very near depriving the Crown of Caſtile of the new-conquered Kingdom of Granada, by the Revolt of the Moors in that City, whom you had prematurely forced to change their Religion. Do you not remember how angry King Ferdinand was with you on that account?

XIMENES.

I do, and muſt acknowledge that my Zeal was too intemperate in all that proceeding.

WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

My worſt Complaiſances to King Henry the Eighth were far leſs hurtful to England, than the unjuſt and inhuman Court of Inquiſition, which you eſtabliſhed in Granada, to watch over the Faith of your unwilling Converts, has been to Spain.

XIMENES.

I only revived and ſettled in Granada an ancient Tribunal, inſtituted firſt by one of our Saints againſt the Albigenſes, and gave it greater Powers. The Miſchiefs which have attended it cannot be denied. But if any Force may be uſed for the Maintenance of Religion (and the Church of Rome has, you know, declared authoritatively that it may) none could be ſo effectual to anſwer the Purpoſe.

WOLSEY.

This is an Argument rather againſt the Opinion of the Church, than for the Inquiſition. I will only ſay, I think myſelf very happy, that my Adminiſtration was ſtained with no Action of Cruelty, not

not even Cruelty *ſanctified by the name of Religion*. My Temper indeed, which influenced my conduct more than my Principles, was much milder than your's. To the proud I was proud; but to my Friends and Inferiors benevolent and humane. Had I ſucceeded in the great Object of my Ambition, had I acquired the Popedom, I ſhould have governed the Church with more Moderation, and better Senſe, than, probably, you would have done, if you had exchanged the See of Toledo for that of Rome. My Good-nature, my Policy, my Taſte for Magnificence, my Love of the fine Arts, of Wit, and of Learning, would have made me the Delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greateſt Princes. Whereas in you, the ſour Bigot and rigid Monk would too much have prevailed over the Prince and the Stateſman.

XIMENES.

What either of us would have been in that ſituation does not appear. But, if you are compared to me *as a Miniſter*, you are vaſtly inferior. The only Circumſtance

cumſtance in which you can juſtly pretend to any Equality is the Encouragement you gave to Learning, and your Munificence in promoting it, which was indeed very great. Your two Colleges founded at Ipſwich and Oxford may vie with my Univerſity at Alcala de Henara. But in our Generoſity there was this Difference: All my Revenues were ſpent in well-placed Liberalities, in Acts of Charity, Piety, and Virtue: Whereas a great Part of your enormous Wealth was ſquandered away in Luxury and vain Oſtentation. With regard to all other Points my Superiority is apparent. You were only a Favorite: I was the Friend and the Father of the People. You ſerved yourſelf: I ſerved the State. The Concluſion of our Lives was alſo much more honourable to me than you.

WOLSEY.

Did not you die, as I did, in Diſgrace with your Maſter?

XIMENES.

That Diſgrace was brought upon me by a Faction of Foreigners, to whoſe Power, as a good Spaniard, I would not

not ſubmit. A Miniſter, who falls a Victim to ſuch an Oppoſition, Riſes by his Fall. Your's was not graced by any Public Cauſe, any Merit to the Nation. Your Spirit therefore ſunk under it; you bore it with Meanneſs. Mine was unbroken, ſuperior to my Enemies, ſuperior to Fortune; and I died as I had lived; with undiminiſhed Dignity and Greatneſs of Mind.

DIALOGUE XXII.

LUCIAN——RABELAIS.

LUCIAN.

FRIEND Rabelais, well met.—Our Souls are very good Company for one another. We both were great Wits, and moſt audacious Freethinkers. We laughed often at Folly, and ſometimes at Wiſdom. I was indeed more correct and more elegant in my Style: but then, in return, you had a greater Fertility of Imagination. My *True Hiſtory* is much inferior, in Fancy and Invention, in Force of Wit and Keenneſs of Satire, to your *Hiſtory of the Acts of Garagantua and Pantagruel.*

RABELAIS.

You do me great Honour: but I may ſay, without Vanity, that both thoſe Compoſitions

ſitions entitle the Authors of them to a very diſtinguiſhed Place, among Memoir-writers, Travellers, and even Hiſtorians ancient and modern.

LUCIAN.

Doubtleſs they do. But will you pardon me if I aſk you one queſtion? Why did you chuſe to write ſuch abſolute *Nonſenſe*, as you have in ſome Places of your illuſtrious Work?

RABELAIS.

I was forced to compound my Phyſic for the Mind with a large Doſe of Nonſenſe, in order to make it go down. To own the Truth to you, if I had not ſo frequently put on *the Fool's Cap*, the freedoms I took, in other places, with *Cowls*, with *red Hats*, and *the Triple Crown itſelf*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my Book, but I myſelf, ſhould, in all probability, have been condemned to the Flames: and Martyrdom was an Honour to which I never aſpired. I therefore counterfeited Folly, like Junius Brutus, from the wiſeſt of all Principles, that of Self-preſervation. You, Lucian, had no need to uſe ſo much Caution.

Your Heathen Prieſts deſired only a Sacrifice now and then from an Epicurean, as a Mark of *Conformity*; and kindly allowed him to make as free as he pleaſed, in Converſation or Writings, with the whole Tribe of Gods and Goddeſſes, from the thundering Jupiter and the ſcolding Juno, down to *the Dog Anubis* and the fragrant Dame *Cloacina*.

LUCIAN.

Say rather that our Government allowed us that Liberty! for I aſſure you our Prieſts were by no means pleaſed with it; at leaſt they were not in my time.

RABELAIS.

The wiſer Men they! for, in ſpite of the Conformity required by the Laws, and enforced by the Magiſtrate, that Ridicule brought the Syſtem of Pagan Theology into contempt, not only with the Philoſophical Part of Mankind, but even with the Vulgar.

LUCIAN.

It did ſo, and the ableſt Defenders of Paganiſm were forced to give up the Poetical Fables, and *allegorize the whole*.

RABE-

RABELAIS.

An excellent way of drawing Senſe out of Abſurdity, and grave Inſtructions from Lewdneſs! There is a great modern Wit, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who, in his Treatiſe entitled *The Wiſdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own Prieſts!

LUCIAN.

He has indeed ſhewn himſelf an admirable Chymiſt, and made a fine Tranſmutation of Folly into Wiſdom. But all the latter Platoniſts took the ſame Method of defending our Faith, when it was attacked by the Chriſtians: and certainly a more judicious one could not be found. Our Fables ſay, that, in one of their Wars with the Titans, the Gods were defeated, and forced to turn themſelves into *Beaſts*, in order to eſcape from the Conquerors. Juſt the Reverſe happened here:—For, by this happy Art, our *beaſtly Divinities* were turned again into rational Beings.

RABELAIS.

Give me a good Commentator, with a ſubtle, refining, Philoſophical Head; and

ſhall have the edification of ſeeing him draw *the moſt ſublime Allegories*, and the moſt venerable *Myſtic Truths*, from my Hiſtory of *the noble Garagantua and Pantagruel!* I don't deſpair of being proved, to the entire Satisfaction of ſome future Age, to have been, without Exception, the profoundeſt *Divine* and *Metaphyſician* that ever yet held a Pen.

LUCIAN.

I ſhall rejoice to ſee you advanced to that Honour. But in the mean time I may take the Liberty to conſider you as one of our Claſs. There you ſit very high.

RABELAIS.

I am afraid there is another, and a modern Author too, whom you would bid to ſit above me, and but juſt below yourſelf: I mean Dr. Swift.

LUCIAN.

It was not neceſſary for him to throw ſo much Nonſenſe into his Hiſtory of Lemuel Gulliver, as you did into that of your two illuſtrious Heroes; and his Style is far more correct than your's. His Wit never deſcended (as your's fre-

quently did) into the loweſt of Taverns, nor ever wore the meaneſt Garb of the Vulgar.

RABELAIS.

If the Garb, which it wore, was not as *mean*, I am certain it was ſometimes as *dirty* as mine.

LUCIAN.

It was not always nicely clean. Yet in compariſon with you he was decent and elegant. But whether there was not in your Compoſitions more *Fire*, and a more *Comic Spirit*, I will not determine.

RABELAIS.

If you will not determine it, e'en let it remain a Matter in diſpute, as I have left the great Queſtion, *Whether Panurge ſhould marry or not?* I would as ſoon undertake to meaſure the difference between the Height and Bulk of the Giant Garagantua and his Brobdignanian Majeſty, as the difference of Merit between my Writings and Swift's. If any Man takes a Fancy to like my Book, let him freely enjoy the entertainment it gives him, and drink to my Memory in a Bumper. If

another

another likes Gulliver, let him toaſt Dr. Swift. Were I upon Earth, I would pledge him in a Bumper, *ſuppoſing the Wine to be good.* If a third likes neither of us, let him ſilently paſs the Bottle, and be quiet.

LUCIAN.

But what if he will not be quiet? A Critic is an unquiet Creature.

RABELAIS.

Why then he will diſturb himſelf, not me.

LUCIAN.

You are a greater Philoſopher than I thought you! I knew you paid no reſpect to Popes, or Kings; but to pay none to Critics, is, in an Author, a Magnanimity beyond all Example.

RABELAIS.

My Life was a Farce: my Death was a Farce: and would you have me make my Book a ſerious Affair? As for you, though in general you are only a Joker, yet ſometimes you muſt be ranked among

grave Authors. You have written ſage and learned Diſſertations on Hiſtory, and other weighty Matters. The Critics have therefore an undoubted Right to maul you: they find you in their Province. But if any of them dare to come into mine, I will order Garagantua to ſwallow them up, as he did the ſix Pilgrims, in the next Sallad he eats.

See Rabelais, l. 1. c. 38.

LUCIAN.

Have I not heard that you wrote a very good ſerious Book on the Aphoriſms of Hippocrates?

RABELAIS.

Upon my Faith, I had forgot it. I am ſo uſed to my *Fool's Coat*, that I don't know myſelf in my ſolemn *Doctor's Gown*. But your Information was right: that Book was indeed a very reſpectable, Work. Yet nobody reads it; and if I had writ nothing elſe, I ſhould have been reckoned, at beſt, *a Laquey to Hippocrates:* whereas the Hiſtorian of *Panurge* is *an eminent Writer*. Plain Good Senſe, like a Diſh of ſolid Beef or Mutton, is proper only for Peaſants; but *a Ragout of Folly*, well dreſſed

dreſſed with *a ſharp ſauce of Wit*, is fit to be ſerved up at an Emperor's Table.

LUCIAN.

You are an admirable pleaſant Fellow! Let me embrace you. — How Apollo and the Muſes may rank you on Parnaſſus I am not very certain: but, if I were Maſter of the Ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you ſhould be placed, with a full bowl of Nectar before you, at the right hand of Momus.

RABELAIS.

I wiſh you were — but I fear the Inhabitants of thoſe ſublime Regions will like your Company no better than mine. Indeed, how Momus himſelf could get a Seat at that Table, I can't well comprehend! It has been uſual, I confeſs, in ſome of our Courts upon Earth, to have a privileged Jeſter, called *the King's Fool*. But in the Court of Heaven one ſhould not have ſuppoſed ſuch an Officer, as *Jupiter's Fool*. Your Allegorical Theology in this point is very abſtruſe.

LUCIAN.

I think our Prieſts admitted Momus into our Heaven, as the Indians are ſaid to worſhip the Devil, through Fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him.—For, we may talk of the *Giants* as much as we pleaſe; but to *our Gods* there is no Enemy ſo formidable as He. *Ridicule* is the Terror of all *falſe Religion*. Nothing but *Truth* can ſtand it's Laſh.

RABELAIS.

Truth, advantageouſly ſet in a good and fair Light, can ſtand any Attacks: but thoſe of Ridicule are ſo teaſing and ſo fallacious, that I have ſeen them put her Ladyſhip very much out of humour.

LUCIAN.

Ay, Friend Rabelais: and ſometimes out of Countenance too. But *Truth* and *Wit* in Confederacy will ſtrike Momus dumb. United they are invincible: and ſuch a Union is neceſſary upon certain Occaſions. *Falſe Reaſoning* is moſt effectually expoſed by *Plain Senſe*; but *Wit* is the beſt Opponent to *falſe Ridicule*;

as

as *juſt Ridicule* is to all the *Abſurdities*, which dare to aſſume the venerable Names of *Philoſophy*, or *Religion*. Had we made ſuch a proper Uſe of our agreeable Talents, had we employed our Ridicule to ſtrip the fooliſh Faces of Superſtition, Fanaticiſm, and Dogmatical Pride, of the ſerious and ſolemn Maſks with which they are covered; at the ſame time exerting all the Sharpneſs of our Wit, to combat the Flippancy and Pertneſs of Thoſe, who argue only by Jeſts againſt Reaſon and Evidence, in Points of the higheſt and moſt ſerious Concern; we ſhould have much better merited the Eſteem of Mankind.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES.

COSMO DE MEDICIS, the Firſt of that Name.

PERICLES.

See Plutarch's Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. 2. See alſo Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, from the fourteenth Book to the eighth.

IN what I have heard of your Character and your Fortune, illuſtrious Coſmo, I find a moſt remarkable Reſemblance with mine. We both lived in Republics where the Sovereign Power was in the People; and, by mere civil Arts, but more eſpecially by our Eloquence, attained, without any Force, to ſuch a Degree of Authority, that we ruled thoſe tumultuous and ſtormy Democracies with an abſolute Sway, turned the Tempeſts which agitated them upon the heads of our Enemies, and after having long and proſperouſly conducted the greateſt Affairs,

fairs, in War and Peace, died revered and lamented by all our Fellow-Citizens.

COSMO.

We have indeed an equal Right to value ourſelves on *that nobleſt of Empires*, the Empire we gained over *the Minds* of our Countrymen.——*Force* or *Caprice* may give *Power*, but nothing can give *a laſting Authority*, except *Wiſdom and Virtue*. By theſe we obtained, by theſe we preſerved, in our reſpective Countries, a Dominion unſtained by Uſurpation or Blood, a Dominion conferred on us by the public Eſteem and the Public Affection. We were in reality Sovereigns, while we lived with the Simplicity of private Men: and Athens and Florence believed themſelves to be free, though they obeyed all our Dictates. This is more than was done by Philip of Macedon, or Sylla, or Cæſar. It is the Perfection of Policy to tame the fierce Spirit of Popular Liberty, not by Blows or by Chains, but by ſoothing it into a voluntary Obedience, and bringing it to lick the Hand that reſtrains it.

PERI-

PERICLES.

The Taſk can never be eaſy; but the difficulty was ſtill greater to me than to you. For I had a Lion to tame, from whoſe intractable Fury the greateſt Men of my Country, and of the whole World, with all their Wiſdom and Virtue, could not ſave themſelves. Themiſtocles and Ariſtides were Examples of Terror, that might well have deterred me from the Adminiſtration of public Affairs at Athens. Another Impediment in my Way was the Power of Cimon, who for his Goodneſs, his Liberality, and the Luſtre of his Victories over the Perſians, was much beloved by the People; and, at the ſame Time, by being thought to favour Ariſtocracy, had all the noble and rich Citizens devoted to his Party. It ſeemed impoſſible to ſhake ſo well eſtabliſhed a Greatneſs. Yet, by the Charms and Force of my Eloquence, which exceeded that of all Orators contemporary with me, by the Integrity of my Life, my Moderation, and my Prudence, but, above all, by my artful Management of the People, whoſe Power I encreaſed, that I might render

render it the Baſis and Support of my own, I gained ſuch an Aſcendant over all my Opponents, that having firſt procured the Baniſhment of Cimon by Oſtraciſm, and then of Thucydides, another formidable Antagoniſt, ſet up by the Nobles againſt my Authority, I became the unrivalled Chief, or rather the Monarch, of the Athenian Republic, without ever putting to death, in above forty Years that my Adminiſtration continued, one of my Fellow-Citizens: a Circumſtance, which I declared, when I lay on my Death-bed, to be, in my own Judgment, more honourable to me, than all my Proſperity in the Government of the State, or the nine Trophies, erected for ſo many Victories, obtained by my Conduct.

COSMO.

I had alſo the ſame happineſs to boaſt of at my Death: And ſome Additions were made to the Territories of Florence under my Government: but I myſelf was no Soldier, and the Commonwealth I directed was never either ſo warlike or ſo powerful as Athens. I muſt, therefore, not pretend to vie with you in the Luſtre of Military

Military Glory: and I will moreover acknowledge, that to govern a People, whoſe Spirit and Pride were exalted by the wonderful Victories of Marathon, Mycalé, Salamis, and Platæa, was much more difficult than to rule the Florentines and the Tuſcans. The Liberty of the Athenians was in your Time more imperious, more haughty, more inſolent, than the Deſpotiſm of the King of Perſia. How great then muſt have been your Ability and Addreſs, that could ſo abſolutely reduce it under your Power! Yet the Temper of my Countrymen was not eaſy to govern: for it was exceedingly factious. The Hiſtory of Florence is little elſe, for ſeveral Ages, than an Account of Conſpiracies againſt the State. In my Youth I myſelf ſuffered much by the Diſſentions which then embroiled the Republic. I was impriſoned, and baniſhed; but, after the courſe of ſome Years, my Enemies, in their turn, were driven into Exile. I was brought back in Triumph; and from that Time till my Death, which was above thirty years, I governed the Florentines, not by Arms, or evil Arts of Tyrannical Power, but with a legal Authority; which I exerciſed ſo diſcreetly,

diſcreetly, as to gain the Eſteem of all the neighbouring Potentates, and ſuch a conſtant Affection of all my Fellow-Citizens, that an Inſcription, which gave me the Title of *Father of my Country*, was engraved on my Monument, by an unanimous Decree of the whole Commonwealth.

PERICLES.

Your End was incomparably more happy than mine. For you died, rather of Age than any violent Illneſs, and left the Florentines in a State of Peace and Proſperity procured for them by your Counſels. But I died of the Plague, after having ſeen it almoſt depopulate Athens; and left my Country engaged in a moſt dangerous War, to which my Advice, and the Power of my Eloquence, had excited the People. The Misfortune of the Peſtilence, with the Inconveniences they ſuffered on account of the War, ſo irritated their Minds, that, not long before my Death, they condemned me to a Fine.

COSMO.

It is wonderful, that, when once their Anger was raiſed, it went no further

againſt you! A Favourite of the People, when diſgraced, is in ſtill greater danger than a Favourite of a King.

PERICLES.

Your Surpriſe will encreaſe at hearing, that very ſoon afterwards they choſe me their General, and conferred on me again the principal Direction of all their Affairs. Had I lived, I ſhould have ſo conducted the War, as to have ended it with Advantage and Honour to my Country. For, having ſecured to her the Sovereignty of the Sea, by the Defeat of the Samians, before I let her engage with the Power of Sparta, I knew that our Enemies would be at length wearied out and compelled to ſue for a Peace: becauſe the City, from the Strength of it's Fortifications, and the great Army within it, being on the Land-ſide impregnable to the Spartans, and drawing continual Supplies from the Sea, ſuffered not much by their Ravages of the Country about it, from whence I had before removed all the Inhabitants: whereas their Allies were undone by the Deſcents we made on their Coaſts.

COSMO.

COSMO.

You ſeem to have underſtood beyond all other Men what Advantages are to be drawn from a *Maritime Power*, and how to make it the ſureſt Foundation of *Empire*.

PERICLES.

I followed the Plan traced out by Themiſtocles, the ableſt Politician that Greece had ever produced. Nor did I begin the Peloponneſian War (as ſome have ſuppoſed) only to make myſelf neceſſary, and ſtop an Enquiry into my public Accounts. I really thought, that the Republic of Athens could no longer defer a Conteſt with Sparta, without giving up to that State the Precedence in the Direction of Greece, and her own Independence. To keep off for ſome Time even a neceſſary War, with a probable hope of making it more advantageouſly, at a favourable Opportunity, is an Act of true Wiſdom: but not to make it, when you ſee that your Enemy will be ſtrengthened, and your own Advantages loſt, or conſiderably leſſened, by the Delay, is a moſt pernicious Imprudence. With relation to my Accounts I

See Thucydides, l. 2.

had nothing to fear. I had not embezzled one *Drachma* of public Money, nor added one to my own paternal Eſtate; and the People had placed ſo entire a Confidence in me, that they had allowed me, againſt the uſual Forms of their Government, to diſpoſe of large Sums for *ſecret Service*, without Account. When therefore I adviſed the Peloponneſian War, I neither acted from private Views, nor with the inconſiderate Temerity of a reſtleſs Ambition; but as became a wiſe Stateſman, who, having weighed all the Dangers that may attend a great Enterpriſe, and ſeeing a reaſonable Hope of good Succeſs, makes it his Option to fight for Dominion and Glory, rather than ſacrifice both to the uncertain Poſſeſſion of an inſecure Peace.

See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles and Diodorus Siculus.

Thucydides, l. 2.

COSMO.

How were you ſure of inducing ſo volatile a People to perſevere in ſo ſteady a Syſtem of Conduct as that which you had laid down; a Syſtem attended with much Inconvenience and Loſs to Particulars, while it preſented but little to ſtrike or inflame the Imagination of the Public? Bold and Arduous Enterprizes, Great Battles, much Bloodſhed, and a ſpeedy Deciſion,

Deciſion, are what the Multitude deſire in every War: but your Plan of Operation was the Reverſe of all this; and the Execution of it required the Temper of the Thebans, rather than of the Athenians.

PERICLES.

I found indeed many Symptoms of their Impatience; but I was able to reſtrain it, by the Authority I had gained. For, during my whole miniſtry, I never had ſtooped to court their Favour by any unworthy Means; never flattered them in their Follies, nor complied with their Paſſions againſt their true Intereſts and my own better Judgment; but uſed the Power of my Eloquence to keep them in the Bounds of a wiſe Moderation, to raiſe their Spirits when too low, and ſhew them their Danger when they grew too preſumptuous; the good Effects of which Conduct they had happily experienced in all their Affairs. Whereas Thoſe who ſucceeded to me in the Government, by their Incapacity, their Corruption, and their ſervile Complaiſance to the Humour of the

People, preſently loſt all the Fruits of my Virtue and Prudence. Xerxes himſelf, I am convinced, did not ſuffer more by the Flattery of his Courtiers, than the Athenians, after my Deceaſe, by that of their Orators and Miniſters of State.

COSMO.

Thoſe Orators could not gain the Favour of the People by any other Methods. Your Arts were more noble: they were the Arts of a Stateſman and of a Prince. Your Magnificent Buildings, which in Beauty of Architecture ſurpaſſed any the World had ever ſeen, the Statues of Phidias, the Paintings of Xeuxis, the Protection you gave to Knowledge, Genius, and Abilities of every kind, added as much to the Glory of Athens as to your Popularity. And in this I may boaſt of an equal Merit to Florence. For I embelliſhed that City and the whole Country about it, with excellent Buildings; I protected all Arts; and, though I was not myſelf ſo eloquent, or ſo learned as you, I no leſs encouraged thoſe who were eminent, in my Time, for their Eloquence

See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, l. 7.

or their Learning. Marcilius Ficinus, *the ſecond Father of the Platonic Philoſophy*, lived in my Houſe, and converſed with me as intimately as Anaxagoras with you. Nor did I ever forget and ſuffer him ſo to want the Neceſſaries of Life, as you did Anaxagoras, who had like to have periſhed by that unfriendly Neglect; but, to ſecure him, at all times, from any Diſtreſs in his Circumſtances, and enable him to purſue his ſublime Speculations unmoleſted by low Cares, I gave him an Eſtate adjacent to one of my favourite Villas. I alſo drew to Florence Argiropolo, the moſt learned Greek of thoſe Times, that, under my Patronage, he might teach the Florentine Youth the Language and Sciences of his Country. But with regard to our Buildings there is this remarkable Difference: Your's were all raiſed at the Expence of the Public, mine at my own.

See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

PERICLES.

My Eſtate would bear no Profuſeneſs, nor allow me to exert the Generoſity of my Nature. Your Wealth exceeded that of any Particular, or indeed of any

Prince, who lived in your Days. The vaſt Commerce, which, after the example of your Anceſtors, you continued to carry on in all Parts of the World, even while you preſided at the Helm of the State, enabled you to do thoſe ſplendid Acts, which rendered your Name ſo illuſtrious. But I was conſtrained to make the public Treaſure the Fund of my Bounties, and I thought I could not poſſibly diſpoſe of it better in time of Peace, than in finding employment for that Part of the People which muſt elſe have been idle, and uſeleſs to the Community, introducing into Greece all the elegant Arts, and adorning my Country with Works that are an Honour to Human Nature. For, while I attended the moſt to theſe civil and peaceful Occupations, I did not neglect to provide, with timely Care, againſt War; nor ſuffer the Nation to ſink into Luxury and effeminate Softneſs. I kept our Fleets in continual Exerciſe, maintained a great Number of Seamen in conſtant Pay, and diſciplined well our Land-Forces. Nor did I ever ceaſe to recommend to all the Athenians, both by Precepts and Example, Frugality,

See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles and Thucydides, l. 2.

Temperance, Magnanimity, Fortitude, and whatever could moſt effectually contribute to ſtrengthen their Bodies and Minds.

COSMO.

Yet I have heard you condemned for rendering the People leſs ſober and modeſt, by giving them a ſhare of the conquered Lands, and paying them Wages for their neceſſary Attendance in the public Aſſemblies and other civil Functions; but more eſpecially for the vaſt and ſuperfluous Expence, you entailed on the State in the Theatrical Spectacles, with which you entertained them at the Coſt of the Public.

PERICLES.

Perhaps I may have been too laviſh in ſome of thoſe Bounties. — Yet, in a Popular State it is neceſſary, that the People ſhould be amuſed, and ſhould ſo far partake of the Opulence of the Public, as not to ſuffer any Want, which would render their Minds too low and ſordid for their Political Duties. In my Time the Revenues of Athens were ſufficient to bear this Charge: but afterwards, when

we had loſt the greateſt Part of our Empire, it became, I muſt confeſs, too heavy a Burthen; and the Continuance of it proved one Cauſe of our Ruin.

COSMO.

It is a moſt dangerous Thing to load the State with Largeſſes of that Nature, or indeed with any unneceſſary, but popular Charges; becauſe to reduce them is almoſt impoſſible, though the Circumſtances of the Public ſhould neceſſarily demand a Reduction. But did not you likewiſe, in order to advance your own Greatneſs, throw into the Hands of the People of Athens more Power, than the Inſtitutions of Solon had entruſted them with, and more than was conſiſtent with the Good of the State?

PERICLES.

We are now in the Regions where Truth preſides, and I dare not offend her by playing the Orator in Defence of my Conduct. I muſt therefore acknowledge, that, by weakening the Power of the Court of Areopagus, I tore up that Anchor, which Solon had wiſely fixed, to keep his

See Plutarch in the Lives of Solon and of Pericles.

his Republic firm againſt the Storms and Fluctuations of Popular Factions. This Alteration, which fundamentally injured the whole State, I made, with a View to ſerve my own Ambition, the only Paſſion in my Nature which I could not contain within the Limits of Virtue. For, I knew that my Eloquence would ſubject the People to me, and make them the willing Inſtruments of all my Deſires: whereas the Areopagus had in it an Authority and a Dignity which I could not controul. Thus, by diminiſhing the Counterpoiſe our Conſtitution had ſettled to moderate the Exceſs of popular Power, I augmented my own. But ſince my Death I have been often reproached by the Shades of ſome of the moſt virtuous and wiſeſt Athenians, who have fallen Victims to the Caprice or Fury of the People, with having been the firſt Cauſe of the Injuſtice they ſuffered, and of all the Miſchiefs perpetually brought on my Country, by raſh Undertakings, bad Conduct, and fluctuating Councils. They ſay, I delivered up the State to the Go-

vernment of indiſcreet or venal Orators, and to the Paſſions of a miſguided, infatuated Multitude, who thought their Freedom conſiſted in encouraging Calumnies againſt the beſt Servants of the Commonwealth, and conferring Power upon thoſe who had no other Merit than falling in with and ſoothing a popular Folly. It is uſeleſs for me to plead, that during my Life none of theſe Miſchiefs were felt; that I employed my Rhetoric to promote none but good and wiſe Meaſures; that I was as free from any Taint of Avarice or Corruption as Ariſtides himſelf. They reply, that I am anſwerable for all the great Evils, occaſioned afterwards by the want of that ſalutary Reſtraint on the natural Levity and Extravagance of a Democracy, which I had taken away. Socrates calls me the Patron of Anytus: and Solon himſelf frowns upon me, whenever we meet.

See Thucydides, l. 2.

COSMO.

Solon has reaſon to do ſo; — for tell me, Pericles, what opinion would you have of the Architect you employed in your Buildings, if

if he had made them to laſt no longer than during the term of your Life?

PERICLES.

The Anſwer to your Queſtion will turn to your own Condemnation. Your exceſſive Liberalities to the indigent Citizens, and the great Sums you lent to all the noble Families, did in reality *buy* the Republic of Florence; and gave your Family ſuch a Power as enabled them to convert it from a popular State into an abſolute Monarchy. See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, l. 7.

COSMO.

The Florentines were ſo infeſted with Diſcord and Faction, and their Commonwealth was ſo void of Military Virtue, that they could not have long been exempt from a more ignominious Subjection to ſome *foreign Power*, if thoſe internal Diſſentions, with the Confuſion and Anarchy they produced, had continued. But the Athenians had performed very glorious Exploits, had obtained a great Empire; and were become one of the nobleſt See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence.

nobleſt States in the World, before you altered the Ballance of their Government. And after that Alteration they declined very faſt, till they loſt all their Greatneſs.

PERICLES.

Their Conſtitution had originally a foul Blemiſh in it, I mean *the Ban of Oſtraciſm*, which alone would have been ſufficient to undo any State. For there is nothing of ſuch important Uſe to a Nation, as that Men who moſt excel in Wiſdom and Virtue ſhould be encouraged to undertake the Buſineſs of Government. But this deteſtable Cuſtom deterred ſuch Men from ſerving the Public, or, if they ventured to do ſo, turned even their own Wiſdom and Virtue againſt them; ſo that in Athens it was ſafer to be infamous than renowned. We are told indeed, by the Advocates for this ſtrange Inſtitution, that it was not *a Puniſhment*, but meant as *a Guard to the Equality and Liberty of the State:* for which Reaſon they deem it *an Honour* done to the Perſons, againſt whom

whom it was uſed: as if Words could change the real Nature of Things, and make a Baniſhment of ten Years, inflicted on a good Citizen by the Suffrages of his Countrymen, no Evil to him, or no Offence againſt Juſtice and the natural Right every Freeman may claim, that he ſhall not be expelled from any Society, of which he is a Member, without having firſt been proved guilty of ſome criminal Action.

COSMO.

The Oſtraciſm was indeed a moſt unpardonable Fault in the Athenian Conſtitution. It placed Envy in the Seat of Juſtice, and gave to private Malice and public Ingratitude a legal Right to do Wrong. Other Nations are blamed for tolerating Vice; but the Athenians alone would not tolerate Virtue.

PERICLES.

The Friends to the Oſtraciſm ſay, that too eminent Virtue deſtroys that Equality, which is the ſafeguard of Freedom.

COSMO.

COSMO.

No State is well modelled, if it cannot preſerve itſelf from the Danger of Tyranny without a grievous Violation of natural Juſtice: nor would a Friend to *true Freedom*, which conſiſts in being governed, not by Men, but by Laws, deſire to live in a Country, where a Cleon bore Rule, and where an Ariſtides was not ſuffered to remain. But, inſtead of remedying this Evil, you made it worſe. You rendered the People more intractable, more adverſe to Virtue, leſs ſubject to the Laws, and more to Impreſſions from miſchievous Demagogues, than they had been before your Time.

PERICLES.

In truth, I did ſo; —— and therefore my Place in Elyſium, notwithſtanding the Integrity of my whole public Conduct, and the great Virtues I exerted, is much below the rank of Thoſe who have governed Commonwealths, or limited Monarchies, not merely with a concern for

for their preſent Advantage, but alſo with a prudent Regard to that *Ballance of Power*, on which their permanent Happineſs muſt neceſſarily depend.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIV.

LOCKE —— BAYLE.

BAYLE.

YES; we both were Philoſophers; but my Philoſophy was the deepeſt. You *dogmatized:* I *doubted.*

LOCKE.

Do you make *Doubting* a Proof of *Depth* in Philoſophy? It may be a good *Beginning* of it, but it is a bad *End.*

BAYLE.

No: — the more profound our Searches are into the Nature of Things, the more Uncertainty we ſhall find; and the moſt ſubtle Minds ſee Objections and Difficulties

ties in every Syſtem, which are overlooked or undiſcoverable by ordinary Underſtandings.

LOCKE.

It would be better then to be no Philoſopher, and to continue in the vulgar Herd of Mankind, *that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows ſomething*. I find that the Eyes which Nature has given me ſee many things very clearly, though ſome are out of their reach, or diſcerned but dimly. What Opinion ought I to have of a Phyſician, who ſhould offer me an Eye-water, the Uſe of which would at firſt ſo ſharpen my ſight, as to carry it farther than ordinary Viſion; but would in the End put them out? Your Philoſophy, Monſieur Bayle, is to the Eyes of the Mind what I have ſuppoſed the Doctor's *Noſtrum* to be to thoſe of the Body. It actually brought your own excellent Underſtanding, which was by Nature quick-ſighted, and rendered more ſo by Art and a Subtilty of Logic peculiar to yourſelf, it brought, I ſay, your very acute Underſtanding to ſee nothing clearly, and enveloped all the great Truths

Truths of Reaſon and Religion in Miſts of Doubt.

BAYLE.

I own it did; — but your Compariſon is not juſt. I did not ſee well, before I uſed my philoſophic Eye-water: I only ſuppoſed I ſaw well; but I was in an Error with all the reſt of Mankind. The Blindneſs was real, the Perceptions were imaginary. I cured myſelf firſt of thoſe falſe Imaginations, and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other Men.

LOCKE.

A great Cure indeed! and don't you think, that, in return for the Service you did them, they ought to erect you a Statue?

BAYLE.

Yes; it is good for Human Nature to know its own Weakneſs. When we arrogantly preſume on a Strength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourſelves, or, at leaſt, of deſerving Ridicule and Contempt by vain and idle Efforts.

LOCKE.

LOCKE.

I agree with you, that Human Nature ſhould know it's own Weakneſs; but it ſhould alſo feel it's Strength, and try to improve it. This was my Employment, as a Philoſopher. I endeavoured to diſcover the real Powers of the Mind, to ſee what it could do; and what it could not; to reſtrain it from Efforts beyond it's Ability, but to teach it how to advance as far as the Faculties given to it by Nature, with the utmoſt exertion and moſt proper culture of them, would allow it to go. In the vaſt Ocean of Philoſophy I had the Line and the Plummet always in my hands. Many of it's Depths I found myſelf unable to fathom; but, by Caution in ſounding, and the careful Obſervations I made in the courſe of my Voyage, I found out ſome Truths of ſo much uſe to Mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their Benefactor.

BAYLE.

Their Ignorance makes them think ſo. Some other Philoſopher will come here-

after, and ſhew thoſe Truths to be Falſhoods. He will pretend to diſcover other Truths of equal Importance. A later Sage will ariſe, perhaps among Men now barbarous and unlearned, whoſe ſagacious Diſcoveries will diſcredit the Opinions of his admired Predeceſſor. In Philoſophy, as in Nature, all changes its Form, and one Thing exiſts by the Deſtruction of another.

LOCKE.

Opinions taken up without a patient Inveſtigation, depending on Terms not accurately defined, and Principles begged without Proof, like Theories to explain the Phœnomena of Nature built on Suppoſitions inſtead of Experiments, muſt perpetually change and deſtroy one another. But ſome Opinions there are, even in Matters not obvious to the Common Senſe of Mankind, which the Mind has received on ſuch rational Grounds of Aſſent, that they are as immoveable as the Pillars of Heaven, or (to ſpeak philoſophically) as the great Laws of Nature, by which, under GOD, the Univerſe is ſuſtained. Can you ſeriouſly think, that, becauſe the Hypotheſis of your Countryman

tryman, Deſcartes, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined Romance, has been lately exploded, the Syſtem of Newton, which is built on Experiments and Geometry, the two moſt certain Methods of diſcovering Truth, will ever fail: Or that, becauſe the Whims of Fanaticks and the Divinity of the Schoolmen cannot now be ſupported, the Doctrines of that Religion, which I, the declared Enemy of all Enthuſiaſm and falſe Reaſoning, firmly believed and maintained, will ever be ſhaken?

BAYLE.

If you had aſked Deſcartes, while he was in the Heighth of his Vogue, whether his Syſtem would be ever confuted by any other Philoſopher's, as that of Ariſtotle had been by his, what Anſwer do you ſuppoſe he would have returned?

LOCKE.

Come, come, Monſieur Bayle, you yourſelf know the difference between the foundations, on which the credit of thoſe Syſtems and that of Newton is placed.

Your Scepticiſm is more affected than real. You found it a ſhorter way to a great Reputation, (the only Wiſh of your Heart) to object, than to defend, to pull down, than to ſet up. And your Talents were admirable for that kind of Work. Then your huddling together, in a critical Dictionary, a pleaſant Tale, or obſcene Jeſt, and a grave Argument againſt the Chriſtian Religion, a witty confutation of ſome abſurd Author, and an artful ſophiſm to impeach ſome reſpectable Truth, was particularly commodious to all our young Smarts and Smatterers in Free-thinking. But what Miſchief have you not done to Human Society? You have endeavoured, and with ſome degree of Succeſs, to ſhake thoſe Foundations, on which the whole Moral World, and the great Fabric of ſocial Happineſs, entirely reſt. How could you, as a Philoſopher, in the ſober hours of Reflection, anſwer for this to your Conſcience, even ſuppoſing you had Doubts of the Truth of a Syſtem, which gives to Virtue it's ſweeteſt Hopes, to impenitent Vice it's greateſt Fears, and to true Penitence it's beſt Conſolations; which

which reſtrains even the leaſt Approaches to Guilt, and yet makes thoſe Allowances for the Infirmities of our Nature, which the Stoic Pride denied to it, but which it's real Imperfection and the Goodneſs of it's infinitely benevolent Creator, ſo evidently require?

BAYLE.

The Mind is free; and it loves to exert it's Freedom. Any Reſtraint upon it is a Violence done to it's Nature, and a Tyranny, againſt which it has a right to rebel.

LOCKE.

The Mind, though free, has a Governor within itſelf, which may and ought to limit the Exerciſe of it's Freedom. That Governor is Reaſon.

BAYLE.

Yes:——but Reaſon, like other Governors, has a Policy more dependent upon uncertain Caprice than upon any fixed Laws. And if that Reaſon which rules my Mind, or your's, has happened to ſet up a favourite Notion, it not only

ſubmits implicitly to it, but deſires that the ſame Reſpect ſhould be paid to it by all the reſt of Mankind. Now I hold that any Man may lawfully oppoſe this Deſire in another, and that, if he is wiſe, he will do his utmoſt endeavours to check it in himſelf.

LOCKE.

Is there not alſo a Weakneſs, of a contrary Nature to this you are now ridiculing? Do we not often take a Pleaſure to ſhew our own Power, and gratify our own Pride, by degrading Notions ſet up by other Men, and generally reſpected?

BAYLE.

I believe we do; and by this Means it often happens, that if one Man builds and conſecrates *a Temple to Folly*, another pulls it down.

LOCKE.

Do you think it beneficial to Human Society, to have *all Temples* pulled down?

BAYLE.

BAYLE.

I cannot ſay that I do.

LOCKE.

Yet I find not in your Writings any Mark of Diſtinction, to ſhew us which you mean to ſave.

BAYLE.

A true Philoſopher, like an impartial Hiſtorian, muſt be of no Sect.

LOCKE.

Is there no Medium between the blind Zeal of a Sectary, and a total Indifference to all Religion?

BAYLE.

With regard to Morality I was not indifferent.

LOCKE.

How could you then be indifferent with regard to the Sanctions Religion gives to Morality? How could you publiſh what tends ſo directly and apparently to weaken in Mankind the Belief of thoſe Sanctions?

Was not this ſacrificing the great Intereſts of Virtue to the little Motives of Vanity?

BAYLE.

A Man may act indiſcreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by declaring that, which, on a full Diſcuſſion of the Queſtion, he ſincerely thinks to be true.

LOCKE.

An Enthuſiaſt, who advances Doctrines prejudicial to Society, or oppoſes any that are uſeful to it, has the Strength of Opinion and the Heat of a diſturbed Imagination to plead, in alleviation of his Fault. But your cool Head, and ſound Judgment can have no ſuch excuſe. I know very well there are Paſſages in all your Works, and thoſe not a few, where you talk like a rigid Moraliſt. I have alſo heard that your Character was irreproachably good. But when, in the moſt laboured Parts of your Writings, you ſap the ſureſt Foundations of all moral Duties, what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your Life, you have appeared to reſpect them? How many, who have ſtronger Paſſions

than you had, and are deſirous to get rid of the Curb that reſtrains them, will lay hold of your Scepticiſm, to ſet themſelves looſe from all Obligations of Virtue! What a Misfortune is it to have made ſuch a Uſe of ſuch Talents! It would have been better for you and for Mankind, if you had been one of the dulleſt of Dutch Theologians, or the moſt credulous Monk in a Portugueſe Convent. The Riches of the Mind, like thoſe of Fortune, may be employed ſo perverſely, as to become a Nuiſance and Peſt, inſtead of an Ornament and Support to Society.

BAYLE.

You are very ſevere upon me.—But do you count it no Merit, no ſervice to Mankind, to deliver them from the Frauds and Fetters of Prieſtcraft, from the Deliriums of Fanaticiſm, and from the Terrors and Follies of Superſtition. Conſider how much Miſchief theſe have done to the World! Even in the laſt Age what Maſſacres, what Civil Wars, what Convulſions of Government, what Confuſion in Society did they produce. Nay, in that we both lived in, though

though much more enlightened than the former, did I not ſee them occaſion a violent Perſecution in my own Country? And can you blame me for ſtriking at the Root of theſe Evils.

LOCKE.

The Root of theſe Evils, you well know, was *falſe Religion*; but you ſtruck at the *true*. Heaven and Hell are not more different, than the Syſtem of Faith I defended, and that which produced the Horrors of which you ſpeak. Why would you ſo fallaciouſly confound them together in ſome of your Writings, that it requires much more Judgment, and a more diligent Attention, than ordinary Readers have, to ſeparate them again, and to make the proper Diſtinctions? This indeed is the great Art of the moſt celebrated Freethinkers. They recommend themſelves to warm and ingenuous Minds by lively ſtrokes of Wit, and by Arguments really ſtrong, againſt Superſtition, Enthuſiaſm, and Prieſtcraft. But, at the ſame time, they inſidiouſly throw the colours of theſe upon the fair face of true Religion,

and dreſs her out in their Garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or deſpicable to thoſe, who have not Penetration enough to diſcern the impious Fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived *themſelves*, as well as others. Yet it is certain, no Book, that ever was written by the moſt acute of theſe Gentlemen, is ſo repugnant to Prieſtcraft, to ſpiritual Tyranny, to all abſurd Superſtitions, to all that can tend to diſturb or injure Society, as *that Goſpel* they ſo much affect to deſpiſe.

BAYLE.

Mankind is ſo made, that, when they have been *over-heated*, they cannot be brought to a proper Temper again, till they have been *over-cooled*. My Scepticiſm might be neceſſary to abate the *Fever* and *Phrenzy* of falſe Religion.

LOCKE.

A wiſe Preſcription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* State of the Mind, (for ſuch a Scepticiſm as your's is a *Palſy*, which deprives the Mind of all Vigour, and deadens it's natural and vital Powers) in order to take off a *Fever*, which *Temperance*,

perance, and *the Milk of the Evangelical Doctrines*, would probably cure?

BAYLE.

I acknowledge that thoſe Medicines have a great power. But few Doctors apply them untainted with the Mixture of ſome harſher Drugs, or ſome unſafe and ridiculous *Noſtrums* of their own.

LOCKE.

What you now ſay is too true:—GOD has given us a moſt excellent Phyſic for the Soul, in all its Diſeaſes; but bad and intereſted Phyſicians, or ignorant and conceited Quacks, adminiſter it ſo ill to the reſt of Mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily loſt.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS, Duke of Touraine.

JOHN Duke of ARGYLE and GREENWICH, Field Marſhal of his Britannic-Majeſty's Forces.

ARGYLE.

YES, noble Douglas, it grieves me that you, and your Son, together with the brave Earl of Buchan, ſhould have employed ſo much Valour, and have thrown away your Lives, in fighting the Battles of that State, which, from its Situation and Intereſts, is the perpetual and moſt dangerous Enemy to Great-Britain. A Britiſh Nobleman ſerving France appears to me as unfortunate, and as much out of his proper Sphere, as a Græcian Commander, engaged in the Service of Perſia, would have appeared to Ariſtides or Ageſilaus.

See Buchan. Rerum Scoticarum, l. 10. p. 338. A. D. 1424.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

In ſerving France I ſerved Scotland. The French were the natural Allies to the Scotch, and, by ſupporting their Crown, I enabled my Countrymen to maintain their Independence againſt the Engliſh.

ARGYLE.

The French indeed, from the unhappy State of our Country, were *ancient Allies* to the Scotch; but that they ever were our *natural Allies* I deny. Their Alliance was proper and neceſſary for us, becauſe we were then in an *unnatural* State, diſunited from England. While that Diſunion continued, our Monarchy was compelled to lean upon France for Aſſiſtance and Support. The French Power and Policy kept us, I acknowledge, independent on the Engliſh, but dependent on Them; and this Dependence expoſed us to many grievous Calamities, by drawing on our Country the formidable Arms of the Engliſh, whenever it happened that the French and They had a Quarrel. The Succours They afforded us were diſtant

and

and uncertain. Our Enemy was at hand, ſuperior to us in Strength, though not in Valour. Our Borders were ravaged; our Kings were ſlain, or led captive; we loſt all the advantage of being the Inhabitants of a Great Iſland; we had no Commerce, no Peace, no Security, no Degree of Maritime Power. Scotland was a Back-door, through which the French, with our Help, made their Inroads into England: if they conquered, we obtained little Benefit from it; but, if they were defeated, we were always the devoted Victims, on whom the Conquerors ſeverely wreaked their Reſentment.

DOUGLAS.

The Engliſh ſuffered as much in thoſe Wars as We. How terribly were their Borders laid waſte and depopulated by our ſharp Incurſions! how often have the Swords of my Anceſtors been ſtained with the beſt Blood of that Nation. Were not our Victories at Bannocbourn and at Otterbourn as glorious, as any, that, with all the Advantage of Numbers, they have ever obtained over us?

ARGYLE.

ARGYLE.

They were: but yet they did us no laſting Good. They left us ſtill dependent on the Protection of France: They left us a poor, a feeble, a diſtreſſed, though a moſt valiant Nation. They irritated England, but could not ſubdue it, nor hinder our feeling ſuch Effects of its Enmity, as gave us no reaſon to rejoice in our Triumphs. ——How much more happily, in the auſpicious reign of that Queen who formed the Union, was my Sword employed in humbling the Foes of Great-Britain! With how ſuperior a Dignity did I appear in the combined Britiſh Senate, maintaining the Intereſts of the whole united People of England and Scotland, againſt all foreign Powers, who attempted to diſturb our general Happineſs, or to invade our common Rights!

DOUGLAS.

Your Eloquence and your Valour had unqueſtionably a much nobler and more ſpacious Field, to exerciſe themſelves in, than any of thoſe who defended the Intereſts of only a Part of the Iſland.

ARGYLE.

ARGYLE.

Whenever I read any Account of the Wars between the Scotch and the Engliſh, I think I am reading a melancholy Hiſtory of Civil Diſſentions. Whichever Side is defeated, their Loſs appears to me a Loſs to the whole, and an Advantage to ſome foreign Enemy of Great-Britain. But the Strength of that Iſland is made compleat by the Union, and what a great Engliſh Poet has juſtly ſaid in one Inſtance, is now true in all:

"The *Hotſpur* and the *Douglas* both together
"Are confident againſt the World in Arms."

See Shakeſpeare's Hen. IV. Par. 1.

Who can reſiſt the Engliſh and Scotch Valour combined? When ſeparated, and oppoſed, they ballanced each other: united they will hold the Ballance of Europe. If all the Scotch Blood, that has been ſhed for the French in unnatural Wars againſt England, had been poured out, to oppoſe the Ambition of France, in conjunction with the Engliſh: if all the Engliſh Blood, that has been ſpilt as

unfortunately in uſeleſs Wars againſt Scotland, had been preſerved, France would long ago have been rendered incapable of diſturbing our Peace, and Great-Britain would have been the moſt powerful of Nations.

DOUGLAS.

There is Truth in all you have ſaid. —But yet, when I reflect on the inſidious Ambition of King Edward the Firſt, on the ungenerous Arts he ſo treacherouſly employed, to gain, or rather to ſteal the Sovereignty of our Kingdom, and the deteſtable Cruelty he ſhewed to Wallace, our brave Champion and Martyr, my Soul is up in Arms againſt the Inſolence of the Engliſh, and I adore the Memory of thoſe Patriots, who died in aſſerting the Independence of our Crown and the Liberty of our Nation.

ARGYLE.

Had I lived in thoſe days, I ſhould have joined with thoſe Patriots, and been the foremoſt to maintain ſo noble a Cauſe. The Scotch were not made to be ſubject to the Engliſh. Their Souls were too great

for

for ſuch a timid Submiſſion. But they may unite and incorporate with a Nation they would not obey. Their Scorn of a foreign Yoke, their ſtrong and generous Love of Independence and Freedom, make their Union with England more natural and more proper. Had the Spirit of the Scotch been ſervile or baſe, it could never have coaleſced with that of the Engliſh.

DOUGLAS.

It is true that the Minds of both Nations are cogenial, and filled with the ſame noble Virtues, the ſame Impatience of Servitude, the ſame Magnanimity, Courage, and Prudence, the ſame Genius for Policy, for Navigation and Commerce, for Sciences and Arts. Yet, notwithſtanding this happy Conformity, when I conſider how long they were Enemies to each other; what an Hereditary Hatred and Jealouſy had ſubſiſted, for many Ages, between them; what private Paſſions, what Prejudices, what contrary Intereſts, muſt have neceſſarily obſtructed every Step of the Treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the ſtrong

Oppoſition of National Pride; I ſtand aſtoniſhed that it was poſſible to unite the two Kingdoms upon any Conditions; and much more that it could be done with ſuch equal Regard and amicable Fairneſs to Both!

ARGYLE.

It was indeed a moſt arduous, and difficult Undertaking! The Succeſs of it muſt, I think, be thankfully aſcribed, not only to the great Firmneſs and Prudence of thoſe who had the Management of it, but to the gracious Aſſiſtance of Providence, for the Preſervation of the Reformed Religion amongſt us, which, in that conjuncture, if the Union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland and much endangered in England. The ſame good Providence has watched over and protected it ſince, in a moſt ſignal manner, againſt the Attempts of an infatuated Party in Scotland, and the Arts of France, who by her Emiſſaries laboured to deſtroy it, as ſoon as formed; becauſe ſhe juſtly foreſaw that the continuance of it would be deſtructive to all her vaſt Deſigns againſt the Liberty of Europe. I myſelf had the Honour

See Hook's Letters and Lockhart's Memoirs.

Honour to have a principal Share in ſubduing one Rebellion deſigned to ſubvert it; and, ſince my Death, it has been, I hope, eſtabliſhed for ever, not only by the Defeat of another Rebellion, which came upon us in the midſt of a dangerous War with France, but by Meaſures prudently taken in order to prevent ſuch Diſturbances for the future. The Miniſters of the Crown have propoſed, and the Britiſh Legiſlature has enacted, a wiſe Syſtem of Laws, the Object of which is to Reform and to Civilize the Highlands of Scotland; to deliver the People there from the Arbitrary Power and Oppreſſion of their Chieftains; to carry the Royal Juſtice and Royal Protection into the wildeſt Parts of their Mountains; to hinder their natural Valour from being abuſed and perverted to the detriment of their Country; and to introduce among them Arts, Agriculture, Commerce, Tranquillity, with all the Improvements of ſocial and poliſhed Life.

DOUGLAS.

By what you now tell me you give me the higheſt Idea of the great Prince,

your Maſter; who, after having been provoked by ſuch a wicked Rebellion, inſtead of Enſlaving the People of the Highlands, or laying the Hand of Power more heavy upon them (which is the uſual Conſequence of unſucceſsful Revolts) has conferred on them the ineſtimable Bleſſings of Liberty, Juſtice, and good Order. To act thus is indeed *to perfect the Union*, and make all the Inhabitants of Great-Britain acknowledge, with Gratitude and with Joy, that they are Subjects of the ſame well-regulated Kingdom, and governed with the ſame impartial Affection, by the Sovereign and Father of the whole Commonwealth!

ARGYLE.

The Laws I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent Policy of His Majeſty's Government, have already produced very ſalutary effects in that part of the Kingdom; and, if ſteadily purſued, will produce many more. But no Words can recount to you the infinite Benefits, which have attended the Union, in the Northern Counties of England and the Southern of Scotland.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

The Fruits of it muſt be, doubtleſs, moſt ſenſible there, where the perpetual Enmity between the two Nations had occaſioned the greateſt diſorder and deſolation.

ARGYLE.

Oh Douglas—could you revive and return into Scotland, what a delightful Alteration would you ſee in that Country! All thoſe great Tracts of Land, which in your time lay untilled, on account of the Inroads of the bordering Engliſh, or the Feuds and Diſcords that raged, with perpetual violence, within our own diſtracted Kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and ſmiling with Plenty. Inſtead of the Caſtles, which every Baron was compelled to erect for the Defence of his Family, and where he lived in the Barbariſm of Gothic Pride, among miſerable Vaſſals oppreſſed by the Abuſe of his Feudal Powers, your Eyes would be charmed with elegant Country-Houſes, adorned with fine Plantations and beautiful Gardens; while happy Villages or gay Towns are riſing about them, and enlivening the

Proſpect with every Image of Rural Wealth! On our Coaſts trading Cities, full of new Manufactures, and continually encreaſing the extent of their Commerce! In our Ports and Harbours innumerable Merchant Ships richly loaded, and protected from all Enemies by the matchleſs Fleet of Great-Britain! But of all Improvements the greateſt is in the Minds of the Scotch. Theſe have profited, even more than their Lands, by the Culture, which the ſettled Peace and Tranquillity, produced by the Union, have happily given to them: and they have diſcovered ſuch Talents in all Branches of Literature, as might render the Engliſh jealous of being excelled by their Genius, if there could remain a Competition, when there remains no Diſtinction between the two Nations.

DOUGLAS.

There may be Emulation without Jealouſy; and the Efforts, which that Emulation will excite, may render our Iſland ſuperior in the Fame of Wit and good Learning to Italy or to Greece; a Superiority, which I have learnt in the Elyſian

ſian Fields to prefer even to that which is acquired by Arms. — But one Doubt ſtill remains with me concerning the Union. I have been informed that no more than ſixteen of our Peers, except thoſe who have Engliſh Peerages (which ſome of the nobleſt have not) now ſit in the Houſe of Lords, as Repreſentatives of the reſt. Does not this in a great meaſure Diminiſh thoſe Peers who are not elected? And have you not found the Election of the Sixteen too dependent on the Favour of a Court?

ARGYLE.

It was impoſſible that the Engliſh could ever conſent, in the Treaty of Union, to admit a greater number to have Places and Votes in the Upper Houſe of Parliament: but all the Scotch Peerage is virtually there, by Repreſentation. And Thoſe who are not elected have every Dignity and Right of the Peerage, except the Privilege of ſitting in the Houſe of Lords, and ſome others depending thereon.

See the Act of Union, Art. 23.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

They have ſo: —— but when Parliaments enjoy ſuch a Share in the Government of a Country, as our's do at this time, to be *perſonally* there is a Privilege and a Dignity of the higheſt Importance.

ARGYLE.

I wiſh it had been poſſible to impart it to all. But your Reaſon will tell you it was not. —— And conſider, my Lord, that, till the Revolution in ſixteen hundred and eighty-eight, the Power veſted by our Government in *the Lords of the Articles* had made our Parliaments much more ſubject to the Influence of the Crown than our Elections are now. As, by the manner in which they were conſtituted, thoſe Lords were no leſs devoted to the King than his own Privy Council; and as no Propoſition could then be preſented in Parliament, if rejected by Them, They gave him a Negative before Debate. This indeed was aboliſhed upon the Acceſſion of King William the Third, with many other oppreſſive and deſpotical Powers, which had rendered

See Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland, l. 1. p. 69, to 72.

our

our Nobles abject Slaves to the Crown, while they were allowed to be Tyrants over the People. But if King James, or his Son, had been reſtored, the Government he had exerciſed would have been re-eſtabliſhed; and nothing but the Union of the two Kingdoms could have effectually prevented that Reſtoration. We likewiſe owe to the Union the ſubſequent Abolition of the Scotch Privy Council, which had been the moſt grievous Engine of Tyranny; and that ſalutary Law, which declared that no Crimes ſhould be High Treaſon or Miſpriſion of Treaſon in Scotland, but ſuch as were ſo in England; and gave us the Engliſh Methods of Trial in caſes of that nature: whereas, before, there were ſo many Species of Treaſons, the Conſtruction of them was ſo uncertain, and the Trials were ſo arbitrary, that no Man could be ſafe from ſuffering as a Traitor. By the ſame Act of Parliament we alſo received a Communication of that noble Privilege of the Engliſh, Exemption from Torture; a Privilege, which, though eſſential both to Humanity and to Juſtice, no other Nation in Europe, not even the freeſt Republicks, can boaſt of

See Act for rendering the Union of the two Kingdoms more entire and complete, Anno Reginæ Annæ ſexto.

See Act for improving the Union of the two Kingdoms, Anno ſeptimo Annæ Reginæ.

of poſſeſſing. Shall we then take Offence at ſome inevitable Circumſtances, which may be objected to, on our part, in the Treaty of Union, when it has delivered us from Slavery, and all the worſt Evils that a State can ſuffer? It might be eaſily ſhewn, that, in his political and civil condition, every Baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more independent, than the higheſt was under that conſtitution of Government which continued in Scotland even after the Expulſion of King James the Second. The greateſt Enemies to the Union are the Friends of that King, in whoſe Reign, and in his Brother's, the Kingdom of Scotland was ſubjected to a Deſpotiſm as arbitrary as that of France, and more tyrannically adminiſtred.

See Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland, l. 8. and Hume's Hiſtory of Charles II. c. 7. and James II. c. 1.

DOUGLAS.

All I have heard of thoſe Reigns makes me bluſh with Indignation at the Servility of our Nobles, who could endure them ſo long. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch Spirit, which had dared to reſiſt the Plantagenets in the Heighth of their Power

and Pride? Could the Deſcendants of Thoſe, who had diſdained to be Subjects of Edward the Firſt, ſubmit to be Slaves of Charles the Second, or James?

ARGYLE.

They ſeemed in general to have loſt every Characteriſtic of their natural Temper, except a Deſire to abuſe the Royal Authority, for the Gratification of their private Reſentments in Family Quarrels.

DOUGLAS.

Your Grandfather, my Lord, has the Glory of not deſerving this Cenſure.

ARGYLE.

I am proud that his Spirit and the Principles he profeſſed drew upon him the Injuſtice and Fury of thoſe times. But there needs no other Proof than the nature and the manner of his Condemnation, to ſhew what a wretched State our Nobility then were in, and what an ineſtimable Advantage it is to them, that they are now to be tried as Peers of Great-Britain, and have the Benefit of thoſe

See Hume's Hiſtory of Charles II. c. 7.

See the Act of Union, Art. 23.

thoſe Laws which imparted to Us the Equity and the Freedom of the Engliſh Conſtitution.

Upon the whole, as much as Wealth is preferable to Poverty, Liberty to Oppreſſion, and national Strength to national Weakneſs, ſo much has Scotland inconteſtibly gained by the Union. England too has ſecured by it every public Bleſſing which was before enjoyed by her, and has greatly augmented her Strength. The Martial Spirit of the Scotch, their hardy Bodies, their acute and vigorous Minds, their Induſtry, their Activity, are now employed to the Benefit of the whole Iſland. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Engliſhman, and he is a bad Engliſhman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual Intercourſe, mutual Intereſts, mutual Benefits, muſt naturally be productive of mutual Affection. And when that is eſtabliſhed, when our Hearts are ſincerely united, many great Things, which ſome Remains of Jealouſy and Diſtruſt, or narrow, local Partialities, may hitherto have obſtructed, will be done for the Good of the whole united Kingdom. How much may the Revenues of Great-Britain

Britain be encreaſed by the further Encreaſe of Population, of Induſtry, and of Commerce in Scotland! What a mighty Addition to the Stock of National Wealth will ariſe from the Improvement of our moſt Northern Counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The Briars and Thorns are in a great meaſure grubbed up: the Flowers and Fruits may ſoon be planted. And what more pleaſing, or what more glorious Employment, can any Government have, than to attend to the cultivating of ſuch a Plantation?

DOUGLAS.

The Proſpect you open to me of Happineſs to my Country appears ſo fair, that it makes me amends for the Pain, with which I reflect on the times wherein I lived, and indeed on our whole Hiſtory for ſeveral Ages.

ARGYLE.

That Hiſtory does, in truth, preſent to the Mind a long Series of the moſt direful Objects, Aſſaſſinations, Rebellions, Anarchy, Tyranny, and Religion

itſelf, either cruel, or gloomy and unſocial. An Hiſtorian, who would paint it in its true Colours, muſt take the Pencil of Guercino or Salvator Roſa. But the moſt agreeable Imagination can hardly figure to itſelf a more pleaſing Scene of private and public Felicity, than will naturally reſult from the Union, if all the Prejudices againſt it, and all Diſtinctions that may tend, on either ſide, to keep up an Idea of ſeparate Intereſts, or to revive a ſharp Remembrance of national Animoſities, can be removed.

DOUGLAS.

If they can be removed! I think it impoſſible they can be retained. To reſiſt the Union is indeed to rebel againſt Nature. —— She has joined the two Countries, has fenced them both with the Sea, againſt the Invaſion of all other Nations; but has laid them entirely open the one to the other. Accurſed be He who endeavours to divide them. — *What God has joined let no Man put aſunder.*

DIALOGUE

The Three following DIALOGUES are by another Hand.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

CADMUS—HERCULES.

HERCULES.

DO you pretend to ſit as high on Olympus as Hercules? Did you kill the Nemean Lion, the Erymanthian Boar, the Lernean Serpent, and Stymphalian Birds? Did you deſtroy Tyrants and Robbers? You value yourſelf greatly on ſubduing one Serpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my Cradle.

CADMUS.

It is not on account of the Serpent I boaſt myſelf a greater Benefactor to Greece than you. Actions ſhould be valued by their Utility rather than their Eclat. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which

Laws owe their preciſion and permanency. You ſubdued monſters; I civilized Men. It is from untamed paſſions, not from wild Beaſts, that the greateſt Evils ariſe to human Society. By Wiſdom, by Art, by the united ſtrength of civil Community, men have been enabled to ſubdue the whole race of Lions, Bears, and Serpents, and what is more, to bind in Laws and wholeſome regulations the ferocious Violence and dangerous Treachery of the human diſpoſition. Had Lions been deſtroyed only in ſingle combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what but Laws could awe the men who killed the Lions? The genuine glory, the proper diſtinction of the rational Species, ariſes from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and Strength is often exerted in acts of Oppreſſion. But Wiſdom is the Aſſociate of Juſtice; It aſſiſts her to form equal Laws, to purſue right meaſures, to correct power, protect weakneſs, and to unite Individuals in a common Intereſt and general Welfare. Heroes may kill Tyrants; but it is Wiſdom and Laws that prevent Tyranny and Oppreſſion. The Operations

of

of Policy far ſurpaſs the Labours of Hercules, preventing many Evils which Valour and Might cannot even redreſs. You Heroes conſider nothing but Glory, and hardly regard whether the Conqueſts which raiſe your Fame are really beneficial to your Country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by Valour not directed by Prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle Arts!

HERCULES.

I do not expect to find an admirer of my ſtrenuous Life in the man who taught his Countrymen to ſit ſtill and read, and to loſe the hours of Youth and Action in idle Speculation and the Sport of words.

CADMUS.

An ambition to have a place in the regiſters of fame is the Euryſtheus which impoſes heroic Labours on Mankind. The Muſes incite to action as well as entertain the hours of repoſe; and I think you ſhould honour them for preſenting to Heroes ſuch a noble recrea-

tion, as may prevent their taking up *the diſtaff*, when they lay down the Club.

HERCULES.

Wits as well as Heroes can take up *the diſtaff*. What think you of their thin-ſpun ſyſtems of Philoſophy, or laſcivious Poems, or Mileſian Fables? Nay, what is ſtill worſe, are there not panegyrics on Tyrants, and Books that Blaſpheme the Gods, and perplex the natural Senſe of right and wrong? I believe if Euryſtheus was to ſet me to work again, he would find me a worſe taſk than any he impoſed; he would make me read through a great Library; and I would ſerve it as I did the Hydra, I would burn as I went on, that one Chimera might not riſe from another, to plague Mankind. I ſhould have valued myſelf more on clearing the Library, than on cleanſing the Augean Stables.

CADMUS.

It is in thoſe Libraries only that the memory of your Labours exiſts. The Heroes of Marathon, the Patriots of Ther-

Thermopylæ owe their immortality to me. All the wiſe Inſtitutions of Law-givers, and all the Doctrines of Sages, had periſhed in the Ear, like a dream related, if Letters had not preſerved them. Oh Hercules! It is not for the man who preferred Virtue to Pleaſure to be an enemy to the Muſes. Let Sardanapalus and the ſilken Sons of Luxury, who have waſted Life in inglorious eaſe, deſpiſe the records of Action, which bear no honourable Teſtimony to their Lives. But true merit, Heroic virtue, each genuine offspring of immortal Jove, ſhould honour the ſacred ſource of laſting fame.

HERCULES.

Indeed, if writers employed themſelves only in recording the Acts of great men, much might be ſaid in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? Can it ſignify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

CADMUS.

Yes it may. The moſt important and extenſive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to Men who have never quitted their cloſets. To them Mankind is obliged for the facility and ſecurity of Navigation. The invention of the Compaſs has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to conſtruct ſuch wonderful machines, as perform what the united Labour of millions by the ſevereſt drudgery could not accompliſh. Agriculture too, the moſt uſeful of Arts, has received it's ſhare of improvement from the ſame ſource. Poetry likewiſe is of excellent Uſe, to enable the Memory to retain with more Eaſe, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, Precepts of Virtue and virtuous Actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of a few Letters, Science has ſpread its branches over all Nature, and raiſed its head to the heavens. Some Philoſophers have entered ſo far into the counſels of Divine Wiſdom as to explain much of the great operations of Nature. The dimenſions and diſtances of the Planets, the cauſes of their

their revolutions, the Path of Comets, and the ebbing and flowing of Tides, are underſtood and explained. Can any thing raiſe the glory of the human ſpecies more, than to ſee a little creature, inhabiting a ſmall ſpot, amidſt innumerable worlds, taking a ſurvey of the univerſe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the ſcheme of that wonderful connexion and correſpondence of things ſo remote, and which it ſeems the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence to have eſtabliſhed? What a volume of wiſdom, what a noble Theology do theſe diſcoveries open to us! While ſome ſuperior Geniuſes have ſoared to theſe ſublime ſubjects, other ſagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the moſt minute works of the infinite Artificer: the ſame care, the ſame providence is exerted thro' the whole, and we ſhould learn from it that to true Wiſdom utility and fitneſs appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

HERCULES.

I approve of Science as far as it is aſſiſtant to Action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the diſcovery of the greater part of the Globe, becauſe it opens a wider

field for the maſter ſpirits of the world to buſtle in.

CADMUS.

There ſpoke the Soul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be eſteemed for the aſſiſtance they give to active minds in their Schemes, they are not leſs to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great Ardor. The ſtudy of Hiſtory will teach the Warrior and the Legiſlator by what means Armies have been victorious, and States have become powerful; and in the private citizen they will inculcate the love of Liberty and Order. The writings of Sages point out a private path of Virtue, and ſhew that the beſt empire is ſelf-government, and ſubduing our paſſions, the nobleſt of conqueſts.

HERCULES.

The true ſpirit of Heroiſm acts by a ſort of inſpiration, and wants neither the experience of Hiſtory, nor the doctrines of Philoſophers to direct it. But do not Arts and Sciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive; and can you deny that

that Wit and Learning are often made ſubſervient to very bad purpoſes?

CADMUS.

I will own that there are ſome natures ſo happily formed, they hardly want the aſſiſtance of a maſter, and the rules of Art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But theſe heaven-inſpired Geniuſes are few. As learning flouriſhes only where eaſe, plenty, and mild government ſubſiſt, in ſo rich a ſoil, and under ſo ſoft a climate, the weeds of Luxury will ſpring up among the flowers of Art; but the ſpontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely ſenſual and debauched. Every Gift of the Gods is ſometimes abuſed; but Wit and fine Talents by a natural Law gravitate towards Virtue; Accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but ſuch Accidents are a ſort of Prodigies, and, like other Prodigies, it is an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if Virtue cannot keep to her allegiance

allegiance thoſe men, who in their hearts confeſs her divine right, and know the value of her Laws, on whoſe fidelity and obedience can ſhe depend? May ſuch Geniuſes never deſcend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their Powers in the ſervice of Virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of thoſe, who, like you, preferred her to Pleaſure.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVII.

MERCURY—And a modern fine LADY.

Mrs. MODISH.

INDEED, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleaſure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, abſolutely engaged.

MERCURY.

I know you have an amiable affectionate huſband, and ſeveral fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a Kingdom's welfare or a Nation's glory, can excuſe a perſon who has received a ſummons to the realms of Death. If the grim meſſenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a paſſenger, (except now and then an hypochondriacal Engliſhman) once in a century.

You muſt be content to leave your huſband and family, and paſs the Styx.

Mrs. MODISH.

I did not mean to inſiſt on any engagement with my huſband and children; I never thought myſelf engaged to them. I had no engagements but ſuch as were common to women of my rank. Look on my Chimney-piece, and you will ſee I was engaged to the Play on Mondays, Balls on Tueſdays, the Opera on Saturdays, and to Card-aſſemblies the reſt of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudeſt thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will ſtay for me till the Summer-ſeaſon, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elyſian Fields may be leſs deteſtable than the country in our world. Pray have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I ſhould not diſlike drinking the Lethe Waters when you have a full Seaſon.

MERCURY.

Surely you could not like to drink the waters of Oblivion, who have made Pleaſure the buſineſs, end, and aim of your Life!

Life! It is good to drown cares, but who would waſh away the remembrance of a Life of Gaiety and Pleaſure.

Mrs. MODISH.

Diverſion was indeed the buſineſs of my Life, but as to Pleaſure I have enjoyed none ſince the novelty of my amuſements was gone off. Can one be pleaſed with ſeeing the ſame thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the Vapours, ſpoiled the natural chearfulneſs of my Temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

MERCURY.

If this way of Life did not give you Pleaſure, why did you continue in it? I ſuppoſe you did not think it was very meritorious?

Mrs. MODISH.

I was too much engaged to think at all: ſo far indeed my manner of Life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diverſions were neceſſary, and my Doctor aſſured me diſſipation was good for my Spirits; my huſband inſiſted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige one's

one's friends, comply with one's Doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides I was ambitious to be thought *du Bon ton*.*

MERCURY.

Bon ton! what is that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. MODISH.

Oh Sir, excuse me, it is one of the Privileges of the *Bon ton* never to define, or be defined. It is the child and the parent of Jargon. It is — I can never tell you what it is: but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not Wit; in manners it is not Politeness; in behaviour it is not Address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain Persons, who have not certain Virtues, and who have certain Vices, and who inhabit a certain Part of the Town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not

* *Du Bon ton* is a cant Phrase in the Modern French Language for the fashionable Air of Conversation and Manners.

not diſpute, for fear of being thought not to underſtand the rules of Politeneſs. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

MERCURY.

Then, Madam, you have waſted your time, faded your Beauty, and deſtroyed your health, for the laudable purpoſes of contradicting your huſband, and being this ſomething and this nothing called the *Bon ton.*

Mrs. MODISH.

What would you have had me do?

MERCURY.

I will follow your mode of inſtructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you ſacrifice your time, your reaſon, and your Duties, to faſhion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your huſband's happineſs, and your childrens education.

Mrs. MODISH.

As to the Education of my Daughters, I ſpared no expence; They had a dancing-maſter,

master, music-master, and drawing-master; and a French governess to teach them behaviour and the French Language.

MERCURY.

So their religion, sentiments and manners were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *Bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a sour old Gentleman, without the least smattering of the *Bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian Fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus; for Duties neglected may bring on a Sentence not much less severe than Crimes committed.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH —— CHARON ——
And a modern BOOKSELLER.

CHARON.

HERE is a fellow who is very unwilling to land in our Territories. He ſays he is rich, has a great deal of Buſineſs in the other world, and muſt needs return to it: He is ſo troubleſome and obſtreperous I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care therefore, good Plutarch; you will eaſily awe him into order and decency by the ſuperiority an Author has over a Bookſeller.

BOOKSELLER.

Am I got into a world ſo abſolutely the reverſe of that I left, that here *Authors*

domineer over *Bookſellers?* Dear Charon, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my paſſage. But, if I muſt ſtay, leave me not with any of thoſe who are ſtiled *Claſſical Authors.* As to you, Plutarch, I have a particular animoſity againſt you, for having almoſt occaſioned my ruin. When I firſt ſet up ſhop, underſtanding but little of Buſineſs, I unadviſedly bought an Edition of your *Lives*; a pack of old Greeks and Romans, which coſt me a great ſum of money. I could never get off above twenty ſets of them. I ſold a few to the Univerſities, and ſome to Eaton and Weſtminſter; for it is reckoned a pretty book for Boys and Under-graduates; but, unleſs a man has the luck to light on a Pedant, he ſhall not ſell a ſet of them in twenty years.

PLUTARCH.

From the merit of the ſubjects I had hoped another reception for my works. I will own indeed, that I am not always perfectly accurate in every circumſtance, nor do I give ſo exact and circumſtantial a detail of the Actions of my Heroes, as may be expected from a Biographer who has confined

fined himſelf to one or two Characters. A Zeal to preſerve the memory of Great Men, and to extend the influence of ſuch noble examples, made me undertake more than I could accompliſh in the firſt degree of perfection: but ſurely the Characters of my illuſtrious Men are not ſo imperfectly ſketched, that they will not ſtand forth to all ages as Patterns of Virtue, and Incitements to Glory. My reflections are allowed to be deep and ſagacious; and what can be more uſeful to a reader than a wiſe man's judgment on a great man's conduct? In my writings you will find no raſh cenſures, no undeſerved encomiums, no mean compliance with popular opinions, no vain oſtentation of critical ſkill, nor any affected *fineſſe*. In my Parallels, which uſed to be admired as pieces of excellent Judgment, I compare with perfect impartiality one great man with another, and each with the rule of Juſtice. If indeed latter ages have produced greater men and better writers, my Heroes and my works ought to give place to them. As the world has now the advantage of much better rules of morality than the unaſſiſted reaſon of poor Pagans could form, I do not wonder, that thoſe

vices, which appeared to us as mere blemiſhes in great Characters, ſhould ſeem moſt horrid deformities in the purer Eyes of the preſent Age: a delicacy I do not blame, but admire and commend. And I muſt cenſure you for endeavouring, if you could publiſh better examples, to obtrude on your Countrymen ſuch as were defective. I rejoice at the preference which they give to perfect and unallayed Virtue; and as I ſhall ever retain an high veneration for the illuſtrious men of every age, I ſhould be glad you would give me ſome account of thoſe perſons, who in Wiſdom, Juſtice, Valour, Patriotiſm, have eclipſed my Solon, Numa, Camillus, and other Boaſts of Greece or Rome.

BOOKSELLER.

Why, Maſter Plutarch, you are talking Greek indeed. That work which repaired the loſs I ſuſtained by the coſtly Edition of your Books, was, *The Lives of the Highwaymen:* but I ſhould never have grown rich, if it had not been by publiſhing *the Lives of men that never lived.* You muſt know, that though in all times it was poſſible to have a great deal of Learning and very

very little Wiſdom, yet it is only by a modern improvement in the art of writing, that a man may read all his Life and have no learning or knowledge at all, which begins to be an advantage of the greateſt importance. There is as natural a War between your men of Science and Fools, as between the Cranes and the Pigmies of old. Moſt of our young men having deſerted to the Fools, the Party of the Learned is near being beaten out of the field; and I hope in a little while they will not dare to peep out of their Forts and Faſtneſſes at Oxford and Cambridge. There let them ſtay and ſtudy old muſty Moraliſts, till one falls in Love with the Greek, another with the Roman Virtue: but our men of the world ſhould read our new Books, which teach them to have no Virtue at all. No book is fit for a Gentleman's reading which is not void of Facts and of Doctrines, that he may not grow a Pedant in his morals or converſation. I look upon Hiſtory (I mean real Hiſtory) to be one of the worſt kinds of ſtudy. Whatever has happened may happen again; and a well-bred man may unwarily mention a parallel inſtance he had met with in Hiſtory, and be betray-

ed into the aukwardneſs of introducing into his diſcourſe a Greek, a Roman, or even a Gothic Name. But when a Gentleman has ſpent his time in reading Adventures that never occurred, Exploits that never were atchieved, and Events that not only never did, but never can happen, it is impoſſible that in Life or in Diſcourſe he ſhould ever apply them. A *ſecret Hiſtory*, in which there is *no Secret* and *no Hiſtory*, cannot tempt indiſcretion to blab or vanity to quote; and by this means modern converſation flows gentle and eaſy, unincumbered with matter and unburthened of inſtruction. As the preſent ſtudies throw no weight or gravity into diſcourſe and manners, the women are not afraid to read our Books, which not only diſpoſe to Gallantry and Coquetry, but give rules for them. Cæſar's Commentaries, and the Account of Xenophon's Expedition, are not more ſtudied by military Commanders, than our Novels are by the Fair; to a different Purpoſe indeed; for their military maxims teach to conquer, our's to yield; Thoſe inflame the vain and idle Love of Glory, Theſe inculcate a noble contempt of reputation. The women have greater obligations

gations to our writers than the men. By the commerce of the world men might learn much of what they get from Books; but the poor women, who in their early Youth are confined and reſtrained, if it were not for the friendly aſſiſtance of Books, would remain long in an inſipid purity of mind, with a diſcouraging reſerve of Behaviour.

PLUTARCH.

As to your Men who have quitted the ſtudy of Virtue for the ſtudy of Vice, uſeful Truth for abſurd Fancy, and real Hiſtory for monſtrous Fiction, I have neither regard nor compaſſion for them: but I am concerned for the Women who are betrayed into theſe dangerous ſtudies: and I wiſh for their ſakes I had expatiated more on the character of Lucretia and ſome other Heroines.

BOOKSELLER.

I tell you, our Women do not read in order to live or to die like Lucretia. If you would inform us, that a *Billet-doux* was found in her Cabinet after her Death, or give an hint as if Tarquin really ſaw her in the Arms of a Slave, and that

ſhe killed herſelf not to ſuffer the ſhame of a diſcovery, ſuch Anecdotes would ſell very well. Or if even by tradition, but better ſtill, if *by papers in the Portian family*, you could ſhew ſome probability that Portia died of *dram drinking*; you would oblige the world very much; for you muſt know, that next to new-invented Characters, we are fond of new Lights upon ancient Characters; I mean ſuch Lights as ſhew a reputed honeſt man to have been a concealed knave; an illuſtrious hero a pitiful coward, &c. Nay, we are ſo fond of theſe kinds of information, as to be pleaſed ſometimes to ſee a character cleared from a Vice or Crime it has been charged with, provided the perſon concerned be actually dead. But in this caſe the Evidence muſt be authentic, and amount to a demonſtration; in the other a detection is not neceſſary; a ſlight ſuſpicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great Character.

PLUTARCH.

I am the more ſurpriſed at what you ſay of the Taſte of your contemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman who aſſured me that leſs

leſs than a century ago he had written a much admired Life of Cyrus under the name of Artamenes, in which he aſcribed to him far greater actions than thoſe recorded of him by Xenophon and Herodotus; and that many of the great Heroes of Hiſtory had been treated in the ſame manner; that Empires were gained and Battles decided by the valour of a ſingle man, Imagination beſtowing what Nature has denied, and the ſyſtem of human affairs rendered impoſſible.

BOOKSELLER.

I aſſure you theſe Books were very uſeful to the Authors and their Bookſellers: and for whoſe Benefit beſides ſhould a man write? Theſe Romances were very faſhionable and had a great Sale: They fell in luckily with the humour of the Age.

PLUTARCH.

Monſieur Scuderi tells me they were written in the times of Vigour and Spirit, in the evening of the gallant days of Chivalry, which, though then declining, had left in the hearts of Men a warm glow of Courage and Heroiſm; and they were to be called to Books as to Battle, by the ſound

ſound of the Trumpet: he ſays too, that, if writers had not accommodated themſelves to the Prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles and deſperate encounters, their works would have been eſteemed too effeminate an amuſement for Gentlemen. Hiſtories of Chivalry, inſtead of enervating, tend to invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raiſe hûman Nature above the condition which is naturally preſcribed to it; but as ſtrict Juſtice, patriot motives, prudent counſels, and a diſpaſſionate choice of what upon the whole is fitteſt and beſt, dô not direct theſe heroes of Romance, they cannot ſerve for inſtruction and example, like the great Characters of true Hiſtory. It has ever been my opinion, that only the clear and ſteady Light of Truth can guide Men to Virtue, and that the Leſſon which is *impracticable* muſt be *unuſeful*. Whoever ſhall deſign to regulate his conduct by theſe Viſionary Characters will be in the Condition of Superſtitious People, who chuſe rather to act by Intimations they receive in the Dreams of the Night, than by the ſober counſels of Morning Meditation. Yet I confeſs it has been the practice of many nations to incite men

to

to *Virtue* by relating the Deeds of *fabulous Heroes*; but ſurely it is the cuſtom only of your's to incite them to *Vice* by the Hiſtory of *fabulous Scoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have ſoared into the regions of Fancy to bring back Aſtrea: you go thither in ſearch of Pandora; Oh Diſgrace to Letters! Oh Shame to the Muſes!

BOOKSELLER.

You expreſs great indignation at our preſent race of Writers; but believe me the fault lies chiefly on the ſide of the Readers. As Monſieur Scuderi obſerved to you, Authors muſt comply with the manners and diſpoſition of thoſe who are to read them. There muſt be a certain ſympathy between the Book and the Reader to create a good liking. Would you preſent a modern fine Gentleman, who is negligently lolling in an eaſy Chair, with the *Labours of Hercules* for his recreation? Or make him climb the Alps with Hannibal when he is expiring with the fatigue of laſt Night's Ball? Our readers muſt be amuſed, flattered, ſoothed; ſuch adventures muſt be offered to them as they would like to have a ſhare in.

PLU-

PLUTARCH.

It ſhould be the firſt object of writers to correct the vices and follies of the age. I will allow as much compliance with the Mode of the times as will make truth and good morals agreeable. Your love of fictitious Characters might be turned to good purpoſe, if thoſe preſented to the Public were to be formed on the rules of Religion and Morality. It muſt be confeſſed, that Hiſtory, being employed only about illuſtrious Perſons, public Events, and celebrated Actions, does not ſupply us with ſuch inſtances of Domeſtic Merit as one could wiſh: Our Heroes are great in the Field and the Senate, and act well in great Scenes on the theatre of the World: but the Idea of a man, who in the ſilent retired path of Life never deviates into Vice, who conſiders no ſpectator but *the omniſcient Being* and ſollicits no applauſe but *His* approbation, is the nobleſt model that can be exhibited to mankind, and would be of the moſt general uſe. Examples of Domeſtic Virtue would be more particularly uſeful to Women than thoſe of great Heroines. The virtues of Women are blaſt-

ed

ed by the breath of public fame, as flowers that grow on an Eminence are faded by the Sun and Wind, which expand them. But true female Praiſe, like the Muſic of the Spheres, ariſes from a gentle, a conſtant, and an equal Progreſs in the Path marked out for them by their great Creator; and, like the heavenly Harmony, it is not adapted to the groſs ear of mortals, but is reſerved for the delight of higher Beings, by whoſe wiſe Laws they were ordained to give a ſilent light, and ſhed a mild benignant influence on the world.

BOOKSELLER.

We have had ſome Engliſh and French writers who aimed at what you ſuggeſt. In the ſuppoſed character of Clariſſa, (ſaid a Clergyman to me a few days before I left the world) one finds the dignity of Heroiſm tempered by the meekneſs and humility of Religion, a perfect purity of mind and ſanctity of manners: in that of Sir Charles Grandiſon, a noble pattern of every private Virtue, with ſentiments ſo exalted as to render him equal to every public Duty.

PLUTARCH.

Are both theſe characters by the ſame Author?

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, Maſter Plutarch, and what will ſurprize you more, this Author has *printed* for me.

PLUTARCH.

By what you ſay, it is pity he ſhould *print* any work but *his own*. Are there no other Authors who write in this manner?

BOOKSELLER.

Yes, we have another writer of theſe imaginary Hiſtories; One who has not long ſince deſcended to theſe regions; his Name is Fielding, and his Works, as I have heard the beſt judges ſay, have a true ſpirit of Comedy, and an exact repreſentation of Nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given leſſons of pure and conſummate Virtue, but he has expoſed Vice and Meanneſs with all the powers of Ridicule; and we have ſome other good Wits who have exerted their Talents to the

the purpoſes you approve. Monſieur de Marivaux, and ſome other French writers, have alſo proceeded much upon the ſame Plan, with a ſpirit and elegance which give their works no mean rank among the *Belles Lettres*. I will own that, when there is wit and entertainment enough in a Book to make it ſell, it is not the worſe for good morals.

CHARON.

I think, Plutarch, you have made this Gentleman a little more humble, and now I will carry him the reſt of his Journey. But he is too frivolous an Animal to preſent to wiſe Minos. I wiſh Mercury were here; he would damn him for his Dulneſs. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaïdes, and leave him to pour water into their veſſels, which, like his late readers, are deſtined to eternal emptineſs. Or ſhall I chain him to the rock, ſide to ſide by Prometheus, not for having attempted to ſteal celeſtial fire, in order to animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguiſh that which Jupiter had imparted? Or ſhall we conſtitute him *Friſeur* to Tiſiphone, and make

him curl up her locks with his Satires and Libels?

PLUTARCH.

Minos does not eſteem any thing frivolous that affects the Morals of mankind; He puniſhes Authors as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every Crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy Vengeance for the Injuries which Virtue or the Virtuous have ſuffered in conſequence of their writings.

The four following DIALOGUES, not printed in the former Editions, are by the Author of the firſt Twenty-five.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIX.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCIPIO.

ALAS Cæſar! how unhappily did you end a Life made illuſtrious by the greateſt exploits in War, and moſt various Civil Talents!

CÆSAR.

Can Scipio wonder at the Ingratitude of Rome to her Generals? Did not he reproach her with it in the Epitaph he ordered to be inſcribed upon his Tomb at Liternum, that mean village in Campa-

nia, to which ſhe had driven the Conqueror of Hannibal and of Carthage? I alſo, after ſubduing her moſt dangerous Enemies, the Helvetians, the Gauls, and the Germans, after raiſing her name to the higheſt pitch of Glory, ſhould have been deprived of my Province, reduced to live as a private man, under the power of my Enemies and the Enviers of my Greatneſs; nay, brought to a Trial, and condemned by the Judgment of a Faction, if I had not led my victorious Troops to Rome, and by their aſſiſtance, after all my Offers of Peace had been iniquitouſly rejected, made myſelf maſter of a State, which knew ſo ill how to recompence ſuperior Merit. Reſentment of this, together with the ſecret Machinations of Envy, produced not long afterwards a Conſpiracy of Senators, and even of ſome whom I had moſt obliged and loved, againſt my Life, which they baſely took away by Aſſaſſination.

SCIPIO.

You ſay you led your victorious Troops to Rome — How were they *your* Troops? I thought

I thought the Roman Armies had belonged to the Republic, not to their Generals.

CÆSAR.

They did ſo in your time. But before I came to command them, Marius and Sylla had taught them, that they belonged to their Generals. And I taught the Senate, that a veteran Army, affectionately attached to it's Leader, could give him all the Treaſures and Honours of the State without aſking their Leave.

SCIPIO.

Juſt Gods! did I then deliver my Country from the invading Carthaginian, did I exalt it by my Victories above all other Nations, that it might become a richer prey to it's own rebel ſoldiers, and their ambitious Commanders?

CÆSAR.

How could it be otherwiſe? Was it poſſible that the Conquerors of Europe, Aſia, and Africk, could tamely ſubmit to deſcend from their triumphal Chariots,

and become ſubject to the Authority of Prætors and Conſuls elected by a Populace corrupted by Bribes, or enſlaved to a confederacy of factious Nobles, who, without Regard to Merit, conſidered all the Offices and Dignities of the State as hereditary Poſſeſſions belonging to their Families?

SCIPIO.

If I thought it no diſhonour, after triumphing over Hannibal, to lay down my Faſces, and obey, as all my Anceſtors had done before me, the Magiſtrates of the Republic, ſuch a conduct would not have diſhonoured either Marius, or Sylla, or Cæſar. But you all diſhonoured yourſelves, when, inſtead of virtuous Romans, ſuperior to your Fellow-Citizens in Merit and Glory, but equal to them in a due ſubjection to the Laws, you became the Enemies, the Invaders, and the Tyrants of your Country.

CÆSAR.

Was I the *Enemy* of my Country in giving it a Ruler fit to ſupport all the Majeſty and Weight of it's Empire? Did I *invade*

I *invade* it, when I marched to deliver the People from the uſurped Dominion and Inſolence of a few Senators? Was I a *Tyrant*, becauſe I would not crouch under Pompey, and let him be thought my *Superior*, when I felt he was not my *Equal?*

SCIPIO.

Pompey had given you a noble Example of Moderation, in twice diſmiſſing the Armies, at the head of which he had performed ſuch illuſtrious Actions, and returning, a private citizen, into the boſom of his Country.

CÆSAR.

His Moderation was a Cheat. He believed that the Authority his Victories had gained him would make him effectually maſter of the Commonwealth, without the help of thoſe Armies. But finding it difficult to ſubdue the united Oppoſition of Craſſus and me, he leagued himſelf with us; and, in conſequence of that League, we three governed the Empire. But, after the death of Craſſus, my glorious Atchievements in ſubduing the Gauls

raiſed ſuth a Jealouſy in him, that he could no longer endure me as a Partner in his Power, nor could I ſubmit to degrade myſelf into his Subject.

SCIPIO.

Am I then to underſtand, that the Civil War you engaged in was really a mere Conteſt, whether you or Pompey ſhould remain *ſole Lord of Rome?*

CÆSAR.

See Plutarch & Suetonius in Vit. Cæſaris. Cæſar Comment. de Bello Civili. l. 1.

Not ſo — for I offered, in my letters to the Senate, to lay down my Arms, if Pompey at the ſame time would lay down his, and leave the Republic in Freedom. Nor did I reſolve to draw the ſword, till not only the Senate, overpowered by the fear of Pompey and his Troops, had rejected theſe offers, but two Tribunes of the People, for legally and juſtly interpoſing their Authority in my behalf, had been forced to fly from Rome, diſguiſed in the habit of ſlaves, and take refuge in my Camp, for the ſafety of their perſons. My Camp was therefore the Aſylum of perſecuted

perſecuted Liberty; and my Army fought to avenge the Violation of the Rights and Majeſty of the People, as much as to defend the Dignity of their General unjuſtly oppreſſed.

SCIPIO.

You would therefore have me think, that you contended for the Equality and Liberty of the Romans againſt the Tyranny of Pompey and his lawleſs Adherents. In ſuch a War I myſelf, if I had lived in your times, would have willingly been your Lieutenant. Tell me then, on the iſſue of this honourable enterprize, when you had ſubdued all your Foes, and had no Oppoſition remaining to obſtruct your intentions, did you eſtabliſh that Liberty for which you fought? Did you reſtore the Republic to what it was in my time?

CÆSAR.

I took the neceſſary Meaſures to ſecure to myſelf the fruits of my Victories, and gave a Head to the Empire, which could neither ſubſiſt without one, nor find

another ſo well ſuited to the Greatneſs of the Body.

SCIPIO.

There the true Character of Cæſar was ſeen unmaſked — You had managed ſo ſkilfully in the Meaſures which preceded the Civil War, your Offers were ſo ſpecious, and there appeared ſo much Violence in the conduct of your Enemies, that, if you had fallen in that War, Poſterity might have doubted, whether you were not a Victim to the Intereſts of your Country. But your Succeſs, and the Deſpotiſm you afterwards exerciſed, took off thoſe diſguiſes, and ſhewed clearly, that the aim of all your Actions was Tyranny.

CÆSAR.

Let us not deceive ourſelves with *Sounds* and *Names* — That great Minds ſhould aſpire to ſovereign Power is a fixed Law of Nature. It is an injury to Mankind, if the higheſt Abilities are not placed in the higheſt Stations. Had you, Scipio, been kept down by the Republican Jealouſy of Cato the Cenſor, Hannibal would have never been recalled out of Italy, nor defeated in Africk. And if I had not been

been treacherouſly murdered by the daggers of Brutus and Caſſius, my Sword would have avenged the Defeat of Craſſus, and added the Empire of Parthia to that of Rome. Nor was my Government tyrannical. It was mild, humane, and bounteous. The World would have been happy under it, and wiſhed it's continuance: but my death broke the Pillars of the public Tranquillity, and brought upon the whole Empire a direful Scene of Calamity and Confuſion.

SCIPIO.

You ſay that Great Minds will naturally aſpire to Sovereign Power. But, if they are *good*, as well as *great*, they will regulate their Ambition by the Laws of their Country. The Laws of Rome permitted me to aſpire to the conduct of the War againſt Carthage; but they did not permit you to turn her arms againſt herſelf, and ſubject her to your Will. The Breach of one Law of Liberty is a greater Evil to a Nation than the loſs of a Province; and, in my opinion, the Conqueſt of the whole World would not be enough to compenſate for the total Loſs of their Freedom.

CÆSAR.

You talk finely, Africanus—but aſk yourſelf, whether the Height and Dignity of your Mind, that noble Pride which accompanies the Magnanimity of a Hero, could always ſtoop to a nice Conformity with the Laws of your Country? Is there a Law of Liberty more eſſential, more ſacred than that, which obliges every member of a free Community to ſubmit himſelf to a Trial, upon a legal Charge brought againſt him for a Public Miſdemeanour? In what manner did you anſwer a regular Accuſation from a Tribune of the People, who charged you with embezzling the Money of the State? You told your Judges, that *on that day you had vanquiſhed Hannibal and Carthage*, and bade them *follow you to the Temples to give Thanks to the Gods*. Nor could you ever be brought to ſtand a legal Tryal, or juſtify thoſe accounts, which you had torn in the Senate, when they were queſtioned there by two Magiſtrates in the name of the Roman People. Was this acting like the Subject of a free State? Had your Victory procured

cured you an Exemption from Juſtice? Had it given into your hands the Money of the Republic without account? If it had, you were *King of Rome*. Pharſalia, Thapſus, and Munda, could do no more for me.

SCIPIO.

I did not queſtion the Right of bringing me to a Trial, but I diſdained to plead in vindication of a character ſo unſpotted as mine. My whole Life had been an anſwer to that infamous Charge.

CÆSAR.

It may be ſo: and, for my part, I admire the Magnanimity of your behaviour. But I ſhould condemn it as repugnant and deſtructive to Liberty, if I did not pay more reſpect to the Dignity of a great General, than to the Forms of a Democracy, or the Rights of a Tribune.

SCIPIO.

You are endeavouring to confound my Cauſe with your's; but they are exceedingly.

ingly different. You apprehended a Sentence of Condemnation againſt you for ſome part of your Conduct, and, to prevent it, made an impious War on your Country, and reduced her to Servitude. I truſted the Juſtification of my affronted Innocence to the opinion of my Judges, ſcorning to plead for myſelf againſt a charge unſupported by any other Proof than bare Suſpicions and Surmiſes. But I made no Reſiſtance: I kindled no Civil War: I left Rome undiſturbed in the Enjoyment of her Liberty. Had the malice of my Accuſers been ever ſo violent, had it threatened my Deſtruction, I ſhould have choſen much rather to turn my Sword againſt my own Boſom, than againſt that of my Country.

Suetonius in Cæſare.

CÆSAR.

You beg the Queſtion in ſuppoſing that I really hurt my Country by giving her a Maſter. When Cato adviſed the Senate to make Pompey *ſole Conſul*, he did it upon this Principle, *that any kind of Government is preferable to Anarchy.*

See Plutarch. Life of Cæſar.

The

The Truth of this, I preſume, no man of ſenſe will conteſt; and the Anarchy, which that zealous Defender of Liberty ſo much apprehended, would have continued in Rome, if that Power, which the urgent Neceſſity of the State conferred upon me, had not removed it.

SCIPIO.

Pompey and you had brought that Anarchy on the State, in order to ſerve your own ends. It was owing to the Corruption, the Factions, and the Violence, which you had encouraged, from an opinion that the Senate would be forced to ſubmit to an Abſolute Power in your hands, as a remedy againſt thoſe intolerable Evils. But Cato judged well in thinking it eligible to make Pompey *ſole Conſul* rather than you *Dictator*; becauſe Experience had ſhewn, that Pompey reſpected the Forms of the Roman Conſtitution, and, though he ſought, by bad means as well as good, to obtain the higheſt Magiſtracies, and the moſt honourable Commands, yet he laid them down again, and contented himſelf with remaining

remaining ſuperior in Credit to any other Citizen.

CÆSAR.

If all the Difference between my Ambition and Pompey's was only, as you repreſent it, in a greater or leſs reſpect for *the Forms of the Conſtitution*, I think it was hardly becoming ſuch a Patriot as Cato to take part in our Quarrel, much leſs to kill himſelf rather than yield to my Power.

SCIPIO.

It is eaſier to revive *the Spirit of Liberty* in a Government where the *Forms* of it remain unchanged, than where they have been totally diſregarded and aboliſhed. But I readily own, that the Ballance of the Roman Conſtitution had been deſtroyed by the exceſſive and illegal Authority, which the People were induced to confer upon Pompey, before any extraordinary Honours or Commands had been demanded by you. And That is, I think, your beſt Excuſe.

CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

Yes ſurely—The Favourers of the *Manilian Law* had an ill Grace in deſiring to limit the Commiſſions I obtained from the People, according to the Rigour of certain ~~abſolute~~ Republican Laws, no more regarded in my time than the Sybilline Oracles, or the pious Inſtitutions of Numa.

SCIPIO.

It was the Misfortune of your time that they were not regarded. A virtuous Man would not take from a deluded People ſuch Favours as they ought not to beſtow. I have a Right to ſay this, becauſe I chid the Roman People, when, overheated by Gratitude for the Services I had done them, they deſired to make me *Perpetual Conſul* and *Dictator*. Hear this, and bluſh.—What I refuſed to accept, you ſnatched by Force.

Livius l. 88. Sect. 56.

CÆSAR.

Tiberius Gracchus reproached you with the Inconſiſtency of your Conduct, when, after refuſing theſe Offers, you ſo little

reſpected the Tribunitian Authority. But thus it muſt happen. We are naturally fond of the Idea of Liberty till we come to ſuffer by it, or find it an Impediment to ſome predominant Paſſion; and then we wiſh to controul it, as you did moſt deſpotically, by refuſing to ſubmit to the Juſtice of the State.

SCIPIO.

I have anſwered before to that Charge. Tiberius Gracchus himſelf, though my perſonal Enemy, thought it became him to ſtop the Proceedings againſt me; not for my ſake, but for the Honour of my Country, whoſe Dignity ſuffered with mine. Nevertheleſs I acknowledge, my conduct in that Buſineſs was not abſolutely blameleſs. The generous Pride of Virtue was too ſtrong in my Mind. It made me forget I was creating a dangerous Precedent in declining to plead to a legal Accuſation, brought againſt me by a Magiſtrate inveſted with the Majeſty of the whole Roman People. It made me unjuſtly accuſe my Country of Ingratitude, when ſhe had ſhewn herſelf, grateful even beyond

yond the true bounds of Policy and Juſtice, by not inflicting upon me any Penalty for ſo irregular a Proceeding. But, at the ſame time, what a Proof did I give of Moderation, and Reſpect for her Liberty, when my utmoſt Reſentment could impell me to nothing more violent than a voluntary Retreat, and quiet Baniſhment of myſelf from the City of Rome! Scipio Africanus offended, and living a private Man, in a Country-Houſe at Liternum, was an Example of more Uſe to ſecure the Equality of the Roman Commonwealth, than all the Power of it's Tribunes.

CÆSAR.

I had rather have been thrown down the Tarpeian Rock, than have retired, as you did, to the obſcurity of a Village, after acting the firſt Part on the greateſt Theatre of the World.

SCIPIO.

An Uſurper exalted on the higheſt Throne of the Univerſe is not ſo glorious as I was in that obſcure Retirement. I

I hear indeed, that you, Cæſar, have been *deified* by the Flattery of ſome of your Succeſſors. But the impartial Judgment of Hiſtory has conſecrated my name, and ranks me in the firſt Claſs of Heroes and Patriots: whereas the higheſt Praiſe her Records, even under the Dominion uſurped by your Family, have given to you, is, that your Courage and Talents were equal to the object your Ambition aſpired to, the Empire of the World; and that you exerciſed a Sovereignty unjuſtly acquired with a magnanimous Clemency. But it would have been better for your Country, and better for Mankind, if you had never exiſted.

DIALOGUE XXX.

PLATO——DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

PLATO, ſtand off—A true Philoſopher as I was, is no company for a Courtier of the Tyrant of Syracuſe. I would avoid you, as one infected with the moſt noiſome of Plagues, the Plague of Slavery.

PLATO.

He, who can miſtake a brutal Pride and ſavage Indecency of Manners for Freedom, may naturally think that the being in a Court (however virtuous one's conduct, however free one's language there) is Slavery. But I was taught by

my great Maſter, the incomparable Socrates, that the Buſineſs of true Philoſophy is to conſult and promote the Happineſs of Society. She muſt not therefore be confined to a *Tub* or a *Cell*. Her ſphere is in Senates, or the Cabinets of Kings. While your ſect is employed in ſnarling at the Great, or buffooning with the Vulgar, She is counſelling thoſe who govern Nations, infuſing into their minds Humanity, Juſtice, Temperance, and the Love of true Glory, reſiſting their Paſſions, when they tranſport them beyond the bounds of Virtue, and fortifying their Reaſon by the Antidotes She adminiſters againſt the Poiſon of Flattery.

DIOGENES.

You mean to have me underſtand, that you went to the Court of the Younger Dionyſius, to give him Antidotes againſt the Poiſon of Flattery. But I ſay he ſent for you only to ſweeten the Cup, by mixing it more agreeably, and rendering the Flavour more delicate. His Vanity was too nice for the nauſeous common Draught; but your ſeaſoning gave it a Reliſh, which made

made it go down moſt delightfully, and intoxicated him more than ever. Oh! there is no Flatterer half ſo dangerous to a Prince as a fawning Philoſopher!

PLATO.

If you call it fawning, that I did not treat him with ſuch unmannerly Rudeneſs as you did Alexander the Great, when he viſited you at Athens, I have nothing to ſay. But, in truth, I made my company agreeable to him, not for any mean Ends which regarded only myſelf, but that I might be uſeful both to him and to his People. I endeavoured to give a right turn to his Vanity; and know, Diogenes, that whoever will ſerve Mankind, but more eſpecially Princes, muſt compound with their Weakneſſes, and take as much pains to gain them over to Virtue, by an honeſt and prudent Complaiſance, as others do to ſeduce them from it, by a criminal Adulation.

DIOGENES.

A little of my Sagacity would have ſhewn you, that, if this was your Pur-

poſe, your Labour was loſt in that Court. Why did not you go and preach Chaſtity to Lais? A Philoſopher in a Brothel, reading lectures on the Beauty of Continence and Decency, is not a more ridiculous Animal, than a Philoſopher in the Cabinet, or at the Table of a Tyrant, deſcanting on Liberty and Public Spirit! What effect had the Leſſons of your famous Diſciple Ariſtotle upon Alexander the Great, a Prince far more capable of receiving Inſtruction than the Younger Dionyſius? Did they hinder him from killing his beſt Friend, Clitus, for ſpeaking to him with Freedom, or from fancying himſelf a God, becauſe he was adored by the wretched Slaves he had vanquiſhed? When I deſired him *not to ſtand between me and the Sun*, I humbled his Pride more, and conſequently did him more Good, than Ariſtotle had done by all his formal Precepts.

PLATO.

Yet he owed to thoſe Precepts, that, notwithſtanding his Exceſſes, he appeared not unworthy of the Empire of the World.

Had the Tutor of his Youth gone with him into Aſia, and continued always at his Ear, the Authority of that Wiſe and Virtuous Man might have been able to ſtop him, even in the Riot of Conqueſt, from giving way to thoſe Paſſions which diſhonoured his Character.

DIOGENES.

If he had gone into Aſia, and had not flattered the King as obſequiouſly as Hæpheſtion, he would, like Calliſthenes, whom he ſent thither as his Deputy, have been put to death for High Treaſon. The Man who will not flatter, muſt live independent, as I did, and prefer a Tub to a Palace.

PLATO.

Do you pretend, Diogenes, that, becauſe you were never in a Court, you never flattered? How did you gain the affection of the People of Athens, but by ſoothing their ruling Paſſion, the deſire of hearing their Superiors abuſed? Your Cynic Railing was to Them the moſt acceptable Flattery. This you well

underſtood, and made your court to the Vulgar, always envious and malignant, by trying to lower all Dignity and confound all Order: You made your Court, I ſay, as ſervilely, and with as much Offence to Virtue, as the baſeſt Flatterer ever did to the moſt corrupted Prince. But true Philoſophy will diſdain to act either of theſe Parts. Neither in the Aſſemblies of the People, nor in the Cabinets of Kings, will ſhe obtain Favour by fomenting any bad Diſpoſitions. If her endeavours to do good prove unſucceſsful, ſhe will retire with Honour, as an honeſt Phyſician departs from the Houſe of a Patient, whoſe Diſtemper he finds incurable, or who refuſes to take the Remedies he preſcribes. But if ſhe ſucceeds; if, like the Muſic of Orpheus, her ſweet Perſuaſions can mitigate the Ferocity of the Multitude, and tame their minds to a due Obedience of Laws and Reverence of Magiſtrates; or if ſhe can form a Timoleon, or a Numa Pompilius, to the Government of a State, how meritorious is the Work! One King, nay one Miniſter, or Counſellor of State, imbued with her Pre-

Precepts, is of more value than all the ſpeculative, retired Philoſophers, or Cynical Revilers of Princes and Magiſtrates, that ever lived upon Earth.

DIOGENES.

Don't tell me of the Muſic of Orpheus, and of his taming wild Beaſts. A wild Beaſt brought to *crouch* and *lick the Hand of a Maſter*, is a much viler Animal than he was in his natural State of Ferocity. You ſeem to think, that the Buſineſs of Philoſophy is *to poliſh Men into Slaves*; but I ſay, it is to teach them to aſſert, with an untamed and generous Spirit, their Independance and Freedom. You profeſs to inſtruct thoſe who want to *ride* their Fellow-creatures, how to do it with an eaſy and gentle Rein; but I would have them thrown off, and trampled under the feet of all their deluded or inſulted Equals, on whoſe backs they have mounted. Which of us two is the trueſt Friend to Mankind?

PLATO.

According to your Notions all Government is deſtructive to Liberty; but I think

think that no Liberty can ſubſiſt without Government. A State of Society is the *natural* State of Mankind. They are impelled to it by their Wants, their Infirmities, their Affections. The Laws of Society are Rules of Life and Action neceſſary to ſecure their Happineſs in that State. Government is the due enforcing of thoſe Laws. That Government is the beſt which does this moſt effectually, and moſt equally; and that People is the freeſt, which is moſt ſubmiſſively obedient to ſuch a Government.

DIOGENES.

Shew me the Government which makes no other Uſe of it's Power than duly to enforce the Laws of Society, and I will own it is intitled to the moſt abſolute Submiſſion from all it's Subjects.

PLATO.

I cannot ſhew you Perfection in Human Inſtitutions. It is far more eaſy to blame them than it is to amend them: Much may be wrong in the beſt: but a good

good Man reſpects the Laws and the Magiſtrates of his Country.

DIOGENES.

As for the Laws of my Country, I did ſo far reſpect them, as not to philoſophiſe to the prejudice of the firſt and greateſt Principle of Nature and of Wiſdom, Self-Preſervation. Though I loved to prate about High Matters as well as Socrates, I did not chuſe to drink Hemlock after his Example. But you might as well have bid me *love* an ugly Woman, becauſe ſhe was dreſt up in the Gown of Lais, as *reſpect* a Fool or a Knave, becauſe he was attired in the Robe of a Magiſtrate.

PLATO.

All I deſired of you was, not to amuſe yourſelf and the Populace by throwing Dirt upon the Robe of a Magiſtrate, merely becauſe he wore that Robe, and you did not.

DIOGENES.

A Philoſopher cannot better diſplay his Wiſdom than by throwing Contempt on that

that Pageantry, which the ignorant Multitude gaze at with a ſenſeleſs Veneration.

PLATO.

He who tries to make the Multitude *venerate Nothing* is more ſenſeleſs than they. Wiſe Men have endeavoured to excite an awful Reverence in the Minds of the Vulgar for external Ceremonies and Forms, in order to ſecure their Obedience to Religion and Government, of which theſe are the Symbols. Can *a Philoſopher* deſire to defeat that good Purpoſe?

DIOGENES.

Yes, if he ſees it abuſed to ſupport the evil Purpoſes of Superſtition and Tyranny.

PLATO.

May not the Abuſe be corrected without loſing the Benefit? Is there no difference between *Reformation* and *Deſtruction*.

DIOGE-

DIOGENES.

Half-Meaſures do nothing. He who deſires to *reform* muſt not be afraid *to pull down.*

PLATO.

I know that you and your Sect *are for pulling down every thing that is above your own Level.* Pride and Envy are the Motives that ſet you all to Work. Nor can one wonder that Paſſions, the Influence of which is ſo general, ſhould give you many Diſciples and many Admirers.

DIOGENES.

When you have eſtabliſhed *your Republic*, if you will admit me into it, I promiſe you to be *there* a moſt *reſpectful* Subject.

PLATO.

I am conſcious, Diogenes, that *my Republic* was imaginary, and could never be eſtabliſhed. But they ſhew as little knowledge of what is practicable in Politicks, as I did in that Book, who ſuppoſe that the Liberty of any Civil Society can

can be maintained by the Deſtruction of Order and Decency, or promoted by the Petulance of unbridled Defamation.

DIOGENES.

I never knew any Government angry at Defamation, when it fell on thoſe who diſliked or obſtructed it's Meaſures. But I well remember, that the Thirty Tyrants at Athens called Oppoſition to Them *the Deſtruction of Order and Decency*.

PLATO.

Things are not altered by Names.

DIOGENES.

No — but Names have a ſtrange Power to impoſe on weak Underſtandings. If, when you were in Egypt, you had laughed at the Worſhip of an Onion, the Prieſts would have called you an Atheiſt, and the People would have ſtoned you. But I preſume, that, to have the Honour of being initiated into the Myſteries of that reverend Hierarchy, you bowed as low to it as any of their devout Diſciples.

ciples. Unfortunately my Neck was not ſo pliant, and therefore I was never initiated into the Myſteries either of Religion or Government, but was feared or hated by all who thought it their Intereſt to make them be reſpected.

PLATO.

Your Vanity found it's account in that Fear and that Hatred. The High Prieſt of a Deity, or the Ruler of a State, is much leſs diſtinguiſhed from the Vulgar Herd of Mankind, than the Scoffer at all Religion, and the Deſpiſer of all Dominion. — But let us end our Diſpute. I feel my Folly in continuing to argue with one, who in reaſoning does not ſeek to come at Truth, but merely to ſhew his Wit. Adieu, Diogenes; I am going to converſe with the Shades of Pythagoras, Solon, and Bias. — You may jeſt with Ariſtophanes, or rail with Therſites.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXXI.

ARISTIDES —— PHOCION —— DEMOSTHENES.

ARISTIDES.

HOW could it happen, that Athens, after having recovered an Equality with Sparta, ſhould be forced to ſubmit to the dominion of Macedon, when ſhe had two ſuch great men as Phocion and Demoſthenes at the head of her State?

PHOCION.

It happened becauſe our Opinions of her Intereſts in foreign Affairs were totally different; which made us act with a

conſtant and pernicious oppoſition, the one to the other.

ARISTIDES.

I wiſh to hear from you both (if you will indulge my Curioſity) on what Principles you could form ſuch contrary judgments concerning Points of ſuch moment to the ſafety of your Country, which you equally loved.

DEMOSTHENES.

My Principles were the ſame with your's, Ariſtides. I laboured to maintain the Independence of Athens againſt the incroaching Ambition of Macedon, as you had maintained it againſt that of Perſia. I ſaw that our own Strength was unequal to the enterprize: but what we could not do alone I thought might be done by a Union of the principal States of Greece; ſuch a Union as had been formed by You and Themiſtocles, in oppoſition to the Perſians. To effect this was the great, the conſtant Aim of my Policy; and, though traverſed in it by many whom the

gold of Macedon had corrupted, and by Phocion, whom alone, of all the enemies to my Syſtem, I muſt acquit of Corruption, I ſo far ſucceeded, that I brought into the Field of Chæronea an Army equal to Philip's. The Event was unfortunate; but Ariſtides will not judge of the Merits of a Stateſman by the Accidents of War.

PHOCION.

Do not imagine, Ariſtides, that I was leſs deſirous than Demoſthenes to preſerve the Independence and Liberty of my Country. But, before I engaged the Athenians in a War *not abſolutely neceſſary*, I thought it proper to conſider what the Event of a Battle would probably be. That which I feared came to paſs: the Macedonians were victorious, and Athens was ruined.

DEMOSTHENES.

Would Athens not have been ruined if no Battle had been fought? Could You, Phocion, think it Safety, to have our Freedom depend on the Moderation of Philip?

Philip? And what had we elſe to protect us, if no Confederacy had been formed to reſiſt his Ambition?

PHOCION.

I ſaw no Wiſdom in accelerating the Downfall of my Country, by a raſh Activity in provoking the Reſentment of an Enemy, whoſe Arms, I foretold, would in the Iſſue prove ſuperior, not only to ours, but to thoſe of any Confederacy we were able to form. My Maxim was, that a State, which cannot make itſelf ſtronger than any of it's Neighbours, ſhould live in Friendſhip with that Power which is the ſtrongeſt. But, the more apparent it was, that our Strength was inferior to that of Macedon, the more you laboured to induce us, by all the Vehemence of your Oratory, to take ſuch Meaſures as tended to render Philip our Enemy, and exaſperate him more againſt Us than any other Nation. This I thought a raſh Conduct. It was not by Orations that the dangerous War you had kindled could finally be determined: nor did your Triumphs over me in an Aſſembly of the

People intimidate any Macedonian in the Field of Chæronea, or ſtop you yourſelf from flying out of that Field.

DEMOSTHENES.

My flight from thence, I muſt own, was ignominious to me; but it affects not the Queſtion we are agitating now, whether the Counſels I gave to the People of Athens, as a Stateſman and a Public Miniſter, were right or wrong. When firſt I excited them to make War againſt Philip, the Victories gained by Chabrias, in which you, Phocion, had a ſhare, particularly that of Naxos, which completely reſtored to us the Empire of the Sea, had enabled us to maintain, not only our own Liberty, but that of all Greece, in the Defence of which we had formerly acquired ſo much Glory, and which our Anceſtors thought ſo important to the Safety and Independence of Athens. Philip's Power was but beginning, and ſupported itſelf more by Craft than Force. I ſaw, and I warned my Countrymen, in due time, how impolitic it would be to ſuffer his Machinations to be carried on with

with ſucceſs, and his Strength to increaſe by continual Acquiſitions, without Reſiſtance. I expoſed the Weakneſs of that narrow, that ſhort-ſighted Policy, which looked no further than to our own immediate Borders, and imagined, that whatſoever lay out of thoſe Bounds was foreign to our Intereſts, and unworthy of our Care. The Force of my Remonſtrances rouzed the Athenians to a more vigilant Conduct. Then it was, that the Orators whom Philip had corrupted loudly inveighed againſt me, as alarming the People with imaginary Dangers, and drawing them into Quarrels, in which they had really no Concern. This Language, and the fair Profeſſions of Philip, who was perfectly ſkilled in *the Royal Art of Diſſembling*, were often ſo prevalent, that many favourable Opportunities of defeating his Deſigns were unhappily loſt. Yet ſometimes, by the Spirit, with which I animated the Athenians and other neighbouring States, I ſtopt the Progreſs of his Arms, and oppoſed to him ſuch Obſtacles, as coſt him much time and much Labour to remove. You yourſelf, Pho-

cion, at the Head of Fleets and Armies ſent againſt him by Decrees which I had propoſed, vanquiſhed his Troops in Eubæa, and ſaved from him Byſantium, with other Cities of our Allies on the Coaſts of the Helleſpont, from which you drove him with ſhame.

PHOCION.

The proper Uſe of thoſe Advantages was to ſecure a Peace to Athens, which they inclined him to keep. His Ambition was checked, but his Forces were not ſo much diminiſhed, as to render it ſafe to provoke him to further Hoſtilities.

DEMOSTHENES.

His Courage and Policy were indeed ſo ſuperior to our's, that, notwithſtanding his Defeats, he was ſoon in a Condition to purſue the great Plan of Conqueſt and Dominion, which he had formed long before, and from which he never deſiſted. Thus, through Indolence on our ſide, and Activity on his, Things were brought to ſuch a Criſis, that I ſaw no Hope of delivering

livering all Greece from his Yoke, but by confederating againſt him the Athenians and the Thebans; which League I effected. Was it not better to fight for the Independence of our Country in conjunction with Thebes than alone? Would a Battle loſt in Bæotia be ſo fatal to Athens, as one loſt in our own Territory, and under our own Walls.

PHOCION.

You may remember, that, when you were eagerly urging this Argument, I deſired you to conſider, not where we ſhould fight, but how we ſhould be Conquerors: for, if we were vanquiſhed, all Sorts of Evils and Dangers would be inſtantly at our Gates.

ARISTIDES.

Did not you tell me, Demoſthenes, when you began to ſpeak upon this Subject, that you brought into the Field of Chæronea an Army equal to Philip's?

DEMOSTHENES.

I did, and believe that Phocion will not contradict me.

ARISTIDES.

But, though equal in Number, it was, perhaps, much inferior to the Macedonians in Valour and Military Diſcipline.

DEMOSTHENES.

The Courage ſhewn by our Army excited the Admiration of Philip himſelf, and their Diſcipline was inferior to none in Greece.

ARISTIDES.

What then occaſioned their Defeat?

DEMOSTHENES.

The bad Conduct of their Generals.

ARISTIDES.

Why was the Command not given to Phocion, whoſe Abilities had been proved on

on ſo many other Occaſions? Was it offered to him, and did he refuſe to accept it? You are ſilent, Demoſthenes. I underſtand your ſilence. You are unwilling to tell me, that, having the Power, by your Influence over the People, to confer the Command on what Athenian you pleaſed, you were induced, by the Spirit of Party, to lay aſide a great General, who had been always ſucceſsful, who had the chief confidence of your Troops and of your Allies, in order to give it to Men, zealous indeed for your Meaſures, and full of military Ardour, but of little Capacity or Experience in the Conduct of a War. You cannot plead, that, if Phocion had led your Troops againſt Philip, there was any Danger of his baſely betraying his Truſt. Phocion could not be a Traitor. You had ſeen him ſerve the Republic, and conquer for it in Wars, the undertaking of which he had ſtrenuouſly oppoſed, in wars with Philip. How could you then be ſo negligent of the Safety of your Country, as not to employ him in this, the moſt dangerous of all ſhe ever had waged? If

Chares

Chares and Lyſicles, the two Generals you choſe to conduct it, had commanded the Græcian Forces at Marathon and Platæa, we ſhould have loſt thoſe Battles. All the Men whom you ſent to fight the Macedonians under ſuch Leaders, were Victims to the Animoſity between you and Phocion, which made you deprive them of the neceſſary Benefit of his wiſe Direction. This I think the worſt Blemiſh of your Adminiſtration. In other Parts of your Conduct I not only acquit, but greatly applaud and admire you. With the Sagacity of a moſt conſummate Stateſman you penetrated the deepeſt Deſigns of Philip; you ſaw all the Dangers which threatened Greece from that Quarter, while they were yet at a Diſtance; you exhorted your Countrymen to make a timely proviſion for their future Security; you ſpread the Alarm through all the neighbouring States; you combined the moſt powerful in a Confederacy with Athens; you carried the War *out of Attica*, which (let Phocion ſay what he will) was ſafer than meeting it *there*; you brought it, after all that had

had been done by the Enemy to ſtrengthen himſelf and weaken us, after the loſs of Amphipolis, Olynthus, and Potidæa, the Outguards of Athens; you brought it, I ſay, to the Deciſion of a Battle with equal Forces. When this could be effected, there was evidently nothing ſo deſperate in our Circumſtances, as to juſtify an Inaction, which might probably make them worſe, but could not make them better. Phocion thinks that a State, which cannot itſelf be the ſtrongeſt, ſhould live in Friendſhip with that Power which is the ſtrongeſt. But in my Opinion *ſuch Friendſhip* is no better than *Servitude*. It is more adviſeable to endeavour to ſupply what is wanting in our own ſtrength by a Conjunction with others who are equally in Danger. This Method of preventing the Ruin of our Country was tried by Demoſthenes. Nor yet did he neglect, by all practicable Means, to augment, at the ſame time, our internal Reſources. I have heard, that when he found the Public Treaſure exhauſted, he repleniſhed it, with very great Peril to himſelf, by bringing into it

it Money appropriated before to the Entertainment of the People, againſt the expreſs Prohibition of a popular Law, which made it Death to propoſe the Application thereof to any other Uſe. This was Virtue, this was *true and genuine Patriotiſm*. He owed all his Importance and Power in the State to the Favour of the People: yet, in order to ſerve the State, he did not fear, at the evident hazard of his Life, to offend their darling Paſſion, and appeal againſt it to their Reaſon.

PHOCION.

For this Action I praiſe him. It was indeed far more dangerous for a Miniſter at Athens to violate that abſurd and extravagant Law than any of thoſe of Solon. But, though he reſtored our Finances, he could not reſtore our loſt Virtue; he could not give that firm Health, that Vigour to the State, which is the Reſult of pure Morals, of ſtrict Order and civil Diſcipline, of Integrity in the Old, and Obedience in the Young. I therefore dreaded a Conflict with the ſolid Strength

Strength of Macedon, where Corruption had yet made but a very ſmall Progreſs, and was happy that Demoſthenes did not oblige me, againſt my own Inclination, to be the General of ſuch a People in ſuch War.

ARISTIDES.

I fear that your juſt Contempt of the greater number of thoſe who compoſed the Democracy, ſo diſguſted you with this Mode and Form of Government, that you were as averſe to ſerve under it, as others, with leſs Ability and Virtue than you, were deſirous of obtruding themſelves into it's Service. But, though ſuch a Reluctance proceeds from a very noble cauſe, and ſeems agreeable to the Dignity of a Great Mind in bad times, yet it is a Fault againſt the higheſt of Moral Obligations, the Love of our Country. For, how unworthy ſoever Individuals may be, the Public is always reſpectable, always dear to the Virtuous.

PHOCION.

True: but no Obligation can lie upon a Citizen to ſeek a public Charge, when he

he foreſees that his obtaining of it will be uſeleſs to his Country. Would you have had me ſollicit the Command of an Army which I believed would be beaten?

ARISTIDES.

It is not permitted to a State to deſpair of it's Safety, till it's utmoſt Efforts have been made without Succeſs. If you had commanded the Army at Chæronea, you might poſſibly have changed the Event of the Day: but, if you had not, you would have died more honourably there, than in a Priſon at Athens, betrayed by a vain Confidence in the inſecure Friendſhip of a perfidious Macedonian.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

MARCUS AURELIUS PHILOSOPHUS.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

YES, Marcus, though I own you to have been the Firſt of Mankind in Virtue and Goodneſs, though, while you governed, Philoſophy ſat on the Throne and diffuſed the benign Influences of her Adminiſtration over the whole Roman Empire, yet, *as a King*, I might, perhaps, pretend to a Merit even ſuperior to your's.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

That Philoſophy you aſcribe to me has taught me to feel my own Defects, and to venerate the Virtues of other Men. Tell me therefore, in what conſiſted the Superiority of your Merit *as a King*.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

It conſiſted in This, *that I gave my People Freedom*. I diminiſhed, I limited the kingly Power, when it was placed in my Hands. I need not tell you, that the Plan of Government inſtituted by me was adopted by the Romans, when they had driven out Tarquin, the Deſtroyer of their Liberty; and gave it's Form to that Republic, compoſed of a due Mixture of the Regal, Ariſtocratical, and Democratical Powers, the Strength and Wiſdom of which ſubdued the World. Thus all the Glory of that great People, who for many Ages excelled the reſt of Mankind in the Arts of War and of Policy, belongs originally to me.

MARCUS

MARCUS AURELIUS.

There is much Truth in what you ſay. But would not the Romans have done better, if, after the Expulſion of Tarquin, they had veſted the Regal Power in *a limited Monarch*, inſtead of placing it in two annual elective Magiſtrates, with the Title of Conſuls? This was a great Deviation from your Plan of Government, and I think, an unwiſe one. For a *divided Royalty* is a Soleciſm, an Abſurdity in Politics. Nor was the Regal Power, committed to the Adminiſtration of Conſuls, continued in their Hands long enough, to enable them to finiſh any difficult War, or other Act of great moment. From hence aroſe a Neceſſity of prolonging their Commands beyond the legal Term; of ſhortening the interval preſcribed by the Laws between the Elections to thoſe Offices; and of granting extraordinary Commiſſions and Powers, by all which the Republic was in the End deſtroyed.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

The Revolution which enſued upon the Death of Lucretia was made with ſo much Anger, that it is no wonder the Romans aboliſhed in their Fury the Name of King, and deſired to weaken a Power, the Exerciſe of which had been ſo grievous; though the doing this was attended with all the Inconveniencies you have juſtly obſerved. But, if Anger, acted too violently in reforming Abuſes, Philoſophy might have wiſely corrected that Error. Marcus Aurelius might have new-modelled the Conſtitution of Rome. He might have made it *a limited Monarchy*, leaving to the Emperors all the Power that was neceſſary to govern a wide-extended Empire, and to the Senate and People all the Liberty that could be conſiſtent with Order and Obedience to Government; a Liberty purged of Faction and guarded againſt Anarchy.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I ſhould have been happy indeed, if it had been in my Power to do ſuch

Good to my Country. But the Gods themſelves cannot force their Bleſſings on Men, who by their Vices are become incapable to receive them. Liberty, like Power, is only good for thoſe who poſſeſs it, when it is under the conſtant Direction of Virtue. No Laws can have Force enough to hinder it from degenerating into Faction and Anarchy, where the Morals of a Nation are depraved; and continued Habits of Vice will eradicate the very Love of it out of the Hearts of a People. A Marcus Brutus, in my Time, could not have drawn to his Standard a ſingle Legion of Romans. But further, it is certain that *the Spirit of Liberty* is abſolutely incompatible with *the Spirit of Conqueſt*. To keep *great conquered Nations* in Subjection and Obedience, *great Standing Armies* are neceſſary. The Generals of thoſe Armies will not long remain Subjects; and whoever acquires Dominion by the Sword, muſt rule by the Sword. If he does not deſtroy Liberty, Liberty will deſtroy him.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Do you then juſtify Auguſtus for the Change he made in the Roman Government?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I do not—for Auguſtus had no lawful Authority to make that Change. His Power was Uſurpation and Breach of Truſt. But the Government, which he ſeized with a violent hand, came to me by a *lawful* and *eſtabliſhed* Rule of Succeſſion.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Can any Length of *Eſtabliſhment* make Deſpotiſm *lawful*? Is not Liberty an inherent, inalienable Right of Mankind?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They have an inherent Right to be governed by Laws, not by arbitrary Will. But Forms of Government may, and muſt, be occaſionally changed, with the conſent of the People. When I reigned over them

them the Romans were governed by Laws.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Yes, becauſe your Moderation, and the Precepts of that Philoſophy in which your Youth had been tutored, inclined you to make the Laws the Rules of your Government and the Bounds of your Power. But, if you had deſired to govern otherwiſe, had they Power to reſtrain you?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

They had not—The Imperial Authority in my time had no Limitations.

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Rome therefore was in reality as much enſlaved under you as under your ſon; and you left him the Power of tyrannizing over it by hereditary Right.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I did—and the concluſion of that Tyranny was his Murder.

SER-

SERVIUS TULLIUS.

Unhappy Father! unhappy King! what a detestable thing is Absolute Monarchy, when even the Virtues of Marcus Aurelius could not hinder it from being destructive to his Family, and pernicious to his Country, any longer than the period of his own life. But how happy is that Kingdom, in which a *limited Monarch* presides over a State *so justly poised*, that it guards itself from such Evils, and has no need to take Refuge in Arbitrary Power against the Dangers of Anarchy, which is almost as bad a Resource, as it would be for a Ship to run itself on a Rock, in order to escape from the Agitation of a Tempest.

FINIS.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

ERRATA.

Page 240. l. 3. *from the bottom, after* while *insert* of — p. 306. l. *ult. for* were *read* are — p. 328. l. 17. *after* paſſions *dele comma* — p. 368. l. *ult. dele comma after* herſelf, *and insert it after* grateful — p. 402. l. 9. *dele comma after* anger